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SHORTER NOVELS
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
PHILIP HENDERSON · IN 3 VOLS.
VOL. 2 · JACOBEAN & RESTORATION

SHORTER NOVELS

JACOBEAN AND RESTORATION

ORNATUS & ARTESIA—OROONOKO—
ISLE OF PINES—INCOGNITA

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INTRODUCTION

To anyone approaching the study of the seventeenth-century novel, it may at first seem curious that in an age of such prosaic splendour, in the century of Donne, Browne, Taylor, Milton, and Bunyan, that fiction itself, which had already become an established profession, should evidence such poverty of invention and such a falling off from the standards of the previous age. For although the novel as a form was, so to speak, only begun by such men as Sidney, Nash, Deloney, Greene and Lodge, their work had, within obvious limits, a certain perfection; and naïve in some respects as we may now consider *The Arcadia*, *The Unfortunate Traveller* or *Thomas of Reading*, these works nevertheless set up a standard of achievement that was not reached again till over a hundred years, when, indeed, it was surpassed. But when we come to consider how the reading public of this century was split up, more than ever before or since, into sharply defined and mutually antagonistic sections each with its particular prejudice, and moreover how much the writer was dependent upon those tastes and prejudices, it will be more readily understood why there failed to come into being a novel tradition of any great magnitude. This was not an age that encouraged detachment of mind, presenting an appearance as it does of a rough sea whose waves of enthusiasm and counter enthusiasm perpetually beat against and nullify each other in conflict: its early years still echoing the Elizabethans, whose vigour had now declined into a mellifluous prettiness: and growing by the side of this dying tradition, a new spiritual order, the coming to birth of a new self-consciousness, that finally overthrew the whole fabric of the state: while at the Restoration itself, spirit wasted in a widespread profligacy that bred simply a polite and shallow cynicism.

Thus the novelist of the seventeenth century had to

contend with three sections of taste in all their varying forms: the court, the Puritan faction, and the vulgar. To the first of these Queen Henriette Maria, coming from France, had introduced the pastoral heroic romance of d'Urfé and, later, those enormous "anatomies of the amorous heart," those almost unending labyrinthine records of heroic enterprise of Comberville, Calprenède and Scudéry. And till the Civil War, with its unpleasant reality, put an end to the imitated heroics of court gallants and their *belles*, who, under the influence of this new literature, became for the time being little Cyruses, Cleopatras, and Scipios in French wigs; Whitehall was almost converted into another Hôtel Rambouillet, the king himself, as we know from Milton's sneers, leading the way. But these works with their airs and graces could not be expected to appeal to Puritan minds, and so while some writers at once began imitating the French romances, the genius of the age went into the composition of sermons and religious tracts and allegories. The vulgar, on the other hand, still cherished the old-fashioned chivalric romances, the jest books and pamphlets and a debased form of story-book, picaresque and obscene, imported from Italy and Spain. But as all aspiring writers sought to flatter the prevalent taste at court, the history of the English novel during the greater part of the seventeenth century is a record of translation and adaption from foreign sources.

But these French books so much in favour were, in reality, by no means original, but simply a development of the old chivalrous romance of early and medieval times. And as, for many readers, Shakespeare was grown barbarous, there had to be a greater refinement of heroism and with it much eloquence and "classical" posturing. The heroes we meet in such works as the *Grand Cyrus* (1653) *Clélie* and the *Grand Scipion* are really our old friends Amadis of Gaul and Hercules of Greece brought up to date and latinised by the addition of Roman tunics and Louis XIV wigs. They are, as has been indicated, more eloquent than before, nicer and more courtly in deportment, and afford by their deeds not only the equivalent of "academies for the lover, schools of war for the

soldier, and cabinets for the statesmen," but are equally effective as "correctives of passion, and restoratives of conversation" — for so an English translator styled them. That conversation during and immediately after the Civil War needed restoring is probable; and these novels were able to divert exquisites' attention from the fact that their king was to be, or had just been, executed by providing them with such topics as to whether it was better for a lover to court his mistress in verse or prose. Wearisome elegancies of this sort were especially popular in England with Mrs. Katherine Phillips and the Duchess of Newcastle. Excess of elegant glory was the aim of both these ladies. "I dare not examine the former times for fear I should meet with such of my sex that have outdone all the glory I can aim at or hope to attain," writes her Grace. But deciding to confine her "immortal longings" to literature, she wrote *The Blazing World* and a life of her husband, whom she rates far above Julius Cæsar. She wrote at all hours, sometimes ringing the bell in the middle of the night for one of her lady secretaries "to write down her conceptions," and even forestalled posterity by crowning herself and her husband with laurels, as they are to be seen sitting in front of the fire in that engraving of 1656, "Conversation at the House of the Duchess of Newcastle." As for Mrs. Katherine Phillips, she followed at Cardigan the proper tradition of the Hôtel Rambouillet: she herself was known as "the matchless Orinda," her husband, Mr. Phillips, as "Antenor," and her friend Sir Charles Cotterel (the translator of La Calprenéde's *Cassandre*, 1652) as "Poliarchus." Another translator of La Calprenéde, John Phillips, was, ironically enough, a nephew of Milton; while another satellite of Orinda was Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery and the first English author to produce an original work in the popular French tradition, his *Parthenissa* in six tomes (1654–69) with its "handsome language," enormous length, and bombastic gravity outdoing in this respect all the other English romances of its kind that followed.

Not even the Civil War corrected this heroical enthusiasm of the *précieuses*. Dorothy Osborne, writing during the

war, says she has by her six tomes of *Cléopâtre*. Later still we find Mrs. Pepys irritating her husband by recitals of long rhetorical passages—"nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner." On one occasion, even, a quarrel in a coach arose on the subject of these books, although afterwards Pepys is anxious to make up for his, perhaps, rather hasty words by bringing home with him next day further heroical instalments. Indeed, Scudéry was considered in many quarters "the greatest wit" that ever lived, and we find even Madame de Sévigné writing of her heroes' doings: "The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the emotions, the grandeur of the incidents, and the miraculous success of their invincible swords all that delights me like a young girl." Assuredly, the only weapon these knights could not withstand was the dart of Cupid, which, after their interminable exploits, laid them low, even as the readers themselves wished to be laid low, one and all, whether Cyrus or Alexander, Oroontades or Scipio.

Earlier in the century a reaction against these works had set in, but without much effect. Heroism seemed ineradicable. The translations of *Don Quixote* would not move it, nor the full blast of Rabelais's *Gargantua*, nor the anti-romances of Sorel and Scarron. It had to take its course, and gradually, in the dramas of Dryden, Otway and Lee it raged and fumed itself into silence. But it was not till the next century, when Defoe, Steele, and Fielding opened active warfare against it, that the heroical spirit at last took its regretful farewell of the English novel.

There were, however, other novelists of merit during the seventeenth century that owe little or nothing to the French tradition, although even they could not altogether escape its influence. They are represented in this volume and date from Emanuel Ford, who died in 1607, to William Congreve who was born in 1670 and died in 1729. Although Ford lived during the full blaze of the Elizabethan noon, his gentle and decadent spirit belongs to the evening of that period. He is a follower of Greene and Sydney with neither Greene's vigour and surprising wealth of euphuistic allusion nor Sydney's genius. His works, far more popular

in his time than any play of Shakespeare's—the thirteenth edition of *Parismus* appearing in 1649, have all the ingredients of the popular romance: lovers with every obstacle imaginable between them and their love—obstacles which disappear as the "history" unfolds itself with an uncommon adaptability—disguises, adventures in foreign lands far from the beloved, and, indeed, as Congreve puts it in his preface to *Incognita*, all "miraculous contingencies and impossible performances." As well as a licentiousness alien to Greene, Ford leavened his novels with adventurous exploits of the Amadis type, although *Ornatus and Artesia*, which we give here, owes more to the Greek tradition of Heliodorus. His mind, apart from a certain pleasing lyricism that makes itself felt now and again, was essentially commonplace, and to-day, except for a certain mild excitement that they stir in us, it is no longer possible to be much moved by the fantastically traditional motives of his characters and the unrelieved automatism of their reactions. Perhaps our chief pleasure in such a work as *Ornatus and Artesia* lies in its setting, which is so stylised, so far from reality that it carries us into a world of tapestry. Regarded as such, we can watch with amusement and pleasure the bright little figures in the design "taking ship" and sailing away to nowhere on the moveless silken waves. Boreas, in one corner, blows out his cheeks and the seas have risen in motionless fury, the little ship climbing a wave now as perpendicular as a cliff. Farther along, we see the same ship harbouring in "a grotto" whose rocks are of an impossible blue, where ferns grow and flamingoes perch. Inland, knights are galloping for ever after the wild boar through russet woods and over grass of emerald green. Graceful and remote as are these lands of Emanuel Ford, Sir Philip Sydney and Robert Greene, they grow tedious at last and, sometimes as we read, we fear they are imprisoning us like a dream in which we know we dream, but from which we cannot escape. The creatures we meet in these lands, judged by every standard of common sense, are so fantastic and yet, upon occasions, sufficiently like ourselves to shock us into an uncomfortable belief of their reality. Nevertheless, to

Bunyan they were "bad and abominable books . . . beastly romances full of ribaldry, even such as immediately tended to set all fleshly lust on fire." And that even *Ornatus and Artesia*, innocuous as it seems to us to-day, was so regarded by the graver minds of Elizabeth's time we see by its inclusion in Meres's "black list" in *Palladis Tamia*, keeping company with *Owlglass* and *Gargantua*. But when Henry Neville in *The Isle of Pines* (1668) shipwrecks us on to a newly-discovered island in "Terra Australis Incognita," although the landing of four people in the middle of a storm on the ship's "bowspright" is slightly incredible, all other circumstances are so in accordance with common sense that we cannot help believing him—at least, that is, as long as we are reading his story. Upon landing, one of the party has sufficient presence of mind to light a fire, so that they may all dry themselves—a common action that at once gives reality to the scene, but something, nevertheless, that the Elizabethans wandering in their arcadian lands of nowhere would never have dreamed of doing. For all its illusion of reality, the story has a certain fantastic air, especially when we are gravely assured that cocks and hens brought from England had, when the ship was wrecked, "by some means got to land, and bred exceedingly; so that in the future they were a great help to us"—not, of course, that such a thing would be impossible. The community, which consists of four women and one man, continues in a blissful state of nature till the man, George Pine, dies at a patriarchal age, having with children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, populated the island to the remarkable extent of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five. Neville's little book was believed all over the continent, being translated into several languages, but in his own country was treated with a certain amount of levity, as we can see by a reference to it in Dryden's *Limberham* III, i, where Pleasance says: "'Tis a likely proper fellow, and looks as he could people a new Isle of Pines." In 1674 a skit on the tale appeared in the shape of Richard Head's *Western Wonder*. The "novel" itself is a remarkable little production of considerable charm and no small originality, using as

it does many of the devices of Defoe before Defoe himself.

Twenty years later, Mrs. Behn in *Oroonoko*, also laying her scene amidst primitive innocence, foreshadows Rousseau. "Everything is well when it comes fresh from the hands of the Maker: everything degenerates in the hands of man," writes the author of *Emile*. And Mrs. Behn: "'Tis she [Nature] alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the world than all the inventions of man." And later, describing the natives of Surinam: "Religion would here but destroy that tranquillity they possess by ignorance, and laws would but teach 'em to know offence of which now they have no notion." This, as M. Jusserand remarks, sounds more like the eighteenth century than the seventeenth! And more so when the author so bitingly contrasts the natural honour of the African Oroonoko with the faithlessness of white men and their "Christianity," and delivers a discourse through the mouth of her hero on the evils of slavery and the rights of man. "She carries us," says M. Jusserand, "at once beyond the times of Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding, and takes us among the precursors of the French Revolution." But, like all such sweeping statements, this is only partially true. For Mrs. Behn, with all her advanced sentiments and trappings of realism and inaccurate local colour, is still a pupil in the school of La Calprenède. She saw the world with an incurable romanticism and, reading, we still feel as though we are looking at a stage. Indeed, her dramatic experience that had taught her the construction of effective scenes and "curtains" contributed largely to the success of *Oroonoko*; and although there is in this novel a perceptible tightening up, a greater synthesis of time and event than in the heroic romances of her predecessors, yet the "royal slave" himself is of their school. He has the same "vast desire for glory" and gives his love Imoinda the same "thousand assurances of his lasting flame, and her eternal empire over him." Yet with Mrs. Behn we see the turn of the tide. She realised how vitiated the old romantic forms had become and wished to infuse them with life. But it was no use putting new wine into old bottles, and although

she saw the need for reality in the novel, she was unable herself to introduce it—realism, as Dr. Baker says, being something more than a seasoning of romance with facts and familiar names and places. Although Oroonoko and Imoinda scarcely convince us as human realities, yet there are scenes and events in the story itself that remain clear-cut pictures in the mind, and whether the events she describes are true or not, they have the earnest impress of truth, so that *Oroonoko*, accomplishes beyond all doubt that which it sets out to do—to contrast primitive innocence and natural honour with European sophistication and civilised duplicity.

By the time we come to Congreve there is a complete detachment from the romantic attitude, and in *Incognita* (1692) it is struck with a deliberate irony. With Congreve, in fact, we have nearly the manner of Fielding, lighter of course, more playful, but not essentially different. Both authors turn aside periodically to apostrophise the reader, and their mock grandiloquence in certain passages is very much the same. The most important thing about *Incognita* is not its style, the careless ease with which it is written and the absolute mastery of its handling, but that in it we come nearer than before to a more modern and whimsically ironic state of mind.

So that although Professor Saintsbury is justified in the assertion that "this century does not add a single work of any considerable merit to the roll of English books," it is well to bear in mind that we are indebted to these obscure forerunners of Fielding as much, and in the same way, as we are to the predecessors of Shakespeare in the drama. For they not only prepared the way technically, but in acclimatising people to look to the novel for their amusement, created a public capable of appreciating the great artist when he arrived. As to their books themselves, what is more fascinating for the student of letters, and indeed to all those interested in the development of literature, than to retrace in the company of these older journeymen of fiction the paths, and even the side-tracks, followed by the novel before it succeeded to that more perfect self-consciousness of the last century and the present time?

PHILIP HENDERSON.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction	vii
Ornatus and Artesia	1
Oroonoko	145
The Isle of Pines	225
Incognita	237

THE MOST PLEASANT HISTORY OF ORNATVS AND ARTESIA.

Wherein is contayned the vniuſt Raigne of THÆON King of PHRYGIA.

Who with his Sonne LENON intending ORNATVS his Death, right Heyre to the Crowne, was afterwards ſlaine by his owne Servants; and ORNATVS, after many extreame miſeries Crowned King.

By Emanuel Foord.

LONDON.
Printed by B. ALSOP and T. FAVVCET, dwelling in *Grub-ſtreet* neere the Lower-Pumpe.
1634.

II—B 841

EMANUEL FORD, *fl.* 1607

The only life we have of Ford is the history of his books, which is as follows:

Parismus, the renouned prince of Bohemia, 1598. Part 2, under the title of Parismenos, 1599. The Most Pleasant History of Ornatus and Artesia, 1598? The Famous History of Montelion, Knight of Oracle, earliest known ed., 1633. Editions of Ornatus and Artesia: 1607, 1634, 1650, 1669, 1683.

To the Right Worshipful

BRYAN STAPLETON OF CARLETON

in the County of York, Esquire

CONTENT AND AFTER LIFE ETERNAL HAPPINESS

This unpolished history (Right Worshipful) wanting the ornament of eloquence, presenteth itself in his natural and self-expressing form, in well applied words, not in tedious borrowed phrazes, wherein neither the lewd can find examples to suit their dispositions, the virtuous no terms to disconcert them, nor the well affected any cause of offence. Here you shall see lust tyrannizing avarice, guilty of murder, and dignity, seeking his content with usurpation, yet all subverted to virtue. Which I am bold to present unto you; not for the worth, but to express my good will, which is not unmindfull in some sort to gratify the manifold courtesies I have received of you. And although it be altogether not worth estimation, and be accounted no requital for so many good turns; yet I desire you to accept the same instead of a better, and the sum of that which my ability at this time can afford; which being but a fancy, vouchsafe to esteem, though not agreeing with your gravity, yet (as many both noble and wise in such like matters have done) to be read for recreation. As the value of the gift expresseth not the affection of the giver, nor the outward show the inward meaning: so I trust you will esteem my good will not by the worthiness hereof, but the quality of my well affected intent, which is devoted unto you in the bands of perfect good will, and shall be ready to

show itself constant in any trial you shall make thereof. And for that I know your wisdom and courtesy to be such, as that you will not misconceive me, but esteem well hereof, and my affection to you, to be expressed in the dedication. I have adventured to dedicate the same to your protection, though altogether undeserving the title of your patronage, which your further kindness shall bind me hereafter to requite with some worthier work collected by my labours.

Thus being loath to be tedious and troublesome unto you, I commit this silly present unto your gentle acceptation, and yourself to the gracious protection of the Almighty.

Your Worships most ready
at command,
Emanuel Ford.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER

GENTLEMEN, I have published this history, at the entreaty of some of my familiar friends, being at the first collected with no thought to have it printed, for as yet having taken but one flight, I durst not too boldly venture again, lest my unskilfulness might cause my repentance. But being supported by the assistance of your gentle favours, I shall grow hardy and hereafter labour to procure your further delight: the reward I expect, being your kind acceptance. But if contrary to my thought, this my summer fruit be gathered before it be ripe, I promise amends with old fruit, that hath been a year in ripening, and in the beginning of the next winter coming forth. In the meane time peruse this history, which savoureth more of pleasure than eloquence, and although hastily compiled, yet let it pass under your favourable censure, and by your courtesies, be shrowded and from the variable dis-strikes of *Momus* vain imitators.

The learned, wise, and courteous, will according to the quality of their dispositions, esteem well of this unworthy work, valuing the same, not by the worth, but the will of the writer. As for such as either rashly condemn without judgement, or lavishly dislike without advise, I esteem them like the down of thistles, inconstantly dispersed with every blast, accounting their discontent my content: not caring to please those that are pleased with nothing. But did my gains countervail my labours, I would then frame my fancy to fit their humours, but getting nothing, I can lose no less, only to have a good opinion of the well affected to learning, is all I crave: and that I hope your good minds will afford.

As at a banquet there are several kinds of meats, some pleasant, some sharp, yet all tasted. Amongst grapes, some sour, some sweet, yet all esteemed, so with indifferency, amongst variety of eloquent histories, let this serve as one dish to furnish out a banquet and like sour and sweet intermingled, make a pleasant taste, by your courteous construing of my good meaning, and your favourable opinion of *Ornatus* love. So shall I account my debt to you great, my labours well bestowed, and my self bound to requite your kindness. You shall show your affection to learning, virtue in favouring good endeavours, and give encouragement to more worthy labours. I rest well contented, my reward rich, and hereafter be both ready and willing to deserve your courtesy.

But if *Ornatus* love breed thy blame, as it bred his banishment, then may I wish I had never known hereof, and cry out of *mala fortuna*, as my reward. With the bird *Celos* bred in Africa: who wandering far from her nest, by forgetfulness cannot return: and so for ever after abandoneth company. So I too boldly building on your courtesy, may be wounded with repentance: and by my oversight be brought in despair, unless your courtesy prevent the same: on which my hopes depend. And I cease.

E. Ford.

CHAPTER I

How *Ornatus* was enamoured of the fair *Artesia*.

In the rich and renowned country of *Phrygia*, in the provinces not far distant from near neighbourhood, dwelt two ancient knights, the one named *Allinus*, the other *Arbastus*, men of great possessions, and much honoured. Betwixt whom, such extreme contention and hatred remained, by reason of the death of one *Reno*, brother to *Allinus*, long since slain in a quarrel by certain gentlemen belonging to *Arbastus*, that neither their own wisdome, nor the sundry perswasions of friends to either party allied, were of any force to mitigate the same. Both of them, being enriched with innumerable blessings, especially in their fair progeny.

Allinus having a son of goodly stature, and commendable gifts, named *Ornatus*. And *Arbastus* a daughter, called *Artesia*, of exceeding comliness, exteriorly beautified with abundance of gifts of nature, and inwardly adorned with abundance of divine perfections. Yet by reason of their parents dischord, they remained as far ignorant in knowledge one of the other, as if they had been separated by an innumerable distance of strange countries.

Ornatus above all things, delighted in hawking, and on a day being weary, he wandered without company with his hawk on his fist into a most pleasant valley, where by he shrowded himself under the shadow of a tuft of green trees, with purpose to rest himself, and even when his eyes were ready to yeild to slumber, he was revived from his drowsiness by the noise of a kennel of hounds that past by him in chase of a stag, after whom, *Arbastus* and divers of his company (though

to him unknown) followed, who being passed by, whilst he was in a deep study, to think what they should be, he espied a beautiful damsel entering the same valley, who being somewhat weary, liking the prospect of that shady tuft of trees, alighted there, which *Ornatus* seeing, withdrew himself from her sight, whilst she tying her steed to a bush, laid her delicate body down upon the cooling earth, to cool herself, and dry the sweat, which the sooner to accomplish, she unlaced her garments, and with a decent and comely behaviour, discovered her milk-white neck and breast beautified with two round precious teats, to receive the breath of the cool wind, which was affected with a delight to exhale the moistened vapours of her pure body. *Ornatus* seeing all, and unseen himself, noted with a delight each perfect lineament of her proper body, beauty, sweat, savour, and other comeliness, which filled his heart with exceeding pleasure, therewith growing into an unrestrained affection towards her, and a great study what she should be, when suddenly his hawk feeling his fist unmoveable thinking to perch herself with quiet, primed herself and with the noise of her bells made *Artesia* to start, who as one half agast, with a fearful behaviour rose from the ground, looking about her from whence that sound came, she espied *Ornatus*, who unwilling she should perceive he had seen her, lay as if he had slept, *Artesia* marvelling what he should be, and accordingly thinking he had slept, closed her naked breast with great haste, and unloosing her horse, thought to go away unespied. Which *Ornatus* perceiving, and unwilling without speaking to her to lose her sight, seemed to awake, and raising himself, steadfastly behold her, which infused such a red vermillion blush into her beautiful cheeks, and withall such a bashfull confusion spread itself in her conceits, that she stood like one half amazed or ashamed.

Which *Ornatus* perceiving, drew towards her, and greeted her with these speeches. Fair damsel, be not abashed with my presence, though a stranger, which

shall no way (if I can choose) offend you, but rather command me, and I will be ready to do you any service. *Artesia*, notwithstanding his speeches, withdrew herself aside, leading her horse to a bank, where with ease she mounted, and so rode away, not giving him any answer at all.

Ornatus marvelled thereat, yet rightly imputed her unkind departure to her fear, not discourtesy. And seeing himself deprived of her sight, and the night approaching, he departed home to his fathers house. After supper, betaking himself to his chamber, with intent to rest, he was possessed with such remembrance of the beautiful damsel he had seen, that his sleep was transformed into continual cogitations of her beauty, form and favour, and the pleasant sight he had seen in the discovery of some of her hidden beauties, imprinted such a delight in his affectionate conceits, that he could take no sleep, but he continued all that night in those meditations.

The next day, thinking to shake off all further remembrance of her, he got him into the company of his most chosen friends, wherein before time he took most delight, yet now by reason of his distemperature, he rather seemed weary thereof. He had not continued long with them, but he was saluted by a gentleman named *Phylastes*, with whom he was familiarly acquainted: this gentleman belonged to the ancient duke named *Turnus*, who in honour of his birth day, from which *Allinus* excused himself, of purpose, because he thought he should meet *Arbastus* there, but because the duke should take no offence at him, he granted that his son *Ornatus* should go to do him honour. Which *Phylastes* acquainted *Ornatus* withal, who glad thereof, departed thither in company of divers other gentlemen: the duke likewise had sent another messenger to request *Arbastus* company. Who being of a more mild nature than *Allinus*, willingly went, and with him his lady, and fair daughter *Artesia*.

CHAPTER II

How *Ornatus* came to the knowledge of *Artesia*, and intreated *Adellena*, to make known his love to her, and of the rebuke *Artesia* gave her.

AFTER the feast was ended, and the duke had honoured his guests with all manner of courtesy, he and the principallest, among whom *Arbastus* was one of the chief, according to the custom used in the country, seated themselves to behold certain games and exercises to be performed by the young gentlemen: which was, running, wrestling, and divers other exercises for trial of the strength and nimbleness of the body: amongst the rest, *Ornatus* (having never before made trial of himself) had such good success, and behaved himself with such agility and strength, that he won the chiefest honour, and was presented before the duke to receive a rich reward.

Which when he had received, casting his eyes upon the beholders, he espied *Artesia*, whom he perfectly knew again, ready to depart with her parents, who had bidden the duke farewell. *Ornatus* coming to *Phylastes*, asked if he knew that damsel, shewing him *Artesia*, who told him what she was. *Ornatus* was glad of that small knowledge, which could add little means to his hopes, yet somewhat discontented, that she was daughter to *Arbastus*. And thus the day being ended, everyone departed to their abodes.

Ornatus having again attained his chamber, spent his time of rest in sundry cogitations of his love, and how to guide her knowledge of his affection, noting every danger, and pondering how discontentedly his parents would take the same, if it should by any means come to their knowledge, finding so many lets to hinder him,

that he was oftentimes in utter despair of attaining to the least hope of good success. But finding his affection to increase more and more, and burning with a fervent desire, which nothing but only her favour could extinguish.

After that night was passed, early the next morning, he wandered towards the place where he had beheld her with such exceeding content, and by the way as he went, he met with a gentlewoman named *Adellena*, of mean birth, and small living, yet of good education, who oftentimes resorted to *Arbastus* house, and was going thither at that instant, with whose company he insinuated himself, for that he saw her alone, and said as followeth.

Gentlewoman, I am bold to entreat a word or two with you. Sir, replied she, with a good will, I will satisfy you in what I can. Know you not, quoth he, *Arbastus*? I do, quoth she, both know him, and am very well acquainted with him, unto whose house I am now going. So would I, quoth he, if I durst, for I serve *Ornatus*, son to *Allinus*, whom I do not doubt, but you know well, of whom I will tell you more, but that I fear to commit his secrets to them I know not, and thereby unwillingly do him injury: but would you vouchsafe, but to hear them, keep them secret, and withall, add your help for to further him, which you may with safety perform, you should do him an exceeding pleasure, and withall, be so highly rewarded, and thankfully gratified, that you should think your labour very well employed: do a deed of pity, and bind him in perpetual bonds of kind love and friendship.

Sir, replied *Adellena*, I know not the gentleman, yet I have heard him very much commended, whom, if I could any way pleasure, I would use both diligence and secrecy, promising you upon my faith and credit, if you will make me acquainted with your mind, I will either do my good will to further him, or else conceal what you shall commit to my privity.

Then said he, my master not long since walking in

yonder valley beheld *Artesia*, fair *Artesia*, daughter to *Arbastus*, to whose beauty he is exceedingly enthralled, that unless some means of comfort be found to ease his torments, I fear me it will endanger his life: whom you only may pleasure, by making his love known to her, in such sort as shall best agree with your wisdom. This is all, and yet so much, that the revealing thereof may do much harm. And to effect such a contract, might procure peace, and unity twixt their parents. Therefore I entreat your aid and furtherance herein: with which good news, if I return to him, I know it will breed no little comfort to his unquiet heart.

Sir, said she, since I perceive his love is grounded upon virtue, not drawn thereto by any desire of reward, I undertake to be his assistant herein, and will to the uttermost of my best endeavours, labour to procure his content. Which this day I will in some sort put in execution. And if you return to me to morrow, you shall know her answer. I will, said he, and so they departed. *Ornatus* having left her, entered into many cogitations of this rash attempt, accounting himself over-credulous to commit his secrets to her privity, of whose fidelity he had never made trial, sometimes comforting himself with hope of good event, and again, despairing of comfort, for that he supposed, *Artesia* would rather esteem him as an enemy than as a friend; by reason of their parents hatred, and therefore would the more hardly be drawn to give any credit to his suit. And revolving a chaos of these and such like confused cogitations, he attained his fathers house, thinking the time tedious until his appointed meeting with *Adellena*, which he overpast with great care. *Adellena* after her departure from him, soon attained *Arbastus* house, using herself as she had formerly done, yet withal, careful how to execute the charge she had in hand, which she could by no occasion utter till after dinner, when she found *Artesia* all alone in the garden, insinuated herself into her company, which *Artesia* kindly accepted, entering into variety of discourses, and continuing sometime in

giving certain herbs their proper names: amongst the rest, *Artesia* espied an herb with parti-coloured leaves, demanding of *Adellena* if she knew the name thereof, which she told her, she did not. I have oftentimes quoth *Adellena* seen this herb, and it hath two pretty names, it is by some called Love in Idleness, and by some Hearts-ease: with that *Adellena* fetched a deep, though counterfeit sigh, which *Artesia* noting, said: What maketh you sigh to hear it named Hearts-ease? Marry (quoth she) one way, because these two names do ill agree: another, for by the same I call to remembrance the hearts grief I heard a young man complain of, procured by love, which was not in idleness, but I think in good earnest. Why quoth *Artesia,* can love procure such hearts grief in any, and not rather content? Yes, said she, because the party in love, hath no hope to attain the good liking of the party he loveth. Then quoth *Artesia,* I count him a fool, that will love so deeply without hope of reward, and that to be rather fondness than true friendship, that places his affections with such inequalities. But I pray tell me, what is he into whose secrets you were so suddenly admitted? Not admitted, quoth she, for unawares I heard his complaints, which afterwards, I promised him not to make any acquainted withal, but the party whom he so entirely loveth. Then quoth *Artesia,* I may not know, neither do I care, for it is but a vanity that troubles ones cogitations: Yes, quoth she, you may, and shall if you please, know why he is, conditionally, you will neither be offended with me, for telling you, nor reveal what I shall impart. Why qd. she, am I the party, or doth it any way concern me, that I should be offended? If it be, then keep your counsels unrevealed, for it will prove unsavoury to my stomach, for be it far from me, to be troubled with the vain suits of doting lovers: Yet let me answer, qd. *Adellena,* you bear to grievous a conceit of love, which is the divine party whereby hearts are united in virtue. Without the which, neither mortals can attain heaven, nor other creatures have

their being, therefore not to be abhored: and for that any should love your self, can that be any offence to you, but rather be accepted in kind sort? We should by nature love them that love us, then will you contrary to nature, yeild hatred for love? For you indeed, are the party that is beloved, and the party that is so far in love with you every way to be commended, and no way discommended, whose name, I will not reveal, and then I hope I shall breed no offence in your ears. Do so, quoth *Artesia*, for concealing the same you please me, and if you will be welcome into my company, use no more of these speeches. Had I thought, quoth she, they would have been offensive, I would not have uttered them, but in so doing, I did but fulfil your request: then at my request again, quoth she, give over. After this communication ended, they parted, *Adellena* home to her house, and *Artesia* to her supper, and afterwards to her chamber, where at first, some cold thoughts of those speeches passed in her fancy, but afterwards she spent the rest of that night in quiet sleep.

CHAPTER III

How *Adellena* conveyed *Ornatus* letter into *Artesias* casket, and with what impatience *Artesia* took the same.

THE morning being newly approached, *Ornatus* who had so long expected the same, arose and soon got to *Adellenas* house, where he arrived before she was up, who having knowledge thereof, soon came down to him, (taking him to be no other than *Ornatus* his man) to whom she declared the very truth of all her speeches had with *Artesia*. Which nipt him at the heart, but being in some hope of her perswasions, at last giving her a purse full fraught with gold, in recompence of her pains past, and to entice her to undertake more, he said as followeth.

Good *Adellena*, be not dismayed to prosecute my suit, for *Artesias* first frown, for I am not *Ornatus* man but *Ornatus* himself that languisheth with desire to attain her love, which I would my self prosecute, if the dischords betwixt our parents did not hinder the same. Therefore, I beseech you once again do something in my behalf, for you see how cruel destiny hath shut me from all means to put in practise by my self, and you may pleasure me without any hazard at all: for which I will rest so thankful unto you, as that you shall account your pains taken well bestowed.

Sir, replied she, I would undertake anything to further you, if I knew which way, but I perceive *Artesias* frowardness is such, that nothing I shall bring her will be welcome: but if you will advise me what I shall do, I will once again hazard the loss of her good liking for your sake. Which said, *Ornatus* wrote a letter, which he desired her by some means to convey to her sight, the contents whereof were these.

To the Fairest Artesia

Fairest of creatures, be not offended with my boldness, but rather favourably censure of my good meaning; for being bound to honour none but most virtuous, I thought it my duty to give you knowledge thereof, desiring you to pity the extremity of my passions, procured by the attainture of your conquering perfections. I confess, you may alledge many things, as reasons to disuade you from giving credit to my speeches, or yeilding me the least favour in your conceits: yet I beseech you make but trial of my loyalty, love, and duty, so far as shall agree with your liking, and you shall find me constant in one, and perseverant in the other, as one that hath submitted himself to your command, vowed his devotions to purchase your favour, and everlastingly bound himself to be only yours: unable to express my humble meaning, unwilling to be offensive, and desirous of favour: then I beseech you, to be favourable to me, though bearing the name of an enemy, in whom you shall find the true heart of a constant friend, whose safety, comfort and preservation, resteth in your power. The first view of your beauty (which was in the valley when you were last hunting) surprised my heart with such humble regard to your virtues, that ever since, my heart hath endured the bitter torments of fearful despair, which urgeth me to this presumption, desiring from your sacred lips to receive my sentense of comfort, or affliction, rather than to spend my life languishing in unrevealed torment. Then be you gracious to him, that is otherwise most miserable, and shew favour to an undeserving unknown friend: so shall you not only shew, that you are merciful, but also save a miserable lover from utter ruin.

Your humble friend,
Ornatus.

Adellena having received this letter, told him, she would deliver the same: which the next day she per-

formed in this sort. Being come to *Arbastus* house, she continued most part of the day in *Artesias* company, not once renewing the least remembrance of the talk she had had with her the day before: but espying her open her casket, wherein she put her work, whilst *Artesia* was busy, she privily conveyed the letter, unseen, into the same, which by and by *Artesia* locked, for none but herself had the use thereof.

Adellena thought long till she was gone, fearing lest *Artesia* should upon some occasion open the casket again, and so find the letter whilst she was there: therefore she soon found means to depart. When the time of rest was come, and *Artesia* alone in her bed, taking a book (according to her usual manner) to read awhile, she suddenly fell asleep, and in her sleep was possessed with a dream, wherein her thoughts called to remembrance *Adellenas* speeches, which mooved such a disquiet conceit of anger in her breast, that thinking she had chid her, with the motions of her spirits she awakened, feeling an exceeding distemperature in all her parts, and seeing the light still burning, she marvelled at her drowsiness, that had before forgot to put the flame out, and by this means, called to remembrance *Adellenas* speeches, marvelling what he should be that was in love with her; and suddenly again reproving herself, for giving her mind liberty to think of love, she would have banished all further remembrance thereof out of her mind: but the more she laboured, the more unable she was to prevail in overmastering her fancies, that being both vexed with herself and *Adellena*, she uttered these speeches.

What disquiet is this possesseth my heart, procureth such unwonted cogitations to rise up in my fancies, and disturbeth my rest? I was not wont to trouble my thoughts with such vain cogitations, which the more I labour to suppress, the more they increase.

Could *Adellenas* speeches have such force (which I had well-nigh forgotten) as thus long to stick in my remembrance? Or, what reason have I to regard them, that

were not worth the regarding, but rather tended to demonstrate the affection of some over-fond lover, that seeketh to entrap my chastity? Accursed be her lips for uttering them, and would to God, I had been deaf, that I might not have heard their enchanting sound.

This said she catched up her book, thinking by reading, to drive away all remembrance thereof, but her heart was so fully possessed with a kind of cogitation, what he should be, that she neither could read, or when she had read, remember what she did read: and finding this means not available, she started from her bed, opening her casket to take out her sampler, wherein she took most delight, when suddenly she espied the letter, and reading the superscription, was half astonished thereat, especially how it should come there, and what the contents should be, being oftentimes in mind to tear the same in pieces, and not read it, which her heart would not suffer her to do, before she had seen what was the contents: yet striving to overmaster her affections, she tear the same in the midst: which done, such a remorse rose in her fancy, united with a desire to know further thereof, that leaping into bed, she closed the same together, and betwixt a willing and unwilling mind, read the same throughout. With that, fetching a deep sigh, she said: Ay my poor fool, how are my affections betrayed to mine enemy? Was it *Ornatus* she meant? Can it be that he will prove my friend, that is my professed enemy? Oh no: he intended nothing less than love, but rather under cover thereof, seeketh my ruin. Was it he that I beheld in the valley? or is it possible, that he should be so deeply in love with me, upon that small sight? No, no, I will not credit his speeches. But still repute him as an enemy, as indeed he is; and henceforth abandon *Adellenas* company, by whose means this letter was conveyed into my casket: then tearing the same in a thousand pieces, she abstained (so near as she could) from all thought of yeilding the least consent to love, and sought to increase her disdain, and suspect of his

falsehood, spending the rest of that night in confused contraries of doubtful thoughts. Early in the morning she gate up, and within short time met with *Adellena*, (who was come, and desirous to know what issue her devise had taken) and finding occasion fit when none was by, she uttered these speeches.

Adellena, I marvel what folly ruleth your mind, that you (whom I thought had been so virtuously given) should seek my ruin: wherein have I shewn myself so unkind, that you should requite me in this discourteous sort? You remember the speeches past betwixt us the other day in the garden, when I finding out your intent by your speeches, desired you to give over to use any more talk to that effect; which you faithfully promised, but now most unfaithfully have broken, and most impudently have betrayed my quiet with your disquiet and ill-sounding news: if your rudeness hath been such, that you could not desist, you might then have delivered *Ornatus* false and fained enchantment into my hands, and not so secretly have conveyed the same into my casket: wherein you have made me amends for my love, to seek to betray my life into the hands of mine enemy: for otherwise, I neither will nor can esteem him. Therefore hence forwards come no more into my company: for I forswear your familiarity, hate your counsel, and will cause my father to banish you his house, and alienate his friendship from you for ever.

Adellena would have answered: but *Artesia* refusing to hear her, departed, and left her so much grieved, that for extreme vexation, she immediately departed towards her own house.

CHAPTER IV

How *Ornatus* despairing, left his fathers house, and disguising himself, was entertained of *Arbastus*.

ORNATUS desirous to hear how *Artesia* had accepted his letter, came to *Adellenas* house, and found her weeping for anger: desiring to know the cause thereof, which she declared to him at large: which wrought such an exceeding passion of grief in his mind, that without yeilding her either thanks for her pains; or other speech, he departed, being so much overcome with inward sorrow, that finding a solitary place, he laid himself down upon the earth uttering these lamentations.

O miserable catif! What hast thou to do, but lament, when thy ill fortune yeilds nothing but cause for lament? Why should thy life last to endure these torments, and not rather to dissolve into unseen essences? Could any thing have happened to me more miserable, than to behold *Artesia*, and now to endure her cruelty? or more fortunate, if she had been merciful! But my destinies have drawn me, to like her that hateth me, and to become thrall to a cruel unrelenting enemy. Well, my love is sweeter than my life, and therefore I will venture life and all to purchase her liking.

Having said this, he a while sat silent, when suddenly, to favour his extremities, he beheld certain of his familiars pass by, with whom he departed home.

Early the next morning (being exceedingly troubled in mind, and impatient to delay) he left his fathers house, to visit *Adellena* again, whom he had the day before left so unkindly: whom he found ready to go to *Arbastus* house again, and saluting her, said: *Adellena*, be not offended at my last unmannerly departure; that

my heart was so much disquieted at the ill-success my suit took, that I could not use that behaviour towards you, your pains deserved: but now, I am returned, to crave your counsel what is further to be done herein.

Sir, replied she, I know not what further means to use, neither dare I any more attempt to try *Artesias* courtesy; who is already so much offended with me, that I fear to lose her friendship for ever, if I should utter that again that is so unwelcome to her.

Ornatus hearing her speeches, thought she was unwilling to prosecute his suit any further, and with a heavy heart left her, entering into many thoughts and cogitations, which way to comfort himself, oftentimes utterly despairing, and yet purposing to leave no means unassayed, nor danger unattempted, though with hazard to his life, to purchase some rest to his troubled heart.

At length, he thought with himself, what should make *Artesia* so hard-hearted, as to give no credit to my speeches? it is not her want of lenity, pity or wisdome: for she is young, and therefore subject to love; beautiful, and therefore to be won; wise, and therefore will with consideration pity my sorrows. What then, should alienate her good liking from me, more than from another? My name; for by that, she reputeth me to be an enemy: then, were I not *Ornatus*, she would peradventure give some regard to my suit. Therefore, I will change my name, and be another than I am, that she not knowing me, may (if not love me) yet desist to hate me. Then began he to study, what means to use to enjoy her sight (without the which he could not live) and yet not be known who he was. Amongst many other devices, this took deepest root. Wherein few days after (having provided all things necessary) he attired himself like a virgin of a strange country (which he might well be esteemed to be, by his youth) and taking with him his lute, wherein he could play exceeding well, in the silent of the night he departed towards the sea-coast, which was near unto *Arbastus* house; and seating himself upon the rocky shore, he began to play

upon his lute. Early the next morning, a shepherd happened to pass by that way, and espying his strange disguise, and hearing his sweet music, was so exceedingly delighted therewith, that he stayed to see what he was.

Ornatus turning himself about, espied the old man, stand gazing upon him; wherewith he drew towards him, and said as followeth:

Good father, muse not to see me in this unfrequented place, being by shipwrack cast on this shore, and preserved from a grievous death by sea, to perish for want of comfort on the land, in a strange place, where I neither have friends, nor know which way to get comfort: therefore, I beseech you, yeild comfort to my distress, and succour my want. Fair damsel, quoth the shepherd, if my homely cottage can yeild you any comfort, so please you to accept thereof, it shall be at your command; whither so please you go, without more circumstance of speeches, you shall be most heartily welcome. I thank you, quoth *Ornatus*, and I accept your gentle proffer: so they departed together. And when they were entered, and the shepherdess in the best manner she could, had welcomed him, and he had tasted of such food as was set before him, he told them his name was *Sylvia*, telling a tale of sufficient countenance to win credit, of the manner of their shipwrack, and the cause he undertook the voyage by sea: which the old folks believed. Likewise, framing himself to such a kind of behaviour, that it was almost impossible to discern, but that he was a woman indeed.

Where *Sylvia* (for under that name he shall awhile pass) stayed some two days, yet without any hope how to enjoy *Artesias* company. But the third day it fortuned that *Arbastus* being abroad hunting, was by a violent storm driven to take shelter, and most fortunately lighted on the shepherds cottage: where he boldly entered, without calling; and suddenly espying *Sylvia*, was half astonished to behold a damsel so beautiful and richly attired in that homely place: but

after that he had a while viewed her well (*Sylvia* being alone) with a courteous behaviour, he thus spake:

Fair damsel, pardon my boldness, if I have disquieted you; I had little thought to have found such guests in this homely place. *Sylvia*, knowing him to be *Arbastus*, arose but made him no answer: when presently the old shepherd came in, using a great reverence to *Arbastus*; who demanded of him, what damsel that was? Whereupon the old man declared all he knew.

Arbastus then said: Damsel, I understand by this shepherd some part of your misfortunes, which I so much pity, that I offer to do anything that resteth in me to do you pleasure. And for that this homely place is not agreeable to your birth, which may be greater than I can judge of, let me desire you to accept of such entertainment as my habitation yeildeth; whither you shall be welcome. *Sylvia* being glad of that proffer yet fearing to be discovered, by his unwillingness to yeild made this answer: Sir, this homely place is best agreeing to my poor estate, being by my fortune brought to misery; which I am also unworthy of, for that I know not how to make my host amends, desiring rather to live in this quiet place, void of care, than in places of more dignity: but for that I shall be too chargeable to this poor man, and you so earnestly desire me, I will be so bold as to take your proffer, though unable to be so grateful as I would. Many other speeches passed betwixt them, and in the end they departed towards *Arbastus* castle, where *Sylvia* was kindly and worthily entertained, having his hearts desire, which was to enjoy the sight of fair *Artesia*.

Ornatus being alone by himself, began to meditate on the good success he had in that attempt, and how fortunately all things had fallen out to further him in his love. But most of all, he marvelled how the eyes of all that beheld him, were blinded, that they could not perceive what he was. In these and many such like comfortable meditations, he spent some three or four days, taking most great content in beholding *Artesias*

perfections, that he was more and more enthralled in the bands of vowed affection, hearing her speech, noting her behaviour, admiring her virtue, commending her courtesy, affecting her beauty, and imprinting each lineament of her divine form, in his devoted affection, with such immoveable resolve of constant loyalty, that he did not only love her, but also honoured her as an idol, being by *Arbastus* admitted her company, that at all times he was with her. *Artesia* likewise took no little pleasure in *Sylvias* company, in whom so much courtesy abounded, that every one both liked, and commended her.

CHAPTER V

How *Adellena* brought news to *Arbastus* house, of *Ornatus* sudden departure. How he named himself *Sylvia*, a long time enjoyed her company, and what success he had in his love.

ADELLENA having heard of *Ornatus* departure from his fathers house, and of the exceeding care and grief his parents took, fearing lest he might by some treachery be murdered; with which news she came to *Arbastus* house, and soon published the same, that the news came to *Arbastus* his hearing, who was exceedingly sorry to hear the same, for that he esteemed well of *Ornatus*. And now coming into the garden, where *Artesia* was walking with *Sylvia*, she could not but withhold herself from speaking, but uttered her mind in these words.

Artesia be not offended with that I say, but rather be displeased with yourself, who are the original of this woe. *Ornatus*, whom you supposed your enemy, though indeed your most faithful friend, taking your unkind refusal most heavily, and accounting himself not worthy to live, if you despised him, either hath wrought his own untimely death, or despairing to find favour at your hands, hath abandoned both his parents, country, and acquaintance, to live in exile. What will be laid of you, when the cause of his sorrow shall be known? how may your own conscience accuse yourself of hard-heartedness, that would not yeild pity to the distress of so worthy, virtuous, and courteous a gentleman, who for his humble suit, was spightfully disdained, and his hearty good will disdainfully rejected? Which cruel deed of yours, no doubt will one day be repaid with like disdain, where you shall most affect. I know his love was firm, constant and immovable, which maketh me so much the more pity his estate: I know his meaning was both virtuous and honourable;

his birth you know; what virtues abound in him, all can witness; and how heartily he loved you, the heavens can witness. Poor *Ornatus* farewell: hard was thy hap, to place thy true love so firmly, where thou reapest so little reward. *Artesia* hearing her speeches, could not tell whether she might blame her, or accuse herself, sometimes doubting whether she spake this of policy to try her, or of truth, being as ready to blame her, or accuse herself, sometimes doubting neither: for she thought, if she spake true, she had good cause to say that she did, and herself more to blame than any. For notwithstanding she had given *Adellena*, so flat a denial, yet her conscience knew, that some sparks of love were kindled in her breast: that her heart being somewhat oppressed with these thoughts, caused the water to stand in her eyes. *Ornatus* seeing all this, took no little comfort thereat, especially when he perceived *Artesias* heart to relent: but for that by this disguise, being known no other than a woman, he kept silence then when fain he would have spake, lest he should discover himself. *Adellena* seeing she had disquieted *Artesia*, being herself full of griet, and unwilling to urge her any further departed. And *Artesia* withdrawing herself from *Sylvias* company, into an arbour, uttered these speeches: And can it be, that *Ornatus* love was so great, that for my sake he hath done this? could he love her so constantly, that was her professed enemy? is love of such a force, to draw one into these extremes? Then may I compare it to the herb *Artas*, found in Persia, which being but holden in the hand, causeth a heat throughout all the body: so love, but entertained in thought, disquieteth all the senses. But why do I conceive so well of *Ornatus*, when I know not the truth of *Adellenas* report? it may be, he hath hired her to do this, and thereby I may be deceived, yielding to pity when there is no cause, and with the bird *Akanthus*, ready to come to every call. Admit it were so, I am not bound to favour him: is he not my enemy, and son to my fathers chiefest foe? What reason then have

I either to give credit to his love, or her protestation, when both may be fained? Well, I will be advised, before I yeild myself to loves entangling baits, and before I love, I will know whom I love. Ay, but *Artesia* thy fancy yeildeth remorse already, and thy conscience bids thee pity him, because he loveth thee, for love is a reputed enemy, may be as constant loyal as an open friend, and an enemy becoming a friend, will be the more constant: then what hast thou to do but make further proof of his constancy, and finding him true, yeild reward to his desert? Soft *Artesia*, wade not so far: if he be constant, if he be loyal, if he love thee so entirely, yet now thou hast made him forsake his country, or procure his untimely death, then there is nothing else to be done for thee, but to pity his death, and accuse thyself of sour discourtesy. All this while, *Ornatus* shrowding himself from her sight, by the thickness of the green leaves, heard her speeches, to his exceeding comfort, and again closely withdrew himself. *Artesia* having ended her speeches, her heart being oppressed with many doubts, arose and came to *Sylvia*, to whom she said: My mind is much troubled with the news *Adellena* told me of *Ornatus* absence, whom, for you know not, I will tell you what he was.

There dwelleth not far hence one *Allinus*, that mortally hateth my father, and all that belong to him, whose son *Ornatus* was, whom if I should commend, you might think me too cruel to refuse his love so unkindly, only thus much I will say of him, he was every way worthy to be beloved, though my fancy could never be drawn to like of him: who upon what occasion I know not, but as *Adellena* told me, made his love known to her, which she likewise told me of: but I refusing to hear her, answered her plainly, that I was greatly offended with her, for making any such motion, and forbade her for ever to speak of him again. But now this day you have heard what she hath told me, which I can hardly believe to be true, or that *Ornatus* would be so rash without wisdom to enter into such

extremes. But if it be so (as I would it were not) it grieveth me for him, and I wish that I had not refused to hear his suit, though I am not willing to yeild thereto: for I would not have it said of me, nor my name so much blazed, that my cruelty procured him to that extremity, though his wisdome might have forseen such mischief, and the more moderately have tempered his love.

Ornatus taking occasion, said: I neither know this gentleman, nor how constant his love was, but thus much my mind persuadeth me, that had not his love been great, he would not have grieved so much at your unkindness: but love is of this force, that it turneth the mind into extremes, or utterly breaketh the heart: which fire belike it had in him, else would he not have done himself so much harm. But it may be (as you say) *Ornatus* hath not done himself outrage, but only abandoning company, liveth in despair and so meaning to die: which if it be, then in my fancy, you might do well to let him by some means understand that you did pity him. Stay there, quoth *Artesia*, you must first know, whether I can do it, or no: for if I should say, I pity with my lips, and not find it so, it would drive him to more despair: and therefore I will leave off to do that, untill I can find whether I can do so, or no.

These her speeches drove *Ornatus* into a perplexed doubt, what to think, being no way assured of her love, nor yet utterly despairing thereof, for that her speeches gave likelihood of both. Therefore he durst not speak too boldly, least she should suspect him, but only rested in good hope to find comfort, and by other means to try her.

Then taking his lute, he began to play sweetly, as would have ravished a comfortable mind, with great content: to hear which harmony, pleased *Artesia* so well, that when he left, she would request him, calling him *Sylvia*, to play again. Whilest he sat playing, *Artesia* sitting close by his side, fell fast asleep: which he perceiving, left off his play, to surfeit himself with

beholding her sweet beauty in which he took such delight, as almost ravished his senses; sometimes thinking, whilest she slept, to imprint a kiss upon her sweet ruddy lip; but fearing thereby to wake her, and lose that delightful contemplation, he desisted: beholding each part of her visible form, which was most divine, his mind was affected with inward suppose, what perfection her hidden beauties did comprehend, which his fancy persuaded him, he did in conceit absolutely contemplate. Then seeing her stir, he suddenly catched up his lute again, striking his sweet note, to continue her in that slumber, and then again laying by the same, to enter into his former contemplation: comparing his delight to exceed all heavenly joy; and wishing, though *Artesia* could not love him, that she would always grant him so to behold her.

When he had a good while continued in these meditations, *Artesia* awoke, which somewhat grieved him; but when he beheld her beauteous eyes fixed upon him, he thought himself enriched with a heavenly happiness: to whom *Artesia* said: I thank thee, good *Sylvia*; for thy sweet music hath somewhat eased my heart, by this quiet sleep. Oh, what content do they enjoy, that live void of care: and how happy was I before I heard *Ornatus* name. With that, she arose, and they together went in: when night approached, (which *Ornatus* thought too soon come, for by that, he must lose *Artesias* sight) every one betook themselves to their several lodgings.

Ornatus, studying what means to use, to further his love, wherein he found many difficulties: sometimes, in thinking *Artesia* was in hope never to hear of him again; and sometimes supposing she did not pity him. And being overcome with contrarieties of doubts, he uttered these complaints.

What should I do to procure my content: when my miseries are one way great, and my joys as exceeding; when my despair exceedeth, and yet my comfort aboundeth? I enjoy *Artesias* love, yet she loveth me not; I enjoy her sight, and yet not her sight: I have as

much comfort, as fills me with joy, and yet I am desparate with despair. How can that be? She loveth me as I am *Sylvia*, but hateth me; because she loveth not *Ornatus*: under the name of *Sylvia*, I enjoy her sight, but not as *Ornatus*, and so am I deprived of her sight: I reap exceeding comfort by holding her beauty; but I live in despair, that she would shun love, if she knew what I were. Though I enjoy many things, by being *Sylvia*, yet I am deprived of all comfort, as being *Ornatus*: for she deemed him either dead, or fled, having no hope ever to see him: and if I should shew any sign that he were living, or near, she would presently eschew my company: which, being as I am, I may enjoy. And thus I am void of all means of attaining her love; yet living as I am, I shall still enjoy her love.

Why *Ornatus*, thou hast better means to give her knowledge of thy love in this disguise, than if thou livedst as *Ornatus*. Suppose thou shouldest make known to her what thou art, thinkest thou she would bewray thee, considering thou offeredst no other behaviour towards her, than that which agreeth with virtue? Or what if she did bewray thee? wert thou not better to endure the greatest extremity of her close, than pine away with grief, in her absence? Yes, *Ornatus*, in being as thou art, thou art more happy, and therefore mayest thou be in some better hope of comfort. What if she will not love thee? yet for thy good-will she cannot hate thee: And though she know what thou art, she will rather conceal this, than bewray thee. Then try whether she loveth thee, or no: but how? Make thyself known? No: I will write a letter, which I will leave in some place, where she may find it, and by that means I shall see whether she will love, or no. And taking pen, ink, and paper, he wrote as followeth:

To the most virtuous Artesia, *the forsaken*
Ornatus *sendeth humble greetings*

Were you but so merciful as fair, I would not despair of pity: or were you willing to know my truth and loyalty,

you would, though not yeild to my suit, yet pity me. I cannot use protestations, nor dissemble grief: but be you most assured, that what proceedeth out my lips cometh from my heart. Extremity maketh me overbold, and despair maketh me more desparate, in uttering my mind: I cannot choose but say, I love you, for that I love indeed. I cannot set forth my love with filed terms; but in plain truth protest, that my love is constant, loyal, virtuous, and immovable; and though you hate, I must love: and though you for ever deny to love, yet will I persist in constancy for the worst I can endure is death; and that my soul already inwardly feeleth. I have forsaken my parents, friends, and all, to become acceptable to you: For whilest I was *Allinus* son, you did hate me; then I beseech you, now that I am not *Allinus* son, nor *Ornatus*, pity me: For whithout your pity, I die, and little can my death profit you, but letting me live, you shall for ever enjoy a faithful servant. So, most virtuous *Artesia*, I commit my cause to your wise consideration.

Yours inseparably, neither Ornatus, *nor himself, but your poor servant.*

When he had written this letter, and sealed the same, the next morning he laid it in a place of the garden, where he knew *Artesia* would walk: and from thence, coming to her chamber, he found her ready to go forth.

Artesia welcomed *Sylvia* kindly, and forth they went together, and walking up and down a pretty while, *Artesia* espied the white paper, and desirous to see what it was, took it up, reading the superscription, marvelling what the contents should be, and how it should come there: and turning to *Sylvia*, said: See you this letter, it is directed to me, I marvel how it should come here, unless it were laid of purpose: well, nowsoever it was, I will read the contents, and you shall be partaker in them. When she had read the same, and well understood, that it was *Ornatus*, at the first she

was so exceedingly vexed, that she said: I now perceive, that *Ornatus* was wiser than I took him to be; for I see he hath committed no outrage upon himself, but wisely will try me first: and if I will not yeild to love him, what will he do? Marry, return to his father again. This is *Adellenas* doing, and according as I thought, they are agreed; she left this letter here, and her I may blame, and not him: for did not she promise him to do it, he would never of himself attempt it. *Sylvia* I pray thee counsel me what I should do herein, for my heart is oppressed with many thoughts, that I will not utter, until I know thy mind.

Sylvia thus answered: Since you have given me licence to speak that which my heart thinketh: first I say, if *Ornatus* loveth according as he protesteth, as no doubt he doth, you have good reason to pity him, for that by your own report, he is every way worthy thereof: which if you do, you shall be sure of a constant friend, preserve his life, and make unity betwixt your parents. As for *Adellena*, if it were her deed, she did but the part of a friend, but it is very unlikely, for that she was not here since yesterday. Neither can I think any man can dissemble so much, as to make these protestations, and yet be false: for his words, in my fancy, bear an evident likelihood to truth. Therefore I may counsel you, yeild to that which is virtuous, and in so doing you shall purchase your own good, his content, and perpetual quiet to both your families.

Would you have me then (quoth she) yeild to love mine enemy? How is he your enemy (quoth *Sylvia*) when he loveth you? He is mine enemy, because his father hating me, how can he love me? Nay rather (quoth *Sylvia*) his father not loving you how can he choose but love you, because he seeth them hate you that are worthy to be beloved? Besides, their hatred being unjust, it sheweth his virtue the more, to love those his parents hate: and it is commonly seen, where there is hatred betwixt the parents, the children loved most dearly, as in common experience it is seen: have

you not read the histories of *Pyramus* and *Thysby*, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and many other; whose love was the most constant, by so much the more their parents hatred was deadly.

I remember such histories (quoth *Artesia*) but what was the end of their love: was it not most miserable? I grant it was (quoth *Sylvia*) which was procured by their parents cruelty, not by their love; wherein notwithstanding, they took such felicity, that they rather chose to die together, than to be parted: which argueth, that the enmity betwixt parents, cannot break off love betwixt the children; yet might such tragical events have been prevented by wisdom. But how know I (quoth *Artesia*) whether *Ornatus* love be so constant, or no? Can you have any greater proof thereof than his own letters, the forsaking of his parents and living peradventure in penury? But if you doubt of that, once again try him. Well (said *Artesia*) I asked but thy counsel, but instead thereof thou usest persuasion: but seeing thou art so forward to do me good, which I hope is thy intent, if thou wilt keep my counsel thou shalt know both my mind, and what I intend. Assure yourself (qd. *Sylvia*) I will rather lose my life than prove unfaithful. Then (said she) I confess to thee *Sylvia* that love hath made entrance into my heart, that I would willingly both pity *Ornatus*, and grant him his request: for that with often remembering him, I cannot forget him, neither doth any thought please me, but when I think of him. But there are so many slips to hinder our love, that though I love him, I shall never enjoy him.

For should my parents know thereof, they would pry so warily into my actions, that it were impossible for me once to have a sight of him; whom I do scarce remember, I have so seldom seen him. You may (quoth *Sylvia*) both love him, and enjoy him; and since you have begun to like of him, he being worthy thereof, and equalling you in affection, increase that love; and might I but once come to speak with him I would not

doubt but to effect all things with such sincerity that you should with quiet enjoy him.

Well (quoth *Artesia*) I commit all to you, my life, for that dependeth on my love, being willing to do anything that shall not disagree with modesty: desiring you to keep my counsels secret; for to bewray them may endanger both his and my life.

After many other speeches passed betwixt them, *Adellena* entered the garden, *Artesia* espying her at the first thus greeted her, Good-morrow *Adellena*, I know not whether I may salute thee as a friend, or a privy foe, for that by thy means I am brought to bondage.

I pray thee tell me without dissembling (which I fear me thou canst do too well) when thou sawest *Ornatus*? and yet I know thy answer before I ask. Dost thou not know this letter? didst thou not hide it in this garden, that I might find it? did not *Ornatus* hire thee to say, that he was departed from his fathers house, while he liveth at home in thy house? I know thy answer will be, no, but how may I believe that? dost thou not likewise say he loveth me when thou knowest the contrary, and dost but dissemble? If thou harbourest any virtue in thee, tell me the truth and dissemble not, for in doing so, thou shalt greatly content me, discharge thy conscience, and peradventure do *Ornatus* a good turn.

Adellena hearing these speeches, was so astonished at their strangeness, that for a good while she stood as one senceless: but at the last made this answer: Your demands are such as I know not how to answer them; but heaven punish me if I dissemble: I saw not *Ornatus* since the time he came to me, to know how you accepted the letter which I conveyed into your casket. For that letter, I am altogether ignorant, neither did I ever see the same before now: I never spoke with *Ornatus*, saw *Ornatus*, or heard from him, since I last gave him your answer: neither know I where he is: but this I know, that he is not to be found, but poor gentleman, languisheth in love. And I dare protest he loveth you

most dearly: neither need you misdoubt, that he is absent or hidden at my house; for it is too true, he hath taken such grief at your unkindness, as will I fear me endanger his life.

I would it were not so, but that he were in my house; then would I counsel him rather to forget to love, than endanger his life thereby.

May I believe (quoth *Artesia*) that this thou sayest is true? Heavens let me live no longer (quoth *Adellena*) if I dissemble. Then (quoth *Artesia*) how should this letter be conveyed into this garden, but by himself? With that the crystal tears fell from her eyes.

CHAPTER VI

How *Ornatus* was hindered by the news of *Arbastus* death. How *Floretus*, to attain *Sylvias* love, both confessed he slew *Arbastus*, and intended to poison *Artesia*.

To augment *Artesias* tears, a messenger hastily running, came in, and brought this news, uttering the same with a ghastly countenance.

Oh *Artesia*, hear my tragic discourse, your father as you know rode forth this morning to chase the fearful deer, who wandering from his company, at last by his long stay was missed, and all of us coming together, studied amongst ourselves what should become of him: at last we were commanded by *Floretus* your unckle, to post several ways in search of him; whom at last we found most grievously wounded, and dead. *Artesia* hearing his words, with sudden grief fell down dead. Which when *Sylvia* perceived, he caught her in his arms, rubbing her pale cheeks until she was revived again. Then they conveyed her to her bed, in such extremity that with that sudden grief they feared the loss of her life: which exceedingly tormented *Sylvia* to behold. Then there was such an uproar in *Arbastus* house, as all seemed in utter despair, one conceiving this, another that, of *Arbastus* death: but all in general, concluding, that it was done by *Allinus*, in revenge for his brothers death.

Arbastus wife likewise conceived such sorrow at this unexpected event, that with very grief thereof she died. *Artesia* with both of them was ready to yeild up her last breath; and had done so, had she not been carefully preserved by *Sylvia*, and *Adellena*: who by their counsels and endeavours, pacified the extremity of her perplexity. This news was soon spread into most places

of the country: but because there was no just proof of the murderer, there was no question made thereof. *Arbastus* having never a trusty friend to prosecute revenge, *Floretus* now took upon him to rule and govern all that belonged to *Arbastus*, as his brother, and soon caused him and his lady to be worthily interred, and built a sumptuous monument in their remembrance. Which being over-past he came again to *Artesia* (as in the meantime he had often done) and finding her very weak, used many speeches to comfort her, giving such as were about her special charge, to minister all things necessary, to restore her to her former health: seeming to be most careful of her guard, promising and protesting to be unto her as a father.

Sylvia all this while was exceedingly grieved in mind, to see his love grown so weak, and in such danger of her life; not once forsaking her in all the time of her sickness, but comforting her with hearty speeches, and careful attendance; not so much as once departing her chamber, but taking exceeding pains to pleasure her: that she took great comfort in her supposed *Sylvia*; who oftentimes would steal a sweet kiss from *Artesias* lips: which she permitted, taking the same to proceed from a courteous mind, when *Sylvia* did it of deep affection; accounting the estate wherein he lived, to exceed all joys, and his delight past compare: proffering many familiarities, that *Artesia* took in kind part, which otherwise she would have refused, had she known who *Sylvia* had been.

Ornatus marvelled much, that in all this time she spake not of him, which he devised to urge her to do by many occasions: but these extremities had banished all remembrance of him quite out of her mind, which exceedingly tormented *Ornatus*, fearing this delay would some way turn to his ill; that whereas beforetime he was very pleasant and merry, and oftentimes would move his mistress to mirth by disport, but now that humour was changed, and he seemed alway melancholy and sad: and oftentimes when he was alone he would get into a

solitary place to bewail his hard fortune, which she noted and wondered at, thinking the same proceeded from being so long absent from his friends and country.

One day she found her supposed *Sylvia* solitary alone, and coming unawares heard her utter these words: How unhappy am I to love, and not be beloved. *Sylvia* seeing her, left off, to whom *Artesia* said, Why how now *Sylvia*, are you in love? Can it be, that your mind is attainted with that venomous serpent, that poisoneth the senses, altereth the complexion, and troubles the head and heart? Shake it off, and cast it out off your sight; for it never did good, and hath brought many a perpetual misery.

Madam, replied he, since you have overheard me, I must confess I am in love, which doth not any way work any such effect in me as you speak of, but I take all comfort therein, my senses, heart, head, and all my parts, take exceeding delight therein. Why then, quoth *Artesia*, sit you thus pensive alone, as if you bewailed your being in love? I, said *Sylvia*, grieve not that I am in love, but that I am not beloved; for I have vowed to live in love together, and will die before I change resolution. What hard-hearted man is he (replied *Artesia*) that knowing you love him, will not love again? Such is my condition, said *Sylvia*, that the party whom I love knows it not, and yet causelessly doth hate me: neither am I far absent from my beloveds company, without whose presence my life would decay. Why, is he in this house you love? is it possible that you should be entangled since you came hither? No, said *Sylvia*, I loved him before I came hither. How can that be, quoth she, when you are a stranger, and cast in this country by shipwrack, either you must needs be some other than we take you for, or else these things are impossible: But if you dare put trust in my secrecy, impart your mind to me, and I will do the best I can to further your love. You may do much therein, said *Sylvia*, and none more than yourself, but I beseech you pardon me for revealing the same, before you assure me of one

thing, which you may do without any harm to yourself, and be not offended if I ask you. Tell me what it is (quoth she) and I will answer you. Then said *Sylvia*, I would first know whether you love *Ornatus*. Whereupon she started saying, Ah me, that name bringeth death to my heart, and thou woundest me to the soul in speaking of him; Dost thou think I have cause to love him, and not rather above all men to hate him: dost thou not see my father lately murdered by him, or some by his appointment, and thinketh thou I can love so deadly a foe, by whom I am brought to this misery? No, assure thyself *Sylvia*, according as I have just cause, I do hate and abhor him as the greatest enemy I have, whose very name affrighteth me with terror, and if thou hadst loved me, as I was persuaded thou didst, thou wouldst not have troubled me with that ominous name; and yet for all this mischief he hath done me, didst not see how he sued for my love, and had so much prevailed that my heart began to yeild to his suit? With that she pulled out of her pocket the letter, saying: These lines, the fruits of his dissimulation, were instrumental actors in the tragedy of my fathers death; whereupon she tare the same in a thousand pieces.

Sylvia seeing the same, was ready to swoon with grief, and breaking forth a heart-burning sigh, said: Oh how is poor innocence suspected; and being ready to say more was disappointed by *Floretus* coming, who even then entered the garden, and finding them out, used many courteous speeches unto them both, especially comforting *Artesia*, to whom he said:

Dear cousin, since these mishaps cannot be remedied, let wisdom now oversway your passionate sorrow, and with patience remit all further grief, for these evils past cure and not to be lamented; but now commit the care of your safety to my trustiness, that will so tenderly regard your good as mine own life; therefore be of good comfort, and whatever you desire shall be done. Whereupon she yeilded him thanks, and so they departed.

Artesia being alone by herself, could by no means

forget the speech she had with *Sylvia*; either thinking she did dissemble, or else was some other than she seemed, or else in love with *Floretus*. Then she remembered her speeches, saying, How is innocency suspected, which she thought she uttered because of her accusing *Ornatus*, which drove her into many doubtful cogitations, and troubled her senses exceedingly: But by reason of her little suspect of *Sylvias* disguise, could not judge anything thereof.

Sylvia also not daring to offend her, and loving her so dearly, that he could not endure to see her disquieted, used no more speeches concerning love, but frequenting her company, in which he most delighted, he accounted himself most happy to live and enjoy her sweet presence, being out of hope to attain her love; But he beheld that which she little thought he had noted.

Many days continued *Sylvia* in this disguise in which time *Arbastus* death was almost forgotten, and *Floretus* being drawn to *Sylvias* manifold virtues, began exceedingly to affect her, using such kind behaviour towards her, that she suspected that which afterwards proved true: for *Floretus* concealing his love, felt the flame to burn the more inwardly, and living in that scorching tyranny, thought it better for him to manifest his love, than by hiding the flame augment his torment, assuring himself he would accomplish his desire, because *Sylvia* was a stranger, far from friends, and without his favour was likely to come to poverty, which he thought would be a means to draw her to like of him; besides he knew he might do what he pleased with *Artesia*, for that she was now only in his custody: and upon a day finding *Sylvia* in the garden, he came to her with a submissive behaviour and said:

Dear *Sylvia*, I would gladly utter a matter of importance, if you would vouchsafe to hear me; and this is it, fair lady: My heart hath long time been enthralled by your beauty, the which I have refrained to utter, fearing to be refused; but did you know how faithfully my heart is devoted to your service, and with what torment

I have concealed the same, you would pity me, my estate is sufficient to maintain you well, though not so worthy as you deserve, you shall live with me contentedly, and have a faithfull and constant friend, whom no afflictions shall alter, therefore I beseech you let me receive some hope of comfort by your gentle speeches, which will ease my troubled heart.

Sylvia had much ado to abstain from smiling, to think how unfit she was to answer his expectation; but committing a further consideration thereof to time more convenient gave him this answer:

Worthy sir, my mind is inapt to entertain love, considering how far distant I am from my own country, and soon I may be overtaken, therefore I pray you seek not that at my hands which I will not grant, but if you please I may live so quietly as since my coming I have done, I shall think my self more beholding to you for that than your proffered love, which I cannot yeild unto. He thinking this answer of hers so mild, was a sign she would soon yeild, followed his suit more earnestly, insomuch that she plainly told him, as yet she could not fancy him, having no trial of him, telling him that she would consider further thereof, and thereupon departed.

Now he being in hope to obtain that which was impossible to be had, and she hoping by this means the sooner to obtain *Artesias* love: First, considering that *Floretus* had the disposing of her, and therefore she must please him, otherwise he might be deprived of her company. Then, he began to think of *Arbastus* murder, assuredly believing that it was not acted by his fathers councel, but rather by some secret foe, and he thought it might well be her uncle as any other, for that he was next heir if *Artesia* hindered him not, which thought took such deep root in his breast, that comparing *Floretus* behaviour, countenance, and little enquiry he made after the murderer, he plainly suspected him, which was rather by Divine Providence, than any evident proof, which made him conceive this opinion: Such

inhuman murders are never unrevealed, though never so closely committed; the gods still revealing them.

So it came to pass with *Ornatus*, although he was no way privy to any such act, or conceived any probability thereof, yet he thought *Floretus* countenance shewed him guilty, and wished therefore to have some further conference with him to see if he could find out the truth, whereby he thought both to discharge himself of the suspicion *Artesia* had of him, and shew her his innocency and constancy that she might yeild to love him, purposing to leave no means unattempted to try him, which he resolved to do.

Early the next morning, *Floretus* not unmindful of his love, which kept him from his sleep that night, never left till he had found *Sylvia*, and coming to her with decent and submissive speeches solicited his suit, whom *Sylvia* cunningly handled, still putting him in hope, and yet making him no promise, which set him the more on fire, being so far overgone with affection, that he determined to hazard his life to win her love: But the more unwilling he saw her, the more eager he grew, and at last she said:

Floretus, I know no cause you have to be so importunate, for I see in you no token of fidelity, but once having attained your purpose, you will esteem me as lightly as easily won; besides, I do not see how you can perform any such matter as you promise; for my part I have no estate, and you for aught I see as little, so by matching with you I shall bring my self to poverty and misery, and then your hot love will soon wear cold, and then you will reject me and leave me comfortless. *Floretus* not suffering her to proceed any further, made this answer:

Do you not see *Arbastus* wealth, will not that be sufficient? The great possessions I now enjoy by him, are enough to maintain us happy, and will afford us our hearts content. *Arbastus* wealth (said *Sylvia*) that is *Artesias* by right, then how can you possess the same and she living? Do but grant me love said he, and I will

quickly satisfy you in that, I have a means to get all into my own hands, and therefore I beseech you let no such thought trouble your mind, but be assured that in enjoying me, you shall reap all content and happiness by my humble, dutiful and constant loyalty. Do but assure me of this (quoth *Sylvia*) and you shall know my resolution afterwards.

Artesia entering to them cut off their speeches, whose presence vexed *Floretus* to the heart, by being scarce able to speak a word by reason of his inward rancour; for indeed he hated *Artesia*, because she only debarred him from possessing his brothers wealth, the want whereof he thought kept him from enjoying *Sylvia*; therefore he resolved by some means to work her death, which in short time he told *Sylvia* of by this occasion.

One day finding her alone in a secret place of the garden, after many speeches passed betwixt them, whereby he saw the chiefest thing that hindered him was his want of wealth, and after that *Sylvia* had in some sort made him a grant only to try him, he began to utter his mind freely, saying, Dear *Sylvia*, I am so well persuaded of your virtues, and put such a confidence in your truthfulness, that I will reveal to you the very depth and secrecy of my heart, would you but swear to keep my councel, for to purchase your content, I have determined to put in practise a matter of secresy, which concerns my life, therefore not to be revealed.

Sylvia hearing this thought it better to swear a thousand oaths, and break them all, than by niceness to endanger the life of *Artesia*, which he supposed he aimed at, and promised by many protestations to keep secret what he aimed at; upon which *Floretus* urged with hope to win her love, and emboldened to mischief, caring not what he did to attain his will, did say as followeth:

You see *Arbastus* is dead, which was one stop that kept me from enjoying great possessions, and my purpose is, so you will but vouchsafe to assist me herein, to be rid of *Artesia*, and then all that belonged to her

by her fathers death shall be yours to dispose of. *Sylvias* heart throbbed to hear his speeches, and intending to size him to the full, said, *Floretus*, I am sure you speak this only to try me, and so to entrap me, and not of any intent you have to perform the same, wherein you shall do me the great wrong, and yourself no good: for I do not believe you bear the least thought to do it. By the gods (said he) it is my full intent; and for that you may be assured thereof, it was I slew *Arbastus*, howsoever the matter is imputed to *Allinus*, and propose likewise to be rid of *Artesia*; therefore make no doubt of my resolution, for I am resolved to do it. Oh (thought *Sylvia*) sooner shalt thou see my heart-blood, than spill one drop of hers, saying; would you have me do anything herein? You may do it, replied he, with the more safety, and the manner thus:

Within a mile of this castle, *Arbastus* hath a banquetting house in his park, where oftentimes he would for his recreation lie, whither I will persuade my cousin to go for a season to take the air, and to recreate her senses dulled with grief, and none but you to keep her company, and some two servants, whose trustiness I am assured of: This done, I will get a drink to be made, the force whereof shall expell life, and yet by no means be found out, which when you think convenient give unto her, and when she is dead, others will think she died of a natural death; and so this matter may without the least suspicion be effected, and then you shall be both mistress of her inheritance and mine. *Sylvia* demanded when this should be put in practise? Within two days at farthest, replied he, in the meantime frequent you *Artesias* company in such familiar sort as heretofore you have done, and myself intends to do the like. Many other speeches passed between them at that time, but at last they departed.

CHAPTER VII

How *Ornatus* told *Artesia* of *Floretus* intent; and how he discovered himself.

FLORETUS being by himself, began to consider how rashly he had committed his secrets to *Sylvia*, and entered into these meditations: Doth *Sylvia* think that my policy exceedeth not her shallow capacity: poor simple stranger, she hath undertaken a matter of importance for me, that mean no less than good will to her: she for my love hath promised to poison *Artesia*, and is likely that once done, to taste the same sauce; for loved she me never so well, I never will trust her with my life; but peradventure she hateth me, and will reveal my drift to *Artesia*: No, *Floretus* thou art deceived; she is so far in love, that she doth, and will do anything at my request: What a mad and frantic world is this? What villany can be intended, which some either by favour or reward will not excuse? If I should trust her that is so easily won to such a heinous deed, might I not be accounted mad? yes, and therefore I will not trust her, but *Artesia* being first dispatched, she shall follow.

Ornatus on the contrary, was glad, that he had felt the issue of *Floretus* treachery, thinking also he was so far in love with him, taking him for a woman, that for his sake he sought *Artesias* death, which was the only means to help him to possess her love, which he determined to give her knowledge of and discover himself, hoping that when she saw his innocency, his faithful love, and how by his means her life was preserved, she would yeild him love for his good will. Whilest he was in the depth of these cogitations, he espied *Artesia* enter

the garden, and taking his lute, found her seated upon a flowery band, under the shade of a myrtle tree, and perceiving that she was heavily enclined, he sat down by her, and with his sweet melody brought her asleep: When she had slept a good while, being exceedingly affrighted with a dream, she started up, looking earnestly upon *Sylvia*, saying: I pray thee, *Sylvia* do not poison me. *Sylvia* seeing her so affrighted, was exceedingly amazed, and she herself, not yet fully recovered, seemed to be afraid of him: till at last *Sylvia* said: I beseech you, what is it that affrighteth you? O *Sylvia*, said she, I dreamed thou wouldst have murdered me. Heavens forbid (quoth he) that I should attempt so heinous a deed. But would you vouchsafe to hear my tragic report you should be rid of that doubt, though *Sylvia* is much tempted to do such a deed; who esteems your life more dearer than mine own, and would rather with mine own hands tear out my woeful heart, than think the least thought to wrong you. But because I have so fit occasion, and hope your patience will permit me, I will rehearse a most monstrous and heinous intended mischief. The other day, I remember you were exceedingly offended with me, for naming *Ornatus*, for that you supposed him to be an actor in *Arbastus* death: but both he and *Allinus* are innocent, and far from any such thought, for your uncle *Floretus* was his murderer, which he told me himself. He hath been oftentimes importunate to win my love (which another possesseth) but I suspecting as much as I now find true, held him off with this delay, that he had not wealth enough to maintain me: which when I had often alledged, he told me, all that belonged to *Arbastus* was his. Then I demanded how that could be, since you were living? Quoth he, swear to be secret, and I will tell you how: with that upon my protestations, he told me that he had murdered *Arbastus*, and meant to poison you: persuading me to consent thereto, for that he said I only could do it. With that, I (not purposing to do it but to preserve you) promised him my uttermost

assistance; which he told me should be done in this manner: I will (quoth he) persuade *Artesia* to forsake this castle, and to sojourn some few days in a house *Arbastus* hath in his park, where none but you and two other servants, whose secrecy I nothing doubt, shall keep her company, where I will give you such a potion as shall end her life, and yet by no means be perceived: neither can there be any doubt thereof, for that I, and no one else, am left of her kindred, to search the truth. This is the sum of what he told me.

Artesia hearing her words, sat like one without sense a good space, being so far overcome with grief and fear, that she could not speak a word, but at last she burst forth into these lamentations: Aye me, unkind and most unnatural uncle, canst thou speak me so fair and intend me so much harm? Who would have thought so foul impiety would have been shrowded under so fair pretext? Couldst thou be so unnatural, as to murder thy own most natural, loving and dear brother, and not contented with this tragedy, to seek my untimely death? What frenzy or folly both possess thy breast, that I esteemed replete with virtue? How canst thou suffer so impious and heinous a thought to sink into thy breast, much less to act such a notorious outrage against him that loved thee as his life, and her that honoureth thee her friend? Oh *Sylvia*, may I credit thy words, and not rather accuse thee and excuse him? May I think him so simple, to trust thee with his secrets? No: I fear me this is some policy intended by thee to some bad end. Yet, I pray thee pardon me: for what canst thou get by telling me so, unless it were so? or not rather have kept his councel, and then thou mightest have been my heir. And pardon, I ask of thee, good *Ornatus*, though thou art absent, for that I accused thee as accessory to my fathers death, when thou art innocent. With that, a flood of tears stopped the passage of her speech: and *Sylvia* said, *Artesia* yet vouchsafe to hear my councel, which shall prevent all these immanent evils. You may peradventure make

some doubt of the truth of that which I have spoken: but I take to Heaven to record, no word is false, for I regard your good above all things, and your quiet above mine own content: for should you die, I could not live, for by that I draw my breath. I dived into *Floretus* councels, not to aid him, but to prevent them: for that I knew *Ornatus* was no way guilty of any such treason, but would have ventured his own life, to have preferred your fathers, whom he hath loved and honoured as himself, of whom I could have told you more, but that fearing to offend you, and partly seeing how vehemently you accused him, I durst not; whose love is loyal, and thereon I will pawn my life. *Sylvia* (quoth *Artesia*) thou tellest me things of wonder; but especially that thou art so privy to *Ornatus* thoughts, and that thou darest so boldly to affirm he loveth me, when thou mayest be deceived. Most virtuous *Artesia* (quoth he) were you but so privy to the thoughts of his heart as I am, you would say as much as I, and believe all that I tell you: and to put you in assurance of what I know, I give you knowledge that I am *Ornatus*, and in this disguise have sought to attain your love: for which boldness, I most humbly desire you to pardon me. With that, a ruddy blush spread itself in *Artesias* cheeks, before pale with fear, being so ashamed he had been so privy to her actions, that she could not tell with what countenance to behold him.

Then *Ornatus* said, I beseech you pity my torment, which hath urged me to this boldness, being frustrated of other means to enjoy your presence; my meaning being no other than virtuous, but resting at your merciful disposition: desiring you to put assured confidence in me, for preventing *Floretus* intent; which you need not doubt of, for my grief I know it to be true.

Artesia marvelled exceedingly at the strangeness of these news; but most of all admired *Ornatus* love: which she could not tell how to reject, for she both well knew he deserved love, and the necessity of time was such, that her safety rested in his secrecy: yet being not willing

at that instant to yeild, without further assault, said: I know not what name to call you, when neither I know whether you are *Sylvia* or *Ornatus*: but which of both, your words bear great shew of true friendship, which I fear me is not grounded in your heart, neither do I greatly care: for since my uncle seeketh my life let him take it, for I am weary of it.

Let not your gentle heart (quoth *Ornatus*) make any doubt that I am *Ornatus*, though my counterfeit disguise doth shew me other: but either vouchsafe me love, or give me leave to die for *Artesia*: for that potion that should dispatch you, shall end my life: for my life is bound to your command, and all felicity resteth in your favour: which unless you grant, my life without the same will be but short, and the time I have to live, an endless laborinth of sorrow.

Adellena by occasion entered the garden, and found *Artesia* weeping, and *Sylvia* in heavy dump, ready to torment himself, to see her sorrow. But *Artesia* espying her, said, *Adellena*, dost thou love *Ornatus* so much, as that thou wouldst hazard his life and credit to do him good, for that I know him to be a most virtuous and honest gentleman? Ay, but wouldst thou (quoth she) keep my councel, if I reveal a secret of importance to you concerning *Ornatus*? And upon *Adellenas* promise, she said: Do you know *Ornatus*, if you see him? Behold there he is. *Adellena* was at the first half astonished at her speeches: but at last perfectly remembered that was he indeed: rejoicing most exceedingly to see him there, especially with *Artesia*. Then they declared unto her all that had happened, and of *Floretus* intent, desiring her to be secret, and make no shew of discontent, lest he should suspect *Sylvia* had bewrayed his secrets: and after some other speeches past, they went in together.

CHAPTER VIII

How *Artesia* departed to the lodge with *Sylvia*, and from thence secretly departed to *Adellenas* house; and how *Ornatus* taken to be *Sylvia*, was by *Floretus* accusation, and *Artesias* want, banished.

BUT it fell out so the next day, that the king with divers of his company, amongst whom was his only son and heir *Lenon*, being wearied with travail, arrived at *Arbastus* house, thinking to have found him there, but the king hearing of his sudden death, was exceedingly sorry, persuading himself, as all men else did, that he was slain by some of *Allinus* house: which made him make small tarriance there, but departed to his palace. Now it fortuned that *Lenon* beheld *Artesias* beauty, and was with the first view thereof exceedingly bewitched: that after he was gone, he could by no means forget her; but determined, ere long, to return to see if he could attain her love.

Now the time was come that *Floretus* had appointed to set abroach his villany, and (according as *Ornatus* had before told *Artesia*) he came to her, persuading her for a season to live in the country; Which she, as forearmed, consented unto: and so the next morning, she with *Sylvia*, *Floretus*, and divers others, departed: at night *Floretus* returning, and leaving with her, according as he had promised *Sylvia*, only two servants, that were to provide them necessaries, but knew no part of the conspiracy. When *Ornatus* and *Artesia* were alone together, for that she was undoubtedly assured of his loves fidelity, she used these comfortable speeches unto him: *Ornatus*, whereas as always before this time, too unkindly I have reputed you as a foe, I now crave pardon, being sorry that my heart hath done you so

much wrong, which now I will requite with kindness. I confess it was strange for me to entertain love, but now I willingly yeild myself to be her subject and your true and faithful friend; committing myself to your custody, and my love and myself to be yours to dispose of. *Ornatus* hearing her speeches, was ravished with a heaven of joy: with a gentle and kind behaviour folding her in his arms, and imprinting a sweet kiss upon her rosy lips, he said: Never was poor wretch exalted to more happiness than I am, by being enriched with this inestimable treasure of your love. Oh how rich a reward have I now reaped for my cares! and what glory, joy, or wealth, can be compared to the riches of your love? Oh heavenly *Artesia* how fortunate have you made *Ornatus*! How have you blessed *Ornatus*! how full of joy is *Ornatus* by your full consent! was ever any so unworthy to be exalted? for this kindness and love I will perform more than my tongue can utter, and be more faithful than your heart can wish. Then began they to embrace each other, and to surfeit themselves in the solace true love yeildeth: He sometimes lending her a kiss, and she with interest paying two for one; for one sweet look, two: and for many embracings, as are not to be explicated: their hands and hearts joined in such firm bands of true affection as is not to be dissolved; and surfeiting with such exceeding content, impossible to be described. These storms of love somewhat mitigated, they began to consult of their dangerous estate, and to devise how to prevent the intended mischief. In this place they continued some two days in exceeding content, still expecting to hear from *Floretus*; who the third day, fearing to trust any with a matter of such weight, came himself to bring the potion (yet in shew of kindness to visit *Artesia*) delivering the same to *Sylvia*, willing her the next night to give it her: which she promised him faithfully to accomplish.

When he was gone, *Artesia* came to *Ornatus*, to know what news *Floretus* brought; who told her all and shewed her the potion in a glass, which he had charged should

be given her the next day. With that *Artesia* began to wail, and exclaim against her uncle in most extreme sort. But *Ornatus* entreated her to cease such vain grief, which could not hurt him, but herself: promising her to prevent the same, if she would follow his council, which she willingly yeilded unto.

Then quoth he, let us presently depart from hence to *Adellenas* house, which you know is not far off, who you know, is agreed with us already: where I will leave you and return. Which said, while the servants were absent upon some special occasion, they departed, with little labour arriving at *Adellenas* house, who was ready to receive them: and after many farewells, *Ornatus* returned back to the lodge. And when it was supper time, the servants brought up meat, but *Ornatus* told them *Artesia* was scarce well, and therefore they would not sup that night. And being alone by himself, he studied what excuse to make for *Artesias* absence when *Floretus* should come: spending that night in much care, and many unquiet cogitations, which took away his sleep.

Floretus was no sooner returned from the lodge, but he met *Lenon*, who of purpose came to meet *Artesia*, whom *Floretus* kindly saluted, marvelling much wherefore he came: to ease which doubt *Lenon* said:

My friend *Floretus*, I come to visit the fair *Artesia*, to whose beauty I am enthralled, not as regarding her wealth, of whom you only have the government: therefore I pray befriend me so much, that I may come to speech with her. *Floretus* was exceedingly amazed to hear his speeches, that he could not tell what answer to make, nor how to excuse her absence. *Lenon* seeing him in such a study, continued his speeches, saying: *Floretus* be not unwilling I should match with *Artesia*, for that shall no way hinder your preferment, who think peradventure the longer she liveth unmarried, the more wealth you shall get by her: but to rid you of that doubt, be but a means to win her consent, and I vow by heaven, I will not take one pennyworth of *Arbastus* substance from you, but freely give it you all: For it is

not possessions I regard but her love, therefore I pray resolve me of your mind herein.

My lord, replied he, your offer is so bountiful, besides my duty urging me, I am ready to perform your will to the uttermost of my power. I thank you good *Floretus*, quoth *Lenon*: then I pray thee bring me to her, for my love is impatient of delay. My lord, replied he, that I cannot do instantly for *Artesia* for some two days passed, with the strange damosel *Sylvia*, departed hence, and are now at the lodge; whither (if you please to take such entertainment as this place yeildeth) we will both go to-morrow morning. Agreed, quoth *Lenon*, I will accept your proffer. When the time of rest was come, Floretus being alone by himself, entered into these cogitations: What inconveniences hast thou run into *Floretus*? thou hast hired one to murder *Artesia* in hope to get her wealth, and made *Sylvia* acquainted with thy council, which wealth thou mayest now attain by prefering her life: and besides, winning her to love *Lenon*, thou shalt find him thy faithful friend for ever.

What wert thou then best to do? If thou shouldst murder her, he would make enquiry of her death, and so thou be undone: If not, then will *Sylvia* be displeased, and so bewray thy drift: that the mischiefs thou by folly hast run into, are so intricate, that thou knowest not which way to shun them.

Were it not better to save her life, and to win her love for *Lenon*, than to poison her, and so to die myself? If I save her life, *Sylvia* will be discontented: what of that? Then let *Sylvia* smart for it: for if she will be not contented with that I shall do, she shall never live to bewray my council. And therefore will I first try her, and finding any suspicion thereof, I will stab her myself, whose death I may easilier answer than *Artesias*.

Early next morning, *Lenon* and he rode to the lodge; where no sooner arrived but he met with *Sylvia*, to whom he said: Why how now *Sylvia*, I have news of importance to bewray to thee: *Lenon* thou here beholdest, is son to the king, and is deeply in love with *Artesia*, and

hath given me assurance of *Arbastus* livings, if I can win *Artesia* to match with him: Now I think it good to defer our purpose as concerning her death, until we have made trial whether she will love him, or no; which if we can effect, we shall be quit of so cruel a deed, enjoy her heritage, and have an assured friend in *Lenon*, whilest we live: therefore let me know your opinion therein.

Sylvia was exceedingly amazed to hear these speeches: thinking, that if he did tell him where *Artesia* was, she should be wrested from his possession, and so himself disappointed of her love; and on the other side, he thought what mischief would arise, if he should say he had already given her the poison. Yet his love over-mastering the fear of any danger, made him say: All this I like, but *Floretus* it is too late: for I have caused *Artesia* to drink the poison you delivered me, and she is dead, which was of such force that all her body purpled into blisters, and swellings: which because I knew would betray what we had done, I took her body, and conveyed it to a deep pit, where it is impossible to be found.

Floretus now fearing to have his treason betrayed: thought to stab *Sylvia*, and so to be rid of them both, that in a monstrous rage he drew his dagger, and unawares struck *Sylvia* in the left arm: who feeling the smart, with violence more than *Floretus* expected, stept to him, and in spight of his uttermost strength wrung the dagger out of his hands, and with the same wounded him in three places; and had not *Lenon* stept between them *Floretus* had been slain.

Lenon having parted them, demanded what the matter was. *Floretus* thinking rather to accuse, than to be accused himself, and terrified with affright, said: That wicked woman hath murdered *Artesia*. *Sylvia* made no answer, untill *Lenon* laid hold on her: demanding where *Artesia* was; she answering: By the enticement of that wicked *Floretus*, I gave her a drink, that unknowing to me hath poisoned her.

Oh wicked creature, said *Lenon*, thou hast condemned thyself, and therefore worthily shall thy accursed life make satisfaction for her death. With that, he began to draw his sword; but *Ornatus* now thinking it no time to delay, lest he might be murdered, caught hold of *Lenons* sword, having such advantage, that he easily wrung it from him, and said: Worthy *Lenon* be advised, do not seek to spill my innocent blood, without further consideration, lest for the same thou lose thine own. Thinkest thou I am as faulty and guilty as *Floretus* is? Be assured I am not. But if thou lovest justice, lay hands on that traitor; for he, not I, is culpable of shedding innocent blood.

By this time, *Lenons* servants, perceiving their contention, came running in with their swords drawn; by their lords commandment, first apprehending *Floretus*, and afterwards seeking by violence to take *Sylvia*: but he standing to his own deffence, resisted them, alledging innocency, till *Lenon* vowed and protested, if he were not accessory thereto, he should have no other than justice, and that his cause should be heard before the king.

Ornatus thought it better to yeild by fair means, rather than by compulsion; and esteeming it less grief to be made a prisoner, than to bewray where *Artesia* was, and so have her taken from him, yeilded: both of them being conveyed to the palace, and for that night committed to several prisons.

Floretus being thus in durance, his conscience so deeply accused him of villany, that he continued cursing and exclaiming against his hard fortune; with bitter bannings raging against himself, for trusting *Sylvia*, being with extreme fear of death desperate.

Ornatus on the other side, took that trouble patiently, as endured for *Artesias* sake; fearing nothing, for that he knew himself to be innocent, and could easily acquit himself of such accusation, purposing rather to hazard the worst, than bewray what he was; which to conceal was his greatest care.

The next day they were brought before the prince: where *Floretus*, upon *Sylvias* accusation, confessed the truth, both concerning *Artesia*, and how he slew *Arbastus*: for which he was adjudged to die within two days. And, quoth he to *Sylvia*, for that thou art a stranger, and by his council, rather than of thine own intention, wert drawn unwittingly to do the deed, I will pardon thy life, but adjudge thee to be banished this country. And, quoth he, because I fear that some will seek thy life, thou shalt presently be conveyed hence: Which doom shall stand irrevocable.

Then gave he commandment, she should be conveyed to the haven presently: committing her to the custody of certain rude Moors: who not staying to hear what answer she would make (whereof poor *Ornatus* was not readily provided for in that extremity) immediately carried her away. To whom *Ornatus* would have told the truth of all: But he spake to them that understood him not: Who with speed executed their sovereigns command, rudely haled her aboard: and hoisting sail, never rested, untill they arrived near the coast of *Natolia*, where they were commanded to leave her.

CHAPTER IX

Of the sorrow *Artesia* took for *Ornatus* banishment; and of the several adventures befell him in *Natolia*.

ARTESIA remaining in *Adellenas* house marvelled she heard not from *Ornatus*, according to his promise, which drave her into some doubt of his safety: that coming to *Adellena*, she desired her to haste to the lodge, and entreat him to come to her, for that by her hearts misdoubt, she suspected some heavy news. *Adellena* immediately hasted thither, finding the servants in great sorrow; whom she asked for *Sylvia*. Aye me, quoth one of them, by this time she is past speaking with all: for such heavy news is befallen since your departure, as grieveth me to utter: yet notwithstanding, told her all that was happened.

Adellena brooking no delay, which in those affairs was dangerous, stood not to imitate of those griefs, and contrarily everything fell out; but with all haste returned to *Artesia*: who espying her coming, thought her countenance bewrayed some unwelcome accident, hastily enquiring how *Ornatus* did? *Adellena*, for want of breath, could not speak a good space, but at the last she said: *Artesia*, tedious lament is not now to be used, but speedy council how to save *Ornatus*, for he is carried before the king, and is accused by *Floretus*, to have murdered you: For coming to the lodge with *Lenon*, the kings son, who pretended great love to you, and not finding you, *Ornatus* told *Floretus* he had given you the poison: whereupon *Floretus* would have slain him: but *Ornatus* taking his dagger from him, had done the like to him, had not *Lenon* stept betwixt them. Then *Floretus* accused him of your death, and he *Floretus*: and both were yesterday carried before the king.

Alas, poor *Ornatus*, said *Artesia*, what misery is befallen you for my sake? how art thou rewarded for preserving my life? Good *Adellena*, council me what is to be done: *Ornatus* being amongst them a reputed stranger, having no friend to plead for him, and peradventure over-swayed by *Floretus* perjury, may have his life endangered, and the rather, because he is taken to be a *Natolian*. Therefore *Adellena* if thou lovest him or me, wilt save both his and my life, and discharge him of that false accusation, run to the court, and finding out *Lenon*, tell him of my safety and request him for my sake to pity poor *Sylvia*. *Adellena* according to her commandment, mounted a horse, and with great speed, by that time it was night, attained the court, and finding out *Lenon*, uttered these speeches: Most worthy *Lenon*, vouchsafe to hear me speak, the fair *Artesia*, whom you supposed dead, is alive, and in safety at my house, who hath sent me to you, in the behalf of *Sylvia*, fearing some wrong might be done to her, as suspected to be her death, when she only hath prefered her life.

Lenon was so amazed at her speeches, that he could not tell what to say, being exceedingly grieved for *Sylvia*, but at length told her what his father had done: which appalled her senses with deadly fear. *Lenon*, notwithstanding it grieved him somewhat for *Sylvia*, yet his heart was glad to hear of *Artesias* safety, and therefore he determined to go with *Adellena* to visit her; which likewise he performed, and entering where she was making exceeding lamentation, said:

I beseech you grieve not, fair damsel, for *Sylvia*, for no harm is done to her, only my father, upon her own confession and *Floretus* accusation, hath banished her to her own country.

Artesia hearing these speeches, with very grief fell into a deadly trance, both *Lenon* and *Adellena* having much ado to bring her to life again. And being conveyed to her bed, when her senses were come to her perfect use, and *Lenon* standing by her, whose sight was most

grievous to her, she turned her head from his sight, shedding such abundance of tears, that she bedewed the place where she lay. *Lenon* perceiving that she was displeased with his presence, withdrew himself, giving *Adellena* this charge: *Adellena*, since *Artesia* is in thy custody I charge thee let her not depart hence, until thou hearest from me again, for if thou dost thou shalt answer the same, but if thou wilt stand my friend, and in my behalf entreat her favour, I will prove so grateful a friend, as thou shalt account thy labour well employed.

He was no sooner gone, but *Artesia* uttered these lamentations: Most accursed wretch, that I am, to be thus separated from my dear love, whose courteous mind is the fountain of all virtue: how unfortunate am I made by my fathers death, and my uncles cruelty, but especially by his loss, that is unjustly banished into a strange country, where he, poor and loyal gentleman, never set foot? how unhappy was he made when he first began his love? how most miserable by seeking to prefer my life, hath cast away his own, and fearing to be disappointed of my love hath quite dissevered himself from my sight, to hazard his person by land and sea. Is it possible that he should ever return, being so far conveyed from his native soil, and left to the mercies of strange people, that will be ready to destroy his guiltless life? No, I fear me, never shall I be so happy as to behold him, and though I do not, yet shall my love to him remain unmoveable. Therefore, now will I arm myself to endure all perils, to live in care, and continual lament, for want of beloved *Ornatus*, whose heart I know is replete with sorrow, and peradventure misdoubteth my loyalty, having been so unkind to him before: and knowing *Lenons* affection, may suppose his dignity might alter my constancy. But sooner shall *Ornatus* hear of my death, than that I have altered my love, or yeilded his right to another, were he the greatest potentate in the world.

Which said, another flood of brinish tears overflowed her eyes, and her passage of speech was stopped by

heart-piercing sighings, which in confused multitudes issued from her sweet breath, never ceasing her laments, but still bewailing her true loves absence, that it pierced *Adellenas* heart with such sorrow, that she wept as well as *Artesia*, both being so much grieved, that they seemed to strive how to out-do one another in laments. In which sorrowful estate, *Artesia* remained so long, that she waxed extreme sick; and grew to that extremity that *Adellena* feared her death.

Lenon likewise being come to court, got pardon of his father for *Floretus* death, but notwithstanding he remained in prison all days of his life. *Lenon* likewise hearing of *Artesias* sickness, refrained from visiting her, although he would oftentimes repair to *Adellenas* house, to enquire how she did.

Ornatus being left in the country of *Natolia*, took his misfortunates in such heavy sort, that had he not his hope to see *Artesia*, again with-held him, he had offered himself some outrage, for a season giving himself to forlorn and careless desparation, never regarding which way to provide for his safety, nor otherwise respecting what danger he might run into in that strange country, for the Moors had landed him in a waste and desolate coast of the country.

Thus careless did he continue a whole night and a day, not so much seeking food to preserve him from famine: but in the end, hunger constrained him to seek succour, but when his stomach served him, he could find no meat, that with the extremity thereof, falling to remembrance his estate, he uttered these plaints:

Thus contrary is *Nature* to her subjects, sometimes boying them to the top of all felicity, and then with violence tumbling them down headlong into the depth of extreme misery.

Was ever more fortunate and suddenly more miserable than I am? Could ever any man whatsoever, attain more heavenly felicity and happiness than I did, by being possessed of *Artesia*? And now again most accursed, being thus far absent from her, and banished

my native soil, into a strange country, ready to be famished and devoured by wild beasts, or that which is worse, never likely to see *Artesia* again. How could any man contain himself from desparateness, being so miserable as I am? How can I withold my hand from injuring myself, when by doing it I should be rid out of a wretched life? What should I doe? Which way should I go? Here I am in a desolate and unfrequented place, where no human creatures inhabit but wild beasts; without food, without weapons, in womans apparel, and without hope of comfort. Shall I stay here, then shall I be famished; shall I leave this place, and travel further, then I go further from my beloved, and meeting with some ravening beast, may be devoured. Now being hungry, I want food, and there is none, unless I will eat the earth, leaves of trees, or roots of the grass. Well I will seek my fortune, be it good or ill, and in this desparate mood he travelled on, and by good fortune found a tree laden with exceeding pleasant and goodly fruit, with which he stanched his hunger: not far from which place he took up his nights lodging.

Early the next morning he arose, first filling his belly, and then his lap, with that pleasant fruit, the taste whereof was like pleasant wine, that being drunk in abundance will make the head light: which made *Ornatus* heart merry, that he travelled on apace. But Fortune not contented with the misery he endured already sent him another affliction: he entered into a place like a forest, beset with trees of huge proportion, scattered here and there, where he met with a wild and fierce boar that haunted those deserts, who espying *Ornatus*, with a terrible groining, bristled himself, coming towards him. *Ornatus* being now driven to his uttermost shifts, began to run with all his force from the beast: but he making most speed had almost overtaken him, when one of the apples carried about him, fell down, and the boar espying the same, stayed his haste to take it up, whereby *Ornatus* had gotten some little ground of him, and seeing him so much affect the fruit,

cast down another apple, after which the boar ran with greediness devouring the same. *Ornatus* was glad of this poor shift, and still cast down one apple, and then another, that in the end he had almost thrown away all, and notwithstanding that, feared to be destroyed: But the boar feeling his belly full and his hunger stanched, left off his pursuit, and followed him more carelessly; whom he still fed with apples, so long as his store lasted: that in the end the boar being drunk with the pleasant fruit, began to reel and stagger, and lying down, fell fast asleep. Which *Ornatus* seeing, having no other than a knife about him, with the same approached the boar, and without fear, violently thrust the same into the brutes bristled side, that it pierced his heart; and he, after some struggling, died.

Ornatus then held up his hands to heaven for joy, exceedingly applauding his fortunate and unexpected escape; which he took as a fortunate passage of good success. But yet before he could determine what to do, Fortune once again shewed her mutability: For when *Ornatus* had parted the boars head from his huge body and with the same was ready to depart, there passed by, as it seemed, a knight gallantly mounted in green armour; who espying a woman bearing the boars head, drew towards her, and said: Woman, where hadst thou the boars head? I pray thee deliver it me. *Ornatus* made this answer: Sir, I need not do either, unless I know more cause than as yet I do. The knight hearing that short answer, alighted and said: I will shew no other reason, but I will have it. With that he began to strive for the same. But *Ornatus* having more mind to his sword than to keep the boars head, suddenly caught hold thereof, and drew the same out: which when he had gotten, he said: Disloyal and discourteous knight, now will I keep the boars head in despite of thee. With that he thrust at him and contrary to his thought, wounded him so deep that he left him for dead; wishing, that he had not done that deed: but knowing how discourteously he would have used him, let pass all further remorse,

and casting off his womans apparel put on the knights apparel, and armour, mounted the steed and with the boars head rode back the same way he saw the knight come, and within a little space, found a beaten way that conducted him to a goodly town, whose turret tops he saw long before he came to the same: then began he to study what to do, sometimes thinking it best not to enter the town, from whence it was likely the knight he slew came, and so he being taken for him might be known, and so afterwards endangered for his death. For peradventure the knight might be of good estimation, and of purpose sent to slay the boar, and if it should be known he had slain him, his friends would for the same, and by the rather for that he was a stranger, prosecute sharp vengeance against him. Whilest he was in these meditations, he came near the town, not fully resolved what to do, where he was soon espied by some of the people, who seeing the boar's head came running towards him, making exceeding joy: which when he saw he thought it too late to turn back, but that he must go on and hazard the most: and being entered the town, a number of the inhabitants flocked about him, some with garlands, some with praises and all with joy, uttering these speeches: Welcome home most brave *Alprinus.*

Ornatus then perfectly knew that the knights name was *Alprinus,* and went of purpose to slay the boar, whom they took him to be, and that he must of necessity be known: which drave him into an exceeding care what excuse to make, to avoid the danger of death. Then presently he beheld a troop of beautiful damsels, with sounds of sweet music, coming towards him (amongst whom, one as fair and more beautiful than the rest, was crowned with a garland of flowers, bearing another in her hand) who all at once applauded his victory, dancing before him, until he came to the midst of the town, where sat the chief magistrates, where the damsel that was crowned thus spake to him.

Sir *Alprinus,* your conquest hath released the

inhabitants of care, extolled thy fame, preserved thy life, and wone me for thy love. You have well performed the task you undertook, and according to desert, I come to crown you with these flowers, and yeild myself to yours for ever.

Ornatus hearing her speeches, thought to try the end of this adventure, which could be no worse than death, which of force he must now hazard, alighted, laying down the boars head upon a table that stood before the ancients, with comely and humble behaviour kissing the damsels hand, who set the wreath of flowers upon his head, and taking him by the hand, brought him before the ancients, one of whom stood up and said: Worthy gentleman, whereas before thou wert by us adjudged to die, as worthy thereof, for this thy valient deed, we freely pardon thee, and acquit thee from all trespasses thou hast committed against any whomsoever until this present hour.

And taking the damsel by the hand, said: *Lucida*, according to thy desire, I yeild thee up to be his wife. And gentleman, quoth he, take her as thine own, as freely as by birth she was adopted mine: and after my death, be thou inheritor of my land.

To all this *Ornatus* gave a fervent consent, and the night now approaching, he with *Lucida* went to her fathers house, where was a great feast provided, from which *Ornatus* excused himself in this sort: When he was entered the house being still armed, only lifting up his beaver he took *Lucida* by the hand, and withdrawing her aside, said:

Lucida, I now find your love to be infallible; and your constancy to excell all womans that I have known: and that *Alprinus* is so far indebted to you, as that he shall never (might he live a thousand years) be able to recompence this inestimable favour of your love, which hath preserved my unworthy life from destruction.

But notwithstanding, you love *Alprinus*, his debt is so great, as can no way be gratified; I request one further favour at your hands, whereon my chiefest

felicity dependeth, yea, my life, your love, and perpetual good: which I fear to utter, lest you should misconceive the same; there being no other thing to hinder the content *Alprinus* seeketh, but only your favourable consent, to banish all mistrust of my faith.

Lucida marvelled at his speeches; indeed loving him so well that she would have spilt her own blood for his sake, saying: *Alprinus*, what need you make doubt of my consent to any thing, whatsoever it be, for your sake? know you not, how faithful I have continued, though you slew my only brother? and that I esteemed your love, far dearer than his life: and when you should have died for that deed, obtained this at my fathers and the rest of the ancients hands, that slaying the boar that destroyed many people, you should save your own life, and win me as your love. And notwithstanding all this, do you make a question whether I will yeild consent to anything that shall be for your good? Oh *Alprinus*, if your love were so constant as mine, if you intended to continue my love for ever, if your heart felt so deep a sting of love as mine, you would not make such a doubt of my loyalty, of my truth, true love, and constancy: For you, whatever you should ask, I will grant, whatsoever you should request I will perform: and whereinsoever a lover may shew infallible tokens of her truth, I will do as much as any. But since you will not believe me without an oath; I swear by my love, my unspotted virginity, and all the good I wish my heart, I will consent, agree, perform, or do anything: nor be offended with anything, be the news so unwelcome, so it be for *Alprinus* good: nor leave anything unperformed, you shall require.

Ornatus hearing with what constancy her speeches proceeded from her, and how grievously she conceived it, that any doubt should be made of her loyalty, thought most certainly that he might put his life into her hands, and therefore having already studied a device, said: It ill agreeth with my nature to dissemble, and hardly could I have been drawn thereto, but that desire to

preserve love, drew me thereto: for know most worthy *Lucida*, that I am not *Alprinus*, but one that for his sake hath undertaken this: The truth whereof, if you will hear with patience, I will declare.

Yesterday, I travelled through the forest, or desert, where I met *Alprinus*, sore wounded, and flying from the boar, that pursued him with celerity, which when I beheld, to rescue him from death, I set upon the boar, and by good fortune slew him: which when he beheld, he declared to me the cause of his coming; which when I heard, pitying his estate, I bid him take the boars head, and withall, holp him to mount his steed, but his wounds would not suffer him to ride, that I was in some fear for his life. When presently we beheld an ancient hermit coming towards us, who lived in a cave in those woods, and undertook to cure his wounds, being glad of the boars death. To whose cell I conveyed *Alprinus*: at whose request, I have performed this which you see, and have undertaken to hazard my life, to discharge him of death, and to win the assured possession of your love.

Now I most humbly entreat you, for his sake to conceal what I am, that I be not known, and so both disappoint yourself of his love, and him of safety. Only devise a means to excuse me from this feast: which I trust you will do for *Alprinus* sake, and then we may have time to study for your further content.

Lucidas love made her believe that all he said was true, and therefore said: Sir, I trust there is no cause why I should mistrust you: and therefore rellying upon the truth of that which you have said, I will tell my father you are wounded, and desire rather to go to your chamber, than to the feast, who I know will deny me nothing. This said, she went to her father, and so prevailed with him, that he was contented she should have the tending of him: whom he took to a chamber, suffering none to come at him, but her maid, whom she trusted, and well might trust for her fidelity. Afterwards *Lucida* came to *Ornatus*, to detirmine how she

might come to see *Alprinus*, being most careful of his health: and amongst many other speeches, they concluded that *Ornatus* the next morning should depart towards the forest, to *Alprinus*, and that she by some means would come thither the next day after, if he would meet her, to give her directions where to find him: which he promised to do. According to this agreement *Ornatus* very early the next morning armed himself, and as *Lucida* had entrusted him, took his leave of her father, who little suspecting he had been any other than *Alprinus*, gave his consent: and so *Ornatus* in *Alprinus* armour again departed the town, being glad he was escaped from death, which he was sure to have endured, if it had been any ways known that he had slain *Alprinus*.

And being now alone by himself, having the wide world to travel into, but never a friend to go to, void of fear, but not of care, he studied whither to direct his journey: sometimes his conscience accusing him of too much disloyal dealing towards *Lucida*, in betraying her virtues by dissimulation, in telling her *Alprinus* was living, when he knew to the contrary.

Then he contrarily thought, it was lawful for him to dissemble with her, to save his own life, and though he had slain *Alprinus*, he did it but in deffence of his honour.

Amongst all these, this cogitation seemed most to acquit him of dishonour, that Fortune and the Destinies had by that means ordained him to escape. Whilst he rode on in these deep meditations, he met with an ancient hermit, who coming towards him said: Discourteous gentleman, how came you by that armour: and yet I need not ask thee, for I knew thou slewest the worthy gentleman *Alprinus*, which I beheld to my grief. Father (quoth *Ornatus*) if thou didst behold the same, thou canst witness I did it against my will, and in my own deffence: for whose death I am as sorry as thyself, and would as willingly have done any thing to preserve the same, as any man living.

Will you then (said the hermit) do this for him,

vouchsafe to come and speak with him, who is in reasonable good state in my cell?

I would to God, said *Ornatus*, thy words were true: for if he be living, it will revive my heart with joy, that is almost vanquished with care: desiring nothing more, than to see him. He is living, said the hermit, and if thou wilt go, I will bring you to him presently.

Ornatus being come to the cell, accordingly found *Alprinus* very weak, by reason of his grievous wound, to whom *Ornatus* declared all that happened between him and *Lucida*: which added no little comfort to *Alprinus* heart, that he thought himself of sufficient strength to go and meet with her: and therefore told *Ornatus*, he would go and meet with her: and withall, yeilded so many thanks, as if by his means his life had been preserved.

In the mean time they continued in the old hermits cave: *Alprinus* in great comfort, and *Ornatus* in no less care, for the absence of his dear *Artesia*, breathing forth many a scalding sigh, and uttering many a sad and mournful lamentation: sometimes utterly despairing of attaining her love, and then again, remembering her virtues, growing into some better confidence of her constancy. Yet most of all, fearing that *Lenons* love to her, might either by persuation of his death, force affect of dignity, or by other means win her to consent to him, especially for that she had no parents to govern her, nor he never a faithful friend to councel her.

The next day *Alprinus* and he went out to meet *Lucida*, whom they met at the entrance into the forest, and after many kind salutations past betwixt the two lovers, they altogether went back into the town, to *Lucidas* fathers house, who that morning was departed to a haven, about business of importance.

Ornatus was most kindly used by them, remaining there until *Alprinus* had wedded *Lucida*: but then he thought it high time for him to depart: And on a time finding *Alprinus* alone, who had shewn sufficient tokens of his friendship, he declared unto him the whole truth

of his fore-passed love to *Artesia*, requesting his help for his passage into *Phrygia*.

Alprinus with great regard attended the whole discourse, promising his uttermost assistance; which (quoth he) none can affect so well as *Lucida*, whose father is a merchant, and sendeth forth ships into sundry provinces, who only may pleasure you: which charge I will undertake, and cause her to deal effectually with him, that you shall attain your desire. *Ornatus* continued in good hope, somewhat abandoning his former despaire, whom for a time we will leave, attending the time that some of the ships should depart, to speak of *Artesia*, his careful lover.

CHAPTER X

How *Lenon* caused *Artesia* by violence to be carried from *Adellenas* house to the green fortress; of the miseries she endured there. How she was rescued from thence by *Allinus*, and from him taken by pirates; And how *Allinus*, accused by *Lenon* for her death, was imprisoned.

Now after that *Artesia* by *Adellenas* careful tendance had somewhat recovered her health, *Lenon* began to visit her again, being unable to endure the heavy burden of burning love, thinking her sickness had proceeded from fear of *Floretus*, not for want of *Ornatus* company, and finding an occasion, saluted her in this sort: Most fairest *Artesia*, my heart is so firmly enthralled to your beauty, and affections so admire your virtues, that I am constrained to utter my mind, and tell you I love you for your beauty, virtues, and other most rare perfections, whereof you are adorned, that I humbly sue to you for favour, and prostrate myself your thrall, desiring to be enriched with those jewels of inestimable price: which having once attained, I shall think I have more wealth in my possession, than all the world, besides myself, doth contain. Your unkind uncles cruelty, you need not fear, nor other misfortune; neither have you any parents to over-rule you, in making your choice: then vouchsafe to accept my suit, and yeild consent to my love.

My lord (replied *Artesia*) I thank you for your good will, but I know not how to accept of your love, being yet so far from knowing what it is, that if I should but dream thereof, my heart would be out of quiet: besides, many cares continually attend the same, and my mean estate so far unworthy thereof, with innumerable other discontents and cares that I should make myself subject

unto, that I had rather a thousand times remain in the estate I am now in. Therefore, I entreat you to settle your love elsewhere, more agreable to your estate and fancy: for I shall think myself most fortunate, if I never fall into that labyrinth of disquiets: but will, during my life, labour to keep myself free from loves bands. *Lenon* would not take this for an answer: but with many other speeches, continued his suit, whom *Artesia* still put out of hope: that he departed for that time exceeding discontented, leaving her no less disquieted in thoughts, how to avoid his love.

In this sort did he daily visit her, still growing more importunate: amongst many other, this conference past betwixt them: *Artesia*, quoth he, how long shall I sue and be frustrated in my hopes, by your unkindness? Is your heart hardened against me? Or is it possible that you bear so hateful a conceit of love as you make shew for? then may I accuse mine eyes, that have betrayed my senses, in making them your thrall: then may I think my woe began, when I first began to love. Oh *Artesia*, be not so cruel, as to punish me with this disdain.

My lord (replied she) I seek not your disquiet: for at the first motion I told you my mind, which I shall never alter; neither is my heart hardened against you, more than others, for I am detirmined not to love: then seeing you see my intent, it were a point of wisdom in you to shake off this fond and foolish love; which is but a toy, an idle fancy, that is used by vanity; and do not seek to make love grow without a root, for in my heart it shall never take root, but rather when it is rooted, I will pull out heart and all, but I will root it out. Then (quoth he) you are lead by obstinacy, and not by reason: for that you are subject to love, you cannot deny: then why not me before another, considering my love is more faithful than any other? And I being most worthy, why should I not be first accepted? *Artesia* was weary of his speeches, having her constant thoughts but only on *Ornatus*: therefore to rid her from him, she said: It

is in vain to use many words, neither am I like to those that will at first seem coy, but afterwards yeild: but I desire you to be satisfied with that which I have already said, that I cannot love.

Fair damosel, how can I be satisfied with that unreasonable answer, when my life dependeth on your consent: which your denial will finish? Then give me leave to say, I cannot be so satisfied: but being extremely resisted, I must grow perforce to be as unreasonable in my requests. Consider you not what dignity I might advance you to, by making you my wife: consider you not the pleasures, joys and abundance of all contents you might enjoy with me: and how faithfully I love you, and with what humility I seek your love: and yet notwithstanding, you remain obdurate? My power is great, that whereas I sue, I might command, and by authority compel you to consent: then be not overconceited, as so obstinately to reject your good; and think, that if my love were not constant, I might use extremes, which would soon alter your mind.

Suppose (replied *Artesia*) I were so peevish as you term me, yet being born free, I am not to be made bound by constraint: and were you the greatest king in the world, you could not rule the heart, though you might by injustice punish the body: for it is not kingdoms wealth, nor cruelty, can turn hatred to love, but it may soon turn love to hatred. By your speeches I may partly know your thought, and the lips utter what the heart intendeth: do with me what you will, I cannot love: neither will I love you, were you monarch of all the world.

Lenon was so grieved and vexed at her speeches, that he was ready to tear his hair, his loves extremity making him rather mad than sober, that presently he departed, saying no more but this: farewell hard-hearted *Artesia*.

She was glad he was gone, presently telling *Adellena* all that had passed betwixt them, and how peremptorily she had answered his importunate suit: telling *Adellena* that since *Ornatus* was for her sake banished, she would

never love any but him, and preserve her life in hope to see him again; but the first knowledge of his death, should be the latest date of her life: both she and *Adellena* thinking that *Lenon* would never return to prosecute his love. But he being come to the palace, betook himself to his chamber, raging more like a madman than a passionate lover: sometimes swearing, cursing and stamping, yeilding so much to that mad fancy, that in the end he vowed to obtain *Artesias* love, though he hazarded his life, honour, and good name: that, raging in this sort up and down his chamber, he espied an old gentlewoman, named *Flera*, going by his window, whom he called unto him, and said: *Flera*, because I have assured confidence in thy fidelity, and purpose to reward thee liberally, I crave thy counsel, and with it thy consent, to be faithful in concealing my secrets, and dilligent in doing my command. The old hag making an evil-fashioned low curtsey said: My dear son *Lenon*, be it to do you good, I will hazard my life, and rather be torn to a thousand pieces, than reveal what you shall vouchsafe to tell me. Then (quoth he) counsel me which way I should begin to win a fair damosels love. Many my lord (quoth she) give her knowledge thereof, and then with fair speeches woo her: if that will not prevail, give her gold, and there is no doubt, but that fair bait will catch her.

No, no (quoth he) these are of no force: I have made my love known to her by humble suits, submissive behaviour, and by all kind of courteous means entreated her consent; yet for all that, she remaineth obdurate: she is rich, and therefore gold with her is of no force; she is fair, virtuous, noble, and chaste: then what engine hast thou to undermine that chastity?

Means enough (quoth she) peradventure she is ruled by others counsel, which may prevail more than your suit: but might I have access to her, I would not doubt but to alter her mind: for being fair, young, and rich, she cannot choose but delight to be praised, subject to love, and therefore yeild to desire.

Dost thou think (quoth he) you could win her were you her keeper? I warrant you (quoth she) I would do it. Then shalt thou be her keeper: see that thou beest to-morrow at my fathers castle in the green forest, where to-morrow night this damosel shall be, whose name is *Artesia*, daughter to *Arbastus* lately dead: use her kindly, let her want nothing: nor be not in any wise known, that thou knowest me, nor that the castle belongeth to my father; nor speak not of love, in any case: use her in this sort, until I speak with thee, for thou only shalt have her in custody. *Flera* being gone about her business, he found out two of his trustiest servants, to whom he imparted both his mind and his intent: willing them the next morning to go with speed to *Artesias* house, and either by force or fair means to take *Artesia* from thence, and carry her into the green fortress, in the green forest, where they should find *Flera*, to whose custody they should commit *Artesia*: and themselves should remain there to provide all things necessary, until his coming.

Early the next morning, the servants rode to *Adellenas* house, whereinto they boldly entered, and coming to *Artesia* first spake her fair, but afterwards told she must go with them, if not willingly, by constraint. *Artesia* then began to burst into tears, weeping and lamenting exceedingly, upon her knees entreating them, not to offer by violence to carry her from thence, but if they would needs, that they would take *Adellena* with them: but all was in vain, for they constrained her to mount up behind one of them, and away they rode in great haste. This heavy parting was so sudden, that *Artesia* could not bid *Adellena* adieu but with tears, nor *Adellena* speak a word for grief, their senses being so far confounded with care, that their hearts were ready to burst therewith. *Artesia* thought it was *Lenons* doing, and therefore sorrowed the more, not that he used her unkindly, but that he loved her: not fearing his cruelty, but his lust: not regarding what cruelty he could use by hatred, but fearing his love would make him seek

her dishonour. Being come to the fortress, and committed to the custody of *Flera*, the old woman began to speak her fair, and use her kindly, yet her very words and countenance bewrayed her guilty conscience: to whom *Artesia* would not speak a word, lest thereby she should give her occasion to prate: meat she brought unto her, but she refused to taste thereof; and when she came to her chamber, she lay on the rushes, refusing the bed, tormenting her heart with care, vexing her head with thought, and busying her senses, or meditating to what issue this usage would sort: sometimes calling on *Ornatus* name for comfort: sometimes accusing *Lenon* of barbarous cruelty, and cursing her crooked destinies: uttering such plaints as would have turned tyrants to ruth: weeping her eyes dry, and her garments wet, tearing her hair, and tormenting every one of her senses with vexation, refusing sleep, rest, ease, or quiet.

The next day *Lenon* came thither, asking *Flera* how she fared: who told him, that she would not speak, eat, nor sleep, but fared like one mad and senseless. But let her alone, quoth she, and you shall see this fit will soon be over, the extremity whereof being once passed, I will use my skill to try her.

Lenon giving order to have all things necessary provided, departed. Dinner time being come, and meat set before *Artesia*, she refused to eat: likewise supper time being come, she determined to do the like. Which *Flera* perceiving, said: Fair gentlewoman, to behold your outward appearance, would make one judge your mind harboured many hidden virtues: but I comparing your actions with your apparent shew, suppose that you are either mad or careless: this behaviour, to seem dumb, to refuse sustenance, and to refrain from sleep, are instances of folly, not of wisdome. What if you speak, what if you did eat, or take rest, should you be ever the worse? or refraining, can that do you good, or banish grief, and not rather make your estate worse? do you think to prevent anything by doing yourself harm? No, fond child, eat thy meat, and preserve thy life:

for living, thou mayest attain thy desires; by dying, thou art past hope. With that she departed, smiling.

Artesia hearing her speeches, began to consider indeed what folly it was to refuse her meat: and for fear to shorten her life by distempering herself, which might be the means to further *Lenons* intent, whom she knew would seek her life, if he could not win her love; she presently left off such desparate behaviour, and with well weighed consideration attended the event of the worst misfortune: that from that time she doth eat her meat, and did all that she could to comfort herself, still living in good hope of *Ornatus* return.

Some few days after, *Lenon* came to the fortress again enquiring of *Flera* how *Artesia* fared. Well, quoth she, but you willed me to conceal that it was your doing, to bring her thither, and somebody else hath told thereof, for she knoweth the truth as well as yourself, or I; and therefore I would wish you to visit her, and after that, let me alone to persuade her.

Lenon was ruled by the old woman, and came where *Artesia* was, salluting her; but she disdained either to look on him, or to hear him speak, withdrew herself from his presence: wherewith he departed, willing *Flera* to do that which she had undertaken. And *Flera* finding her as she thought in a fit mood, began to commune with her of many things, amongst which love was one. *Artesia* awhile heard her, but in the end perceiving her drift, cut her off with these speeches:

Old iniquity, I know whereto thy talk tendeth: thinkest thou I will ever harbour a thought of *Lenon*, that hath used me thus dishonourably? No, rather will I rend my woeful heart from out my breast before his face: neither needest thou tell me, that he hath entreated thee to speak for him, for I know too well both his and thy intent, which shall nothing prevail, but harden my heart against him. Therefore do not speak to me, for I will not hear thee, nor answer thee; but hate him, thee, thy councel, and remain so constant in despising him, that a thousand deaths shall not alter me.

Is it love hath made him with violence carry me from my friends, make me a prisoner, and commit me to the custody of such a hellish hag as thyself? If that be his love, let him turn it to hatred, and never trouble me, but with hating me, for in so doing, he shall better please me.

Often *Flera* would have replied, but *Artesia* would not suffer her that she began to wax angry, and in the end to plain fury: that running to *Artesia*, she caught hold on her, and began to tear her garments from her body, and withal caught such firm hold on her pure flesh with her nails, that the blood followed, that *Artesia* began to shrink for fear and smart.

When the old beldame had executed some part of her intended revenge and cruelty upon her in this sort, she said: Proud girl, thinkest thou to bear it away with out-facing me? No: do not think I will leave thee thus, but thou shalt repent that ever thou camest here, and before I go, I will have my mind of thee; then pulled she out a knife and catching hold on her, swore that unless she would promise to use *Lenon* kindly when he next came, she would cut her throat: which drave *Artesia* into that fear, that she began to entreat her, and speak fair, promising to condescend to anything that agreed to her honour: Stand not upon nice terms with me (quoth *Flera*) but here swear to yeild to love him: for so thou mayest delay him and frustrate his hopeful expectation; whom thou art not worthy to touch, much less to bear such a presuming mind as thou dost in scorn of his love. Therefore yeild to that which I request or stand to my mercy. Canst thou bestow thy love better, than on so honourable a prince? Canst thou attain more dignity, reap more content, or enjoy more quiet with any, than with him? Then do not deny me, for I purpose not to be denied.

Artesia trembling for fear, made this answer only to satisfy her: I am contented to be ruled by *Lenon*, whose meaning I know is honourable. Therefore I pray do not offer me this outrage, but suffer me to live in quiet

until his coming. If this will not satisfy you, then do the worst you can: for death is more welcome to me, than life in these extremities. Well, quoth she, I will try you: but if you dally, beware what will ensue, for I am resolved what to do. *Artesia* was glad she had satisfied her, though it were with uttering words which she never intended to perform.

Adellena seeing how suddenly *Artesia* was taken from her, caused one of her servants privily to follow them to the green fortress: who returning, told her what he had seen. Then *Adellena* began to study how to release her from thence: and with all haste rode to *Allinus* house: where being arrived, she declared all that she knew concerning *Ornatus*: and how *Lenon* had carried *Artesia* by violence into the green fortress. *Allinus* being glad to hear that *Ornatus* was alive, promised to redeem *Artesia* from *Lenons* custody. And that to effect, the next evening caused his men to mount themselves: and himself, with some five of them, disguised from being known, came to the green fortress, and one of them knocking, whilst the others hid themselves, the servants little suspecting any such ambush or intent, opened the gate, when presently they rushed in, and soon found *Artesia*; whom *Allinus* told who he was, and to what intent he came. *Artesia* was glad thereof, and willingly yeilded to go with him: but the old woman made such an outcry that all the place rung thereof. One of *Allinus* servants seeing she would not be pacified, drew his sword and thrust it through her body; and so with a yelling cry she gave up the ghost. Then presently *Allinus* departed with her, intending to carry her to his own house, to keep her there unknown until he could hear of *Ornatus*. And remembering that the two servants were fled and would no doubt certify *Lenon* what was done, would not go back the same way he came, though the readiest, for then he thought he should meet them: but went a more secret way, thinking by that means to pass unseen: and entering into the plains where cattle fed, *Allinus* espied

a company coming towards them, whom he presently suspected to be *Lenon*, which in reason he could not think, but that fear persuaded him thereto. The company likewise espying them (who were certain pirates that were wandered from their ships to steal cattle) wondered what they should be, that were so late abroad; and being ready to any mischief, set upon *Allinus* and his company: who thinking it had been *Lenon*, would by no means yeild, nor speak, fearing he should descry them, but resisted the pirates: who, being used to many such meetings, soon slew two of *Allinus* servants and had given himself many grievous wounds, enforcing him to yeild: who taking from him all that was good, and constraining *Artesia* to go with them, hasted to their ships: when having conveyed her aboard, to prevent the worst, hoisted sail, and launched into the deep.

Then was *Allinus* left in most miserable estate, with all speed hasting to his house. *Lenons* servants likewise were by that time it was midnight gotten to the palace, and called their lord out his bed, to certify him what was happened: who presently mounted himself, and with a sufficient company rode to the fortress: and entering, found *Flera* slain, and all else fled. Then began he to muse who should do that deed, and what they should be that had carried away *Artesia*; by this time it was daylight, and *Lenon* rested in exceeding vexation to be dispossessed of his beautiful; yet he commanded his men to post by companies several ways, if it were possible to find those that had done the deed, whilst he himself remained there, bewailing his misfortune. His servants had not rode far, but (the light of the day, which discovereth things done in darkness) they found *Allinus* two servants, whose dead bodies they carried back to the fortress. *Lenon* seeing them, presently assured himself that *Allinus* was a party to this action, and that he had taken away *Artesia* to seek her death. To prevent which mischief (as he thought then or near to be done) he presently rode home to the court, and humbly upon his knee entreated his father to grant

him licence with a sufficient power to rescue *Artesia* from *Allinus*, who intended to murder her: declaring how he himself had found her in *Adellenas* house, and how that he had placed her in the green fortress, to deffend her from *Allinus* and others cruelty, being left fatherless; and how that night *Allinus* had taken her from thence by treason, and intended no less than her ruin. The king hearing his sons speeches, granted his request.

Then presently divers, to the number of three hundred men, with as much speed as could possibly be, armed themselves, and in haste with *Lenon* went to *Allinus* castle, into which they violently, and unawares to any within, entered. *Lenon* presently laid hands on *Allinus*, whom he found sore wounded, asking him for *Artesia*; who thinking that some of his servants had before bewrayed what he had done, presently confessed the truth of all, both of his intent and how *Artesia* was rescued from him, by whom he knew not, and how at that time two of his servants were slain.

Lenon giving no credit to his speeches, never left till he had searched the whole castle throughout: but not finding her, accused *Allinus* that he had murdered her, commanding his men to bind him, and carry him as a traitor to the court. Who being before the king, confessed the truth as before he had done, utterly denying that he ever sought *Artesias* death, but her safety; But yet notwithstanding, the king was so overruled by *Lenons* accusations and persuations, that he committed him to prison, his goods and lands were seized upon as a traitor, his lady wife turned out of doors in poor array, and all cruelty and outrage committed against his servants and kinsfolks, and commandment given that none should succour them.

Allinus being in prison, laden with irons, and hardly used, yet endured that affliction patiently: but hearing of his lady's calamity, and how she was unjustly constrained to beg, that all her life had been tenderly brought up, thought those sorrows would soon bring

her to her end; and entered into many bitter lamentations for her and his own misfortune, which were too tedious to recite. His servants were constrained to disguise themselves, and travel into further places of the country, to live unknown, otherwise none would have entertained them. His lady was compelled to seek out a kinswoman of hers, that lived in the country: of whom she was entertained, and there lived a poor life, far differing from her former life, which she took most patiently.

And thus was *Allinus* house defaced, his goods and lands seized upon, himself imprisoned, his wife in poor estate, his servants driven to wander from place to place, ready often to perish for want of succour, and all his dignity turned to misery, only by *Lenons* malice; who had no ground for those accusations he used against him, but only of a vain suppose, and mad frantic affection that over-ruled his heart: which so much prevailed with him, that he sought by all means he could, his death.

CHAPTER XI

How *Ornatus* gate shipping into *Phrygia*. How *Allinus* was set at liberty; and how the pirates cast lots who should possess *Artesia*.

ORNATUS all this while remained in the country of *Natolia*, with *Alprinus* and *Lucida*; in great grief for want of means to depart into *Phrygia*, to see what was become of his dear love *Artesia*. But being a long time frustrated, by reason that none of the ships that were at sea came home, he began to despair; thinking that *Artesia* supposing him dead, by reason of his long absence, would now marry *Lenon*: with grief and many other doubtful thoughts opprest his heart with such passion that he began to wax sick, and afterwards fell into an exceeding fever, which held him for the space of three months in great extremity: which surely had abridged his days, had he not been most carefully nourished by *Lucida*, who had especial care of his good.

During which time of his sickness, certain ships of *Phrygia* waved on the coast of *Natolia*, some fourteen miles distant from the town where *Ornatus* was, of which he had intelligence by certain factors belonging to *Lucidas* father. Which news revived his spirits with joy, before drooping with care, that within few days he recovered his former health. Which greatly rejoiced *Alprinus* and *Lucida* whose hearts were linked unto him in bands of inseperable friendship; who likewise dealt so effectually for him that they attained warrant for his passage and furnished him with all kinds of necessaries and sufficient store of gold to bear his charges.

Lucida likewise entreating her father to agree with the *Phrygian* merchants for his convoy, for that himself would not be known, disguising himself into the habit

of a pilgrim, which kind of people might without disturbance pass unexamined and without molestation. And the time of his departure come, he took his leave of *Lucida*; who took his departure with such exceeding sorrow that the abundance of her flowing tears stopped the passage of her speech. *Alprinus* likewise with many courtesies bade him farewell, and wished his prosperous success. Thus departed he the confines of *Natolia*, where he was in so short space so well beloved, and so kindly used, that had not his love for *Artesia*, and hope to find her in safety, constrained him, he could have been contented to have spent the term of his life in that place.

The merchants of *Phrygia* had not sailed many days, but they arrived in a haven some ten miles distant from the court, whither *Ornatus* determined to travel. And having taken his leave of the marriners, and paid them their due, furnished with all things fit for his disguise, he took his journey, and the first night lodged at a village near adjoining to his fathers castle, the custom of which place he well knew before, and therefore framed his behaviour according. And being set at supper amongst such guests as lodged in that house with him, the hoste, named *Mylo*, suddenly sighed, which one of them noting, demanded what inward grief drave him thereto? Marry sir (quoth he) if you have not already heard the news, I will tell you so much as I know, which I would I had never known. Within few days there dwelt an ancient knight hereby, named *Allinus*, exceeding well beloved of all men, who is lately fallen into great misery, the occasion whereof is this: then did he declare the manner of all that had happened to *Allinus*, how *Artesia* was taken from him, but by whom no man knew, himself in prison, his goods confiscated, and his wife and servants turned out of doors, with command, that none should succour them.

Ornatus heart was so pinched with this news that he was ready to fall under the table: which old *Mylo* and the rest noted, perceiving such a change of countenance

in him, that they deemed him to be exceeding sick: but he fearing to discover himself, told them it was an ordinary course with him to be so troubled.

But being unable to mitigate that passion, he rose from the table and gate to his chamber: where being alone, he began to meditate the depths of these mischances, imputing the original thereof to proceed from himself, that he entered into these bitter plaints: My misfortunes are without compare, and I more miserable than any wretch living: By my evil destinies *Artesia* was first left in misery, afterwards imprisoned, and now surprised by those that will intend her ruin, or dishonour; my father imprisoned, my mother banished and all his lands, livings, servants, and friends, taken from him, and he subject to *Lenons* mercy, that is merciless, cruel, deceitful and malicious.

Only by my folly are these mischances befallen. Can there be any more wretched than myself? Hath not my father cause to wish that he had never begotten me, and my mother that she had never born me? Hath not *Artesia* cause to accuse me, hate me and forsake me, when for my sake, by my folly and want of wisdome she is brought to so many miseries?

What shall I do? Oh what remedy shall I seek when all things are past recure? Whom may I blame but myself? Is there any that is interested in the cause of these woes but myself? *Lenon*, *Lenon*, as well as myself, hath procured these evils: his affection to *Artesia* hath caused my banishment, my parents woe, and her loss. To travel in her search and leave my father in prison, the one would be in vain, when I know not whither she is conveyed, and the other dangerous to his safety: for *Lenon*, no doubt, of malice will seek his death.

In these and such like plaints he spent most part of that night.

Early the next morning, coming out of his chamber, he heard a great tumult in that village: the occasion whereof was this. Such as were tenants and friends of

Allinus hearing of his unjust imprisonment, and with what cruelty *Lenon* sought his overthrow, assembled themselves together with purpose to entreat the king for his release: that in the end there was three hundred of them assembled. The common people and such as were idle persons, and ready to any attempt, misconceiving their intent, and bearing a mind desirous of liberty, which they thought they were restrained from, by certain strict laws the king had made, gathered unto them, that contrary to their expectation, there was a multitude: the intent of whose assembly being demanded, they answered, that they meant to redeem *Allinus*; amongst whom, *Ornatus* in his disguise, thrust himself, using many forcible persuasions to urge them forward to the attempt: that they were ready to run confusedly to the court, not regarding danger, nor the displeasure of the king.

One of *Allinus* friends named *Thrasus*, standing amongst the rest, craved audience, to whom they all listened whilst he said:

I perceive your intent is to release *Allinus*, wherein you shall shew your love for him, and do a deed worthy to be eternized, for that he hath not at all deserved to have such injustice ministred unto him: therefore be wise in this attempt, and first know against whom you bear arms: that is against your lawful king, who may punish this fact with death, for that we undertake to break those laws which he hath ordained.

But follow my councel, and I will set you down a course whereby you shall attain your desire, and be void of any such danger, which is this: first, let us all repair to the court and humbly entreat the king for his release; if he will not grant that, then, that he would have his cause tried by the rest of the peers of the land: which if he also deny then may we with good cause venture our lives in his rescue. The multitude hearing *Thrasus*, in sign of consent, all cried, *Thrasus*, *Thrasus* shall be our captain.

Then presently everyone with such furniture as they

had, hasted to the court, and coming together, would not seem to enter by force, but with one consent yeilded to *Thrasus* directions. Who desired one of the guard to certify his majesty that there were a number of his subjects gathered together with no intent of evil, but only humbly to crave a boon at his highesses hand. The king being certified thereof was much troubled in his mind what the thing should be they would demand, and being persuaded by *Lenon*, would not himself come out, but sent one of his knights to demand what was their request. They declared unto him the cause of their coming and what they demanded Which when the king understood, being exceedingly enraged at their boldness, had the knight make them this answer: That he was not by his subjects to be controlled, and therefore denied to perform the least of their demand, commanding them presently to depart everyman to their several places, lest he punished their presumption with death. The messenger had scarce ended his words, but presently the unruly multitude began to rush in at the court gates, some carelessly ruinating whatever came next hand, some breaking down windows, some assailing such as resisted them, and everyone bent to do his mischief. The king fearing the peoples unruly rebellion would turn to some greater mischief than could suddenly be prevented, and might also endanger his person, not knowing who had instigated them thereto, with the queen and *Lenon* fled. Which when *Thrasus* knew, calling to the multitude, he willed them not in any wise to destroy the kings house, nor attempt anything more to displease his majesty for that the king was departed, and he had *Allinus* at liberty. But, notwithstanding, some bent only to enrich themselves, spoiled the kings treasure, and utterly defaced the house: by which time the night drew nigh and everyone began to withdraw themselves. *Allinus* seeing what exceeding mischief this attempt had bred, which was done contrary to his thought, and without his consent, yet thought it best not to trust to the kings mercy, though he were never so

innocent: for notwithstanding that he would suppose it was done by his procurement: therefore (after *Thrasus* had willed the unruly multitude to depart as secretly as they could, everyone to his house, to prevent further danger, and save their lives, by keeping themselves unknown) he and *Thrasus* that night without delay disguised themselves and fled towards the coast, to get shipping for *Armenia*, whither they intended to travel.

Ornatus was by, and beheld all this, glad of his fathers escape, not purposing at all to disclose himself, until he had found *Artesia*, in whose search he meant presently to travel: but such confused thoughts whither to direct his steps did so overwhelm his conceits, that he rested like one metamorphosed, not knowing whether he should seek her by sea or by land: By sea, he thought his labour would be in vain, and if he should go to find her by land, he knew not whether she might be at sea, and so conveyed into foreign countries. At last, remembering he had heard *Mylo* say there was rescued from *Allinus* in the desert where the cattle fed, he determined to travel thither, though he had little hope to find her there. And being come thither, sometimes bewailing her absence, accusing his hard fortune, breathing forth bitter sighs in remembrance of her loss, and renewing the remembrance of their love, he spent some three days in that place uttering those plaints to the trees and the birds, for otherwise there was none to hear him: Where for a while we will leave him.

The pirates having as is before said, taken *Artesia* from *Allinus*, and with her such wealth as they could find about them; having withal furnished themselves with the spoil of such cattle as feed in those places, returned to their ship, and with haste hoisted sail. The night being now past, one that was chief amongst the rest, named *Luprates* went down to view *Artesia*, having as yet not seen her beauty by reason of the night: and now coming near her, and beholding her divine form, his mind was presently ravished with that sight, and he thought that none but himself should enjoy her:

which took such efficacy, that whereas before he intended nothing but her dishonour, his mind was now altered, and he intended to use her in most reverend and decent sort, and not by cruelty, but by courtesy to win her love. But beholding her tears and exceeding lamentation and how impatiently she endured the extremities she was driven into, coming towards her with a most submissive gesture, friendly countenance, and gentle speech, he said:

Fair lady, be not anything disquieted, that you are made captive to such as delight in spoil: for though our minds are otherwise bent to all incivility yet to yourself shall no wrong be offered; such virtue hath your beauty imprinted in my heart: and whereas heretofore, without mercy both I and the rest of my consorts have not regarded the plaints, distress, nor what wrong we have offered either to lady or damosel, yet towards yourself is my heart altered and my meaning honestly bent: that I assure you not only of quiet, and to be void of all wrong by us to be done: but also, wherein soever I may work your will, quiet, ease, or desire, I will most willingly employ my uttermost endeavours. Then I beseech you mitigate these cares, banish this sorrow, and dry up your tears: for you have no cause of care, nor occasion of sorrow: but rather to say this virtue resteth in me to alter rude and barbarous minds to civil and virtuous behaviour.

Artesia looking earnestly upon him, being endued with an exceeding wit and thinking it best to speak him fair that used her so kindly, said: Sir, I know not how to mitigate my grief, when it increaseth: or how can I be void of care, unless I should grow altogether careless, being only subject to woe, and none so unfortunate as myself, having endured so many afflictions and crosses in all respects, and I know not how to assure myself of the least quiet. Then give me leave to continue my endless plaints and do not blame me of impatiency, nor think I suspect your speeches, or distrust your fidelity, if in some sort I continue my sorrows: for I

have so long continued in them as I can better away with them than mirth, for it to me is a stranger. Yet notwithstanding, my heart will harbour some quiet if by your courtesy I may rest in security and be sheltered from wrong. By this time they were arrived at their place of harbour, which was betwixt the hollow of two rocks, or rather rocky islands, where their ship lay safe from weather and so far under their shadow it could not be seen: themselves conveying such wealth as they from time to time got in hollow caves, of great largeness, where was all things necessary. And having fastened their ship, the rest of *Luprates* fellows called him up: who came and brought *Artesia* into the cave; who beholding the same was surprised with an exceeding discontent of ever getting from thence.

Some of the ruder sort liking *Artesia*, began their rude behaviour towards her; but *Luprates*, stepping unto them, uttered these speeches: My masters, thus long have I lived your captain in this place with care, respecting your good as much as mine own, and taking but an equal share with you of such prizes as we have taken, and rather the least part: now only in respect of my faith and fidelity I request to have this damsel as my prize, the rest of the wealth take you: In doing which you shall bind me unto you for ever.

One of the rest, liking *Artesias* beauty as well as he, and of a more rude mind, disdaining that he alone should have her in possession, said: Captain, all which you say we confess to be true, neither hath our care been any way less than yours, therefore there is no reason why you should claim any peculiar privilege above any of us: besides, you know, we made a law and bound ourselves to perform the same by oath, which was: that none should possess any thing without the general consent of us all. Then perform those conditions and let her belong to us all, or to the chiefest of us, and in so doing, neither of us shall sustain wrong. Thus began they to contend about *Artesia*: everyone desirous to possess her, and yet neither willing any should

have her but himself, that they were likely to mutiny and fall out: till at the last, they concluded to cast lots, and she fell to *Luprates* share, that was the most worthy of that privilege, for that he bore the more virtuous mind.

Thus for a time the strife was ended and *Artesia* was by *Luprates* kindly used for many days: in the end, their victuals began to waste, and they thought it high time to seek for more, that they determined to fetch in some, as before they had done. But then began *Luprates* to take in whose custody to leave *Artesia*, lest in his absence they should do her wrong. Amongst the rest, he chose out one whom he thought fittest and unto him he committed her: by whose means *Artesia* rested void of disturbance, though not void of exceeding care that continually tormented her: fearing never to see *Ornatus* again, nor to be released from that place of bondage.

CHAPTER XII

How *Ornatus* found *Artesia*, and preserved her life; and how she was again taken from him by *Lenon*: and what afterwards befell.

LUPRATES and the rest being landed, came in the night into the plains to steal cattle, and by chance lighted on the place where *Ornatus* haunted, being directed to him by the sound of his lamentations. *Luprates* demanded what he was: I am (quoth he) a most miserable forlorn creature, by misfortune drawn to all extremity. Then (quoth he) thou art not for our company: and with that they departed leaving him there.

Ornatus heart began presently to misdoubt, that they were the very same that had taken *Artesia* from *Allinus*; which made him presently study how to have them apprehended: and remembering that he had heard many complain that their cattle were often stollen, he supposed them verily to be the theives, that with all the haste he could, he ran to the near village, and raised the townsmen, telling them what he had seen: who presently issued out and with such weapons as came next hand, followed the pirates and soon found them: setting upon them and took two of them, and the rest, some sore wounded and hurt, fled to their ship, and with all the haste they could, got to their harbour.

Early the next morning the inhabitants conveyed the pirates to the court, who being come before the king, confessed the manner of their life, and where they lived. Then *Lenon* presently supposed that they were the very same that had taken *Artesia* from *Allinus*, and demanding the same of them, they told him that there was such a damosel in their care, and that she told them her name was *Artesia*. Then *Lenon*, without

delay, strongly accompanied, rode to the next haven, and there got shipping by the pirates directions to find out their fort. *Ornatus* likewise after he had raised the people, secretly followed the pirates, unto the place where their ship lay and amongst the rest entered the same: who by reason of their haste and exceeding fear, regarded him not, who thrust himself into that danger only to see if *Artesia* were in their custody, not reckoning how his life might be endangered thereby: but the pirates, by *Luprates* directions, hasted to the fort and from thence took *Artesia* into their ship, not daring to stay there, for that they knew some of their fellows were taken, who might by compulsion be constrained to reveal the place of their abode.

Ornatus no sooner espied *Artesia* but he knew her and his heart leapt within him for joy to see that happy sight: but he durst not speak to her, nor scarce settle his eyes to behold her, for fear of suspect, for that *Luprates* marvelled how he came amongst them, demanding what he was, and what he made there. I am (quoth he) a poor pilgrim, that against my will was by some of this company constrained to come aboard.

Luprates believing he said true, made no further question, but with haste sailed from *Phrygia*, conveying *Artesia* into his cabin, using many speeches to comfort her.

They had not sailed many hours but a contrary wind began to arise and the heavens were darkened with thick clouds, and such a mighty tempest arose, that the ship was by violence driven back, their main mast broken and thrown over-board and all in danger of destruction, had not the land been near, for the ship driven by violence of the sea, ran aground, and there slit in sunder, and the pirates with great hazard escaped drowning, none of them. nor *Luprates*, regarding *Artesia*: but *Ornatus* seeing in what peril she was, caught hold on her, and getting on to a plank, being withal somewhat skilful to swim, with much ado gat on to the firm land, and preserved her from a miserable death by drowning.

He was no sooner past danger, but *Luprates* would have taken her from him: but *Ornatus* seeing none but himself there and all the rest fled for fear, told him, since he had forsaken her in extremity he was not worthy of her, and therefore should not have her. Villain (quoth *Luprates*) yeild her me with quiet or else thy life shall not detain her. With that *Ornatus* caught hold on a board, which he cleft assunder with his foot, and with the same gave *Luprates* so sudden and deadly a wound that the brains fell about the place, and he died. By this time the storm was quite passed over and *Ornatus* seeing his dear love very weak with fear and distemperature, by the arm led her unto a mossy bank where the suns bright beams had full force to dry her garments dropping with wet.

Artesia seeing how tenderly the stranger regarded her, and with what pain he had preserved her, when she was of all but him forsaken, being willing to shew that she was grateful, said: Sir, the pains you have taken and friendship you have shewn to me deserve more thanks and recompence than I am able to give. and therefore I desire you to think that if I were able, I would requite the same: but my misfortunes are exceeding that they withhold me from doing that I would, only thanks is the small requital I can yeild in token of a grateful mind, being by your means at more quiet than many days I have been, though more disquieted than you would judge: but now I rely upon your virtues, with hope thereby to be preserved, and not driven to further misery.

Fair lady (quoth *Ornatus*) my life shall be spent in your deffence; neither will I part from you, until I have brought you to the place which you desire; requesting you to make no doubt of my loyalty. I suppose your name is *Artesia*, because (quoth he) in my travels I have met a gentleman of this country, named *Ornatus*, of whom I learned the truth of many of your misfortunes: whom I assure you is in good health. Oh blessed news (quoth she) then will I hope once again to

see my dear *Ornatus*, whose absence hath been my only cause of woe.

She had scarce ended these words, when *Ornatus* espied a ship even then come ashore where theirs was cast away, and most of the men landed, which was the ship wherein *Lenon* was: who beheld the other ship cast away, and the storm being ceased, arrived there. From whom *Ornatus* knew not how to hide himself, and *Artesia* not so much as thinking *Lenon* had been in it, but that it was some ship that likewise by the storm was driven to land there. Presently the men began to spread themselves every way, and some of them soon espied *Artesia*, giving *Lenon* knowledge thereof; who immediately came towards her, most kindly saluting her: but she being exceeding dismayed at his sight, whom she most mortally hated, for very grief burst into tears, that in abundance gushed from her eyes.

Lenon marvelled thereat (and little thinking how much she hated him and how unwelcome he was) rather expecting thanks for his pains than reproof, said: My dear *Artesia*, be not now discomforted, since there is no further cause of care: I have most diligently laboured to release you from grief, ever since *Allinus* by treason conveyed you from my custody, taking your absence in great heaviness so that it pinched my heart to think you should fall into such distress: but now that all those misfortunes are past, I beseech you go with me to the court, where I will labour to procure your content. *Artesias* heart was vexed to hear his speeches that she made him this answer:

Most discourteous *Lenon*, none but yourself is cause of my woe, whose sight more tormenteth me than all the afflictions I ever endured. *Allinus* carried me indeed from the green fortress, not by treason, but to shelter me from dishonour, which you did intend, else you would not have suffered me to endure such misery as I did by my hellish keeper. Think you I have cause either to think you intend my good, or take any com-

fort by your presence, when you only disquiet me, not suffering me to enjoy my liberty, but would perforce constrain me to that I cannot like? Had you left me in *Adellenas* house, then I had not fallen into such misery as since that I have endured: nor *Allinus* for his virtue have been brought to poverty, that being before my professed enemy, seeing my misery, it so mollified his heart that he hath pittied me, and sought my liberty, and only by cruelty, not by justice, have you sought his overthrow. Then I beseech you to leave me here, for I would rather endure the hazard of my misfortune than live to be tormented by your importunacy. *Lenon* was so amazed to hear her unkind reply, little thinking he had been so much out of her favour, that he could not tell what to say: Sometimes thinking to leave her there and utterly to forsake her: but that thought was soon overcome by his affection or violent sting of desire to enjoy her love, that once again he said: Why *Artesia* do you regard my good will no more than for my pains to yeild me rebukes, and for my love, disdain? That I caused you to be brought from *Adellenas* house was, for that being there, you were subject to many misfortunes. And if I imprisoned *Allinus*, it was for that I supposed him your enemy, and feared he would have done you wrong: so that whatsoever I did with intent of good you repay me with dislike, and convert all my doings to the worst meaning, wherein you shew yourself too cruel, that will not yeild me the least favour for my constant love. Oh *Artesia* be not so hard hearted. *Artesia*, notwithstanding many fair promises, bows and protestations he made, would not yeild to go with him, but rather desired that he would leave her there. *Lenon* told her, though not for his sake, but for her safety, it were best for her to go; which said, he commanded his servants to place her in a litter. Which when she saw she must needs do, she called to *Ornatus*, saying: Good palmer, go along with me, that for the kindness you have shewn in preserving my life I may yeild you some

recompence. And (quoth she) to *Lenon*, I request nothing of you for myself, but for this strange pilgrim, who when by the storm the ship was cast away, and I ready to perish, caught me out of the water and preserved my life, and do not for his good will to me use him as you did my dear *Sylvia*, whom you banished, for that she preserved my life from my unkind uncle: with that she wept exceedingly. Then *Lenon* asked *Ornatus* what he was: I am (quoth he) as you see, a pilgrim that was forced to come aboard the pirates ship, and (amongst the rest) was ready to perish, but by the Divine Providence I was ordained to preserve that virtuous damsels life. For that deed, quoth *Lenon*, I will reward you most kindly: Therefore go along with us. Then they all departed to the court.

Lenon presently caused *Artesia* to be lodged in a most sumptuous place in the court, appointing divers damosels to attend her, thinking by those means to win her to consent to love him, but all proved vain; his care was cast away, his cost to little affect, and his kindness unregarded. For *Artesia* was so constant to *Ornatus* that she hated *Lenon*: for her heart was wholly employed to wish his good, and *Lenons* ill: for she determined never to love him, though she was assured of *Ornatus* death. That she spent her time in continual care and sadness, shewing no sign of joy, nor took felicity in any thing, that *Lenon* both admired the same and laboured by many means to alter that humour: but the more he sought to please her, the more she was displeased, and more discontented at his kindness than anything else. In this sort she continued many days, without the least shew of alteration.

Ornatus all this time remaining in the court, making the cause of his stay to receive *Lenons* promised reward, whereas indeed he stayed to see what would become of *Artesia*, or by what means to get her from thence. To effect which he saw no possible means, nor could in many days come to see *Artesia*, which filled his heart with grief: only comforting himself with remembering

her constant loyalty. And one day being by himself alone, he entered into these cogitations. *Ornatus* thou hast remained many days in this place, kept from thy love and sought no means to set thy heart at rest, or her at liberty. Dost thou make no more account of her love than to attempt nothing to attain the same? or are thy spirits of no more courage that they will do nothing? thy wit so shallow thou canst devise no stratagem? or thy mind so cowardly thou darest not avenge the wrong *Lenon* hath done thee? What though he be the prince and heir to this land? is not both he and his father hated, ruling by usurpation and with cruelty, not with justice, hath sought the downfall of thy house? Can *Artesia* think either valour or virtue to rest in thee when she shall know how near thou art to her foe, but darest not touch him? Will she not esteem thee a coward and unworthy to enjoy her love? nay, when she knoweth this, will she not alter her love? Why should'st thou not seek thy own content, though it is with his discontent? Thou art every way as good as he by birth, though he now rule the land. Hath not thy father said, that his father was a captain in the last kings days, and by treason put his lawful king to death, and so won the rule? Then *Ornatus* revive thy spirits, seem not dismayed with any danger, fear not misfortune, seek to release thy love, and venture thy life therein: for living thus thou shalt be deprived of her love: *Lenon* will by force or fair means overcome her: and then mayest thou blame this delay. The king is now sick, and he being dead *Lenon* must reign, who then may do what he list; Then take the advantage of the time and do not frustrate thy blessed hopes with slothful delay.

Having ended this meditation, he began to study how to perform his will, wherein he found many contraries: but presently he beheld *Lenon* entering the court, before whom he stood so opposite that he could not chose but notice him, and withal remembered how earnestly *Artesia* had entreated him on the pilgrims behalf, whom

he thought she esteemed: and therefore suddenly this cogitation arose in his fancy, to use him as an instrument to win her love: that calling *Ornatus* unto him, he said: Pilgrim, I pray thee blame me not for forgetting to perform my promise made to *Artesia* as concerning thee which I have not negotiated for want of goodwill, but by reason of thousands of cares that daily torment me, only procured by her unkindness: but if thou wilt undertake on my behalf to persuade her to yeild to my just request, for that I think thou mayest prevail with her above any, I will not only reward thy former kindness shewn to her, but also for thy pains herein promote thee to high dignity: therefore I pray thee give consent to follow my councel herein. *Ornatus* was willing to be employed in that business, which fell out according to his hearts desire, and therefore made him this answer: My noble lord, for that I perceive your intent is good, I will be ready to follow your directions, and do you any service I can: wherein I know not whether I shall prove fortunate, or no, but assuring you that I deal both faithfully and effectually in that which I shall undertake. *Lenon* was as glad as he that he yeilded to do that which he thought least to perform and therefore presently gave command that the pilgrim only should have her in custody. *Artesia* marvelled that her keepers were changed, misdoubting some intent of hard usage: but seeing it was the pilgrim that now had her in custody, her heart was comforted.

CHAPTER XIII

How *Ornatus* had the custody of *Artesia*; how he discovered himself unto her. How *Allinus* and *Thrasus* arrived in *Armenia*, and got the king to send ambassadors into *Phrygia*.

ORNATUS at his first coming found her sitting in the darkest corner of the chamber, bewailing her misfortune with salt tears bedewing her purple cheeks: her ornaments disorderly put on and her golden tresses hanging carelessly down, which added beauty to her sweet beauty, and though disordered, most comely: leaning her arm upon a chair and her cheek laid upon the back of her hand. When he beheld her sitting in this discomfortable sort, his heart was ready to melt with remorse and he breathed forth so bitter a sigh that she heard the same; which he perceiving, came towards her, with humble behaviour saying:

Most virtuous lady, pardon my presumption, in presuming thus unmannerly to interrupt your quiet: *Lenon* the prince hath appointed me to be your attendant: therefore I beseech you (notwithstanding I am his substitute) command me in any dutiful sort, and I will most willingly employ my uttermost endeavours to purchase your content. *Artesia* raising herself from the ground, said: Pilgrim, I thank you for your kind proffer, and am glad you are my keeper, for two causes: one, for that I trust your virtues will not suffer me to be injured: the other, for that I would hear out your discourse of my dear friend *Ornatus* which I was hindered from by *Lenons* sudden finding me. Lady (quoth he) you shall be assured of the one, and hear more of the other, if first you will vouchsafe, without offence, to hear my speech, and suffer me to execute the charge *Lenon* hath given me, and I have undertaken. Why

what is that (quoth *Artesia*) I will not be offended. *Lenon* hath made known to me his love, and how long, and with what constancy, it is grounded, commanding and entreating me in his behalf to become an humble suitor unto you; he telleth me, that still you urgently disdain him, without cause, reason or consideration; therefore I humbly desire, both for that he is constant, a prince and of good and virtuous gifts, yeild to his love, or else satisfy me of the chiefest reasons that with-hold you from the same.

Pilgrim (quoth she) for that my mind persuadeth me you in wisdom will conceive of reason, and will be faithful in concealing that which I shall disclose, I answer you thus: First, admit *Lenon* did love me (yet by his usage I find the contrary) I cannot fancy him, for that I have already plighted my faith to another more worthy than himself, which is that most virtuous and kind gentleman *Ornatus*, who likewise equalleth me in affection: and therefore I should dishonour my name, break my faith and reap perpetual infamy if I should shew myself inconstant. These I think are reasons (to a reasonable creature) sufficient, and of such force as none can contradict: and therefore no more can be said therein. Besides, were not all this so, you have no reason to persuade me to that which I have so often denied, and will never yeild unto. Your reasons indeed (quoth he) are great, and the cause such as should no way be violated, but now you are subject to his mercy and he may enforce you to that which you are most unwilling to have done: then what remedy have you, but rather to yeild, than endure such extremities as he may use? Yes (quoth she) when I can preserve myself no longer from his lust, death shall rid me of his power. Which I will execute upon myself rather than condescend to yeild him so much as an outward shew of favour. Therefore I pray you use no more words tending to the breach of my faith, and furtherance of his love: for knew you how hateful his name is unto me, and how odious to think of his doting love, you would only

desist to torment me with the sound of that ominous monster, but rather seek to comfort my distressed estate and poor pining heart, almost drowned with sorrow, being more unfortunate than ever any was by these afflictions, and the love of my dear *Ornatus*, whose presence should release me from this thraldom, and any labyrinth of discontent, of whom, if you can tell me tidings, I beseech you impart them unto me, thereby to add comfort to mitigate my care.

Ornatus was so ravished to hear her utter these heavenly speeches that he had much ado to refrain from embracing her, uttering these speeches: And happy is *Ornatus*, by attaining the love of so virtuous and constant a lady, worthy to be admired, eternized, and ever to be honoured. What comfort may these pleasing words bring to his heart. What torment can be not accounted pleasure endured for so sweet a lady's safety, and what pains should he refuse to procure her sweet content. Oh *Artesia*! divine *Artesia*! *Ornatus* is not able to express his content, nor your desert; unable to recompence your kindness, and everlastingly bound to you in all firm bands of faithful loyalty. In your heart is the harbour of true loyalty, grounded upon virtuous love: then how happy is he, by being enriched and possessed with such a love. His reward is greater than his pain; his pleasure more than ever his sorrows could be; his gains a thousand times beyond his loss. Why then should I conceal the truth of his safety from you? With that he said, Behold, *Artesia*, your *Ornatus*. With that he discovered himself unto her and she perfectly knew him, being almost amazed with that heavenly sight; When with a sweet behaviour they both embraced each other, intermingled their kisses with tears of joy that in abundance distilled from their eyes, surfeiting so much in that sweet delight that they were loth to part, but that fear to be espied compelled them; taking such exceeding comfort in each others presence as is not to be expressed: withal, using many kindnesses, usual betwixt faithful friends, to express their joy: he some-

times embracing her and she again with a sweet kiss welcoming him: being so many, so kind and hearty as would task a skilful description. At last, having somewhat recreated themselves, and with sudden joy having banished some part of their care, they thought it time to study how to procure their happiness, lest the same might again be crossed by *Lenon*; who by that time expected to hear from him. Therefore *Ornatus* said: Most dear and kind *Artesia*, by whose love my life is preserved, I am not able to express the joy my heart conceiveth by this fortunate meeting, being likewise as sorry to think of the misfortune you have endured by my careless oversight, and how to get you from this place and from *Lenons* affection, whom I know to be of such uncivil disposition, that he will leave no disloyal means unattempted to further his intent.

Therefore in this urgent extremity, if you will be contented to esteem me as your friend, and follow my directions, I will labour all that I can to get you from this place. My true friend *Ornatus* (said *Artesia*) I have dedicated myself to your disposition, and made myself all one with you, both in heart, body and mind, that whatsoever you would wish yourself, you do to me, and whatsoever pleaseth you cannot displease me, for I am yourself: therefore I commit all things to your wisdome and rest to be ruled, counselled and ordered by you, in whatever you shall think convenient, and will do anything you shall counsel me unto, both for our escape from hence, or otherwise: accounting my bliss yours, and yours mine: your care mine, and your quiet my content.

Lenons love is most hateful unto me, and injury to you: then what means can you work to rid me of that, and revenge your own wrong, perform, for my consent is ready to yeild to anything you shall think convenient.

I most humbly thank you, said *Ornatus*, and first I think this is the best course, to procure my good liking with him, and to rid us from hence, that at his next coming you shew a little more friendly countenance

unto him than heretofore you have done, and shall best agree with your wisdom; and he perceiving that my service hath done more for him than ever he could attain will not only credit me, but also be ruled by me in anything I shall counsel him unto: which if you will perform, commit the rest to me. My dear *Ornatus*, at your request I will do this which otherwise I would never of myself yeild unto, for that my love to you and hate to him, would not suffer me so much to dissemble: but I pray God deliver me well forth from his power, that I may in quiet enjoy your sweet company. These speeches being ended, they parted with a sweet kiss, he sighing and she for grief shedding tears. Not long after, *Lenon* came to *Ornatus*, requesting to know whether he had prevailed anything with *Artesia* on his behalf. My lord, qud. he, I have used many persuasions to her, which in some sort have prevailed: but hereafter I do not doubt but by my persuasions to win her full consent, if you with wisdom will be directed by me, and not with rashness mar all; therefore go in unto her, but not too rashly, and see if she be not altered. *Lenon* embraced him in his arms, saying: Thou bringest me tidings of exceeding comfort, for which I will reward thee most bountifully. With that he gave him a piece of gold: which *Ornatus* took, thinking that should be a means to further him and hinder the giver. *Lenon* entered *Artesias* chamber using many kind speeches, and submissive behaviours, whom she used more kindly than ever she had before done, which both filled his heart with joy and made him according to the pilgrims directions more careful in his behaviour, lest by any boldness he might offend her: that having past some small time with her he departed.

Now was *Ornatus* studying how to release *Artesia*, to further whose intent, the occasion thus fell out: *Allinus* and *Thrasus*, as is before said, gat shipping for *Armenia*, and arrived there with safety, first directing their course to the kings palace where *Allinus* was most honourably entertained, being somewhat allied to the king, to whom

he declared both the cause of his exile and the injury done to him by *Thæon*, king of *Phrygia*. *Turbulus*, the *Armenian* king, comforted him all he could, and had him withal request anything at his hands and he would grant it him. *Allinus* alledging many things to persuade *Turbulus* to yeild thereto, requested him to send ambassadors into *Phrygia*, either to request performance of certain articles or else to give him open defiance for war. The articles were these: that *Allinus* should be restored to his lands, and the damage and loss he had sustained should be repaid to the full: that his wife should be recalled from banishment, and that he should yeild up *Artesia* to *Allinus*, if she would be in his custody: and that the king and *Lenon* should be sworn to perform all this. *Turbulus* was easily won, and therefore presently sent four of his noblemen as ambassadors to request the performance of those conditions: who even at that instant were landed in *Phrygia*, and news thereof brought to the court. The king being himself somewhat sickly, sent *Lenon* to meet them, and give them entertainment, who was loth to go from *Artesias* sight: but assuring himself of the pilgrims faith committed her wholy to his custody. *Ornatus* thought it was the fittest time to seek to escape but he was hindered by other of *Lenons* servants who he had secretly appointed as overseers to look into the pilgrims action: that it was impossible for him to attempt anything that way, but it must needs both be discovered, and prevented.

Ornatus seeing himself disappointed of his purpose that way, made *Artesia* acquainted with what he intended, and how he was prevented, spending the time of *Lenons* absence continually in her company.

Lenon having met the *Armenian* ambassadors brought them to the court; where they were honourably entertained, and having declared their embassage, *Thæon* the king told them, they should receive answer within two days. *Lenon* hearing the articles councilled his father not to yeild to perform any such conditions, but

rather to send *Turbulus* defiance. For (quoth he) your majesty is as absolutely a king of *Phrygia* as he of *Armenia*: and then what dishonour were it unto you to stoop to his command and shew yourself as it were afraid of his threats? For to bind yourself to this were to become his subject, which would soon be published through the whole world to your dishonour. The king being over-ruled by his persuations gave the ambassadors this answer: That he meant not to perform the least of these articles they demanded, nor feared their kings threats of war for he was able to deal with a mightier foe than he, using many other words and some of reproach, that the *Armenians* denouncing open war according as they were commanded, departed.

CHAPTER XIV

How *Ornatus* staying too late in *Artesias* chamber was accused of *Lenons* servants whom he slew. How *Allinus* with a band of *Armenians* landed in *Phrygia*; and how *Ornatus* was imprisoned.

THÆON knew that the king of *Armenia* would perform his word, and therefore gave *Lenon* charge to muster up men throughout the whole land, committing the chief charge of the army and ordering of these affairs unto him: who more hardy-bold than wise, undertook all, and within short space had gathered an exceeding great army and furnished certain ships to meet with the *Armenians* by sea: if it might be possible to vanquish them before they should land.

These troubles filled the commons hearts with grief and their mouths with murmurings: for they understanding that the king of *Armenia* did offer war to *Phrygia* in behalf of *Allinus*, that was generally beloved, there were few of those that were pressed to those wars but came unwillingly and rather by constraint, being more ready to turn their sword points against *Thæon* than against *Allinus*.

Ornatus likewise hearing of these wars by his wisdom found out the opinion of the multitude and with what unwillingness they came to the wars: which when he was in some sort assured of, he came to the camp, and amongst all the rest of his familiars espied *Phylastes*, who always loved him most dearly; him he knew to be of a most constant and faithful resolution in performing his promise and was by *Lenon* appointed one of the chiefest leaders. *Ornatus* finding him remote from the camp, came to him and after salutation, said: Sir *Phylastes*, I am sent unto you by a dear friend of yours named *Ornatus*, who trusteth so much in your virtues,

that he is willing to put his life in your hands, which you shall hazard in denying him one small favour which with safety you may grant. First therefore, I request but your promise for your warranty and then I will declare what I have in charge.

My friend (quoth *Phylastes*) thou tellest me news of wonder, when thou sayest thou comest from *Ornatus* whom I fear is long since dead, but if thou knowest the contrary and canst resolve me thereof I promise and swear to perform anything thou shalt demand: for I am sure *Ornatus* knoweth that I love him, nor maketh any doubt of: which if he do, he injureth that love and friendship that hath past between us.

Then kind sir (quoth he) that *Ornatus* is not dead, but in safety and I am that *Ornatus* that notwithstanding my speech, make no doubt of your love.

Phylastes beholding his countenance, knew him well, and for joy caught him in his arms. My dear friend *Ornatus* (quoth he) I am glad of your safety, and accursed be my love if I do not anything that you shall command.

I thank you (quoth *Ornatus*). To enter into the tedious discourse of my afflictions would be tedious; but in few words I will tell you all. I loved *Artesia* long, but found no hope nor means to attain my love, which made me disguise myself in womans apparell, naming myself *Sylvia* and fortunately entertained by *Arbastus*, whose death I found to be acted by *Floretus*, who falling in love with me, told me for my sake he would poison *Artesia* at the lodge, whither he conveyed her. I fearing to have her taken from me, and having won her love, told her his intent and conveyed her to *Adellenas* house, then *Floretus* and *Lenon* came thither demanding her of me, whom I told I had poisoned her according to his council: we striving, were brought before *Thæon* who banished me to *Natolia*; from whence I came back and by good fortune have the keeping of *Artesia* in this disguise, the manner I will tell you at more leisure. Now my dear friend *Phylastes*, my desire

is to change my place with you, you to have the custody of *Artesia*, in my palmers weeds, and I to march unto the field in your armour, which if you grant, you shall bind me unto you for ever.

Phylastes yeilded to fulfil his request: and so for that time they parted, appointing to meet the next day.

Ornatus being come to *Artesia* told her where he had been and what he intended: which made *Artesia* sad, disuading him from his purpose in this sort: My dear love, what need you venture your person in the dangers that are incident to war? Will you leave me here in doubt, and not rather stay with me, to my comfort? There are enow besides and too many in the field, and *Phylastes* is able to execute his own place. Then I beseech you, do not leave me in discomfort, for how can I be void of care, when I shall think of you amongst so many enemies ready to be slaughtered? My dear love, (quoth he) that which I will do shall be without any hazard at all, but shall procure both yours and mine own content: whence I beseech you, remit this care for my safety, for I will preserve myself from danger, for your sake. Besides, *Phylastes* virtue is such that you need not once so much as think amiss of him, who I know would venture his life for my sake. Besides, my honour urgeth me, revenge of injuries done to yourself and me and my fathers safety are reasons sufficient to persuade your consent: besides many other causes, more forcible than these too tedious to recite. Then I beseech you, deny me not: for when it shall be known that my father was in armour in the field and I in this place not regarding to aid him, it will turn to my great dishonour, and those which before did esteem well of me will then begin to hate me: then let not your doubt and true love to hinder my determination for on mine honor, your safety and my fathers life dependeth.

Artesia seeing she could by no means disuade him, thought not to let him depart so suddenly, but clasping her tender arms about his neck, a thousand times kissed his lips, while with her abundant tears she bedewed his

manly cheeks. *Ornatus* took great sorrow at her heaviness, and delight in her embracings that the contrarities of his conceits were exceeding; pleasure itself seeming more pleasant intermingled with care, and care a pleasure to be endured with delight. *Artesia* was loth to let *Ornatus* depart that night for that she seemed he would be in danger the next day and he was unwilling to leave her in sorrow, she on the one side sollacing herself in his company, he by her kindness making him forget to depart: that before they were aware, night was come, and well spent: and *Ornatus* then bethinking himself thought it was too late to depart. And *Artesia* hearing him make a motion to be gone, desired him to stay: And yet my dear *Ornatus* (quoth she) do not endanger yourself for my sake, for should *Lenons* servants find you here it might redound to your great disquiet. *Ornatus* likewise well considering the inconvenience, took his leave of her, and left her shedding abundance of tears. *Ornatus* being gone, found the servants awake, and watching his coming out, one of them saying: Pilgrim, what maketh thee so sawcy as to court thy masters love? Is this a fit time of the night to be in her chamber? My lord shall understand your behaviour and what familiarity is betwixt you: we take you to be some counterfeit, else would no such behaviours pass betwixt you as we have beheld, therefore here shall you stay until we give him knowledge of your doings and infidelity. With that they locked the door, not suffering him to go out or in. *Ornatus* by that perceived that they had seen the kindness betwixt him and *Artesia* which he knew if *Lenon* would understand he would find out who he was: these thoughts troubled his heart exceedingly, that he was assured unless he could be rid of them, there was no means to escape death if *Lenon* should know him. With these studies he sat a good while silent till he perceived them incline to sleep, and casting his eye aside, espied a bill hanging by the wall, to which he stole secretly and taking hold of the same he drew towards them

entering into these meditations: And shall I now commit murder, and endanger my soul with so heinous a sin? What will *Artesia* say if she should know thou art so bloodily bent, and that thy heart is so hard, as to shed thine own countrymens blood? *Ornatus* be well advised before thou do this deed and bethink of some other means: avoid the danger thou art ready to fall into. Other means *Ornatus*? yea but what other means hast thou? none at all. Dost thou not see how they have betrayed thee and made thee prisoner? What then needest thou make question to save thyself and by their deaths preserve thine own life, which, they living, will be endangered: and being once done thou art safe: but by delay thine own life may perish. With that lifting up his arms with more than wonted force he smote the one on the head and beat out his brains, wherewith the other began to wake, but in his awakening he strook him full on the breast that the bill pierced his heart and he lay breathless sprawling in his gore. This done *Ornatus* found a vault and into the same he conveyed their dead bodies, purposing never to reveal what he had done. Then returning he bethought himself of the keys of the doors that he had thrown into the vault with their bodies, devising how to get out without suspicion of the deed he had done, that he was forced to take the bill and by main force and often striving wrung asunder the locks.

His mind being exceedingly frighted with these cares, he entered into *Artesias* chamber to see whether he had disquieted her or no with the noise: her he found in bed and fast asleep with the light still burning by her bedside, her breasts uncovered down to her waist, and nothing to shrowd her from his perfect view, but the single sheet that lay carelessly cast over her tender body: her arms cast to either side of the bed, and her head leaning on the one side with so sweet an aspect as would have ravished a thousand beholders. *Ornatus* heart was so revived to behold this sweet sight that the remembrance thereof banished all remembrance of his

troubles past, and affected his heart with incomparable delight: that he stood like one amazed to behold her sweet beauties, and to take a surfeiting view of those her perfections so aimiably laid forth. *Artesia* suddenly awaking, blushed to see him so nigh yet therewith more comforted than dismayed, she caught the clothes, and covered herself, whilst he folding his hand in hers, desiring pardon for his boldness: but she viewing him well, beheld his pale and ghastly countenance which drave her into fear and raising herself upright in her bed, caught him in her arms, asking what he ailed, to look so pale. My dear *Artesia* (qud. he) since I parted from you I have endured great danger and passed through a hell of calamities, which now I fear not. With that he let his head fall into her sweet bosom and there made the period of his speech, feeling her tender heart pant with the motions of her troubled spirits, in which place he rested it a good while, whilst she with her soft hand curled his hair, and with sweet kisses mollified his lips, using many other familiarities, and sweet favours proceeding from the depth of kind love: wherewith *Ornatus* was so ravished that he not only took heavenly comfort therein but also desired a further content and possession of her love, which he never before asked, nor thought she would grant: but being heartened by the assurance of her love, he used more bold behaviour, which she permitted. But at last growing more bold than she thought convenient for her modesty to permit, with a kind and lovely behaviour, she both blamed and hindered him: but the motions of affection so far prevailed with them both that he desired and she inwardly yeilded though outwardly she refused: but his behaviour, her own love, the present occasion, so fit opportunity, their hearts unity, and other sweet enticements, so far prevailed that she yeilded up her unspotted body and pure chastity to his possession and the impression of his first attempt dissolved her virgin zone, giving full interests of her heart, love, and body to him, that pursued the possession of those riches with earnestness.

Sometimes blushing, sometimes shrinking, and yet yeilding, denying and yet granting, willing and unwilling, yet at last, she gave that she could not recall, and let him possess her spotless virginity. Which being passed her heart panted with emotion and she felt her senses sad, a little repenting, yet not altogether sorry, sighing for sadness, yet not sad at all, whilst he bathed himself in that heaven of bliss, passing the rest of the night in such unspeakable pleasure as cannot be deciphered. Early the next morning he arose, taking his farewell with a sweet adieu, leaving *Artesia* sad for sorrow, and lamenting his absence, but yet with earnest and hearty prayers envocing his happy success, bathing her heart in luke-warm tears, thinking she had been to prodigal of her favours to him, and yet esteeming him worthy of a thousand times greater gift if she had it in her possession: with repentance rejoicing, though deeming herself metamorphosed, and other than she wont to be, being glad she had no more company to converse withal, lest her guilt should make her blush, and so bewray her fault. And when *Phœbus* began to lighten the chamber with his splendour, she hid herself within the bed, as if the daylight had accused her of what she had done in the dark. *Ornatus* being come to the camp found out *Phylastes* and brought him to *Artesias* lodging, by the way of instructing him how to order their business when *Lenon* should come. Where being entered, *Phylastes* having saluted *Artesia*, and a while converst about their affairs, they changed their habits, *Ornatus* with many a sorrowful sigh taking his leave of her whilst his heart bled warm drops of blood. *Ornatus* again took his leave of *Artesia* and entered the camp, framing himself to such kind of behaviour that he was of all taken for *Phylastes*. News came that the *Armenians* were landed, and had brought their forces within a days march of *Thæons* camp. The king assembled all the chief leaders together, to appoint every man his charge, and conduct what to do. *Ornatus* in *Phylastes* stead, had under his charge four thousand men, whom,

by his own seeking, he was appointed to convey into a wood that stood fitly to offend the enemy; and the rest appointed to other places that seemed for most advantage. *Ornatus* having his soldiers alone, thought it time to execute what he intended, and therefore called unto him such as were captains and chief under him, uttering these speeches: Fellow soldiers, I would willingly utter my mind which is troubled in some sort with the injuries *Allinus* hath already causelessly endured, against whom we now address ourselves to fight; wherein, in my mind, we deal unjustly, for he was never traitor to his country, nor now cometh to disturb the land with oppression, but only to claim his own inheritance and liberty, which ourselves do permit: therefore I think it best before we draw our weapons to consider against whom we draw them, and whom we offend: one that loveth us, his country and people, and would not willingly shed a drop of our blood. Now, if I could find a remedy for all this, which standeth with equity, would you follow my directions? With that they all at once said they would be ruled by him. Then he said: *Thæon* that is now our king, destroyed all his familly, and such as are in any degree near unto him in blood, the last of whom is *Allinus*, whose utter ruin he now seeketh, not by justice, but that neither he nor any of his progeny should hinder his succession: Therefore, if you will follow my council when the armies are met let us not suffer to offend the *Armenians*, but keep ourselves from fight, until *Lenon* affrighted therein, and fearing the people's revolt, will peradventure yeild to perform the articles the *Armenian* ambassadors demanded, and by this means shall we restore *Allinus* to his right, save the effusion of blood, and yet not wrong our reputation. The people hearing his speeches, generally gave their consent, crying: *Phylastes*, *Phylastes*. With that, *Ornatus* bestowed the gold among them that *Lenon* had given him, which prevailed with the multitude exceedingly. *Ornatus* having effected this according to his desire, went into the *Armenian* camp, desiring to speak with

Allinus the general, to whom he declared what he intended in his behalf, not discovering himself to be any other than *Phylastes*: for which *Allinus* yeilded to him many hearty thanks. Whilest *Ornatus* was absent a captain named *Ortonus*, drawn by desire of reward, and above the rest favouring *Lenons* party, stole him from the wood, and coming to the camp to *Lenon*, bewrayed what *Phylastes* intended, and how that he was now gone to the *Armenian* camp to confer with *Allinus*. *Lenon* hearing that, thought it best not to send for him by warrant, but amongst the rest to assemble him to council, and to that effect to send a herald. *Ornatus* being returned had knowledge of the general assembly, and willingly went, little suspecting what *Lenon* intended: and being entered the camp, and *Lenons* tent, he was before all the estates, by a herald arrested of high treason. *Ornatus* then thought his intent was bewrayed, demanding what they could lay to his charge. Whereupon *Ortonus*, before them all, declared what he had done, which he could not deny, upon which accusation he was presently sent to the court, and there imprisoned.

CHAPTER XV

How *Ornatus* was delivered out of prison, and carried *Artesia* from the court. How *Ornatus* in single combat overcame *Lenon* and caused *Thæon's* flight; And how *Artesia*, to escape *Thæon*, fled to *Adellenas* house.

THE news of *Ornatus* imprisonment was soon blazed through the whole camp, court, and country, and at last came to *Artesias* hearing: who with exceeding lamentations bewailed his misfortune: but *Phylastes* coming unto her, comforted her all he could: promising to set *Ornatus* at liberty, if (quoth he) at *Lenons* next coming, you will request his signet, to keep as his warrant for your safety.

The next day the armies should meet: and therefore *Lenon* that night visited *Artesia*: and finding her very sad, demanded the cause thereof: My lord (quoth she) how can I be otherwise than sad, when I am ready every hour to fall into more misery, not knowing whether your life may be endangered by these wars, and I therefore be subject to some misfortune? Therefore, in sign that you love me, grant me your signet to be my warrant and priviledge against all injury that may be offered me: with that she kissed him, which she had never before done; not drawn by any good will but with desire to help *Ornatus*. *Lenons* heart was so overcome, that he presently gave her the same, staying some time with her to entreat her to consent to his love. He was no sooner gone but *Phylastes*, taking the ring of *Artesia*, went unto the place where *Ornatus* was, and coming to the gaoler, told him that he must deliver *Phylastes* to his custody, shewing him the princes signet as his warrant. The gaoler seeing the same and knowing that the pilgrim was of great credit and trust with *Lenon*, made no doubt, but presently delivered *Ornatus* unto him, both departing together to *Artesia*, who seeing her beloved so fortunately delivered, shed tears

of joy for his escape. After salutations in the kindest sort past, *Ornatus* declared what he intended and how he was betrayed by *Ortonus*. *Phylastes* then counselled *Ornatus* that night to convey *Artesia* from thence, unto some place of better security: he sometimes thought to carry her to *Adellenas* house: but he thought *Lenon* would misdoubt that place. At last he concluded to convey her to her castle, where *Arbastus* her father dwelt, which was still kept for her use, by certain of her fathers servants. Both *Artesia* and *Phylastes* liked this well, and therefore leaving the court, they departed thitherwards. *Artesia* not wonted to travel, could scarcely endure to hold out: but by their help, they arrived there at midnight, and knocking, awakened the porter, who looking over the battlements, demanded who was below at that unreasonable time of the night. My friend, quoth *Ornatus*, it is *Artesia*, that cometh in time of her most need for harbour in this place. The porter viewing her well by the bright light *Cynthia*, knew her, and calling up the rest of his fellows, came running down and opened the gate: where he and the rest received her with great joy.

Ornatus was glad of this happy escape: but yet exceeding sad, that he could not assist his father against *Lenon*, but that he must perforce be absent from his rescue: which filled his heart with such care that all that night he could take no rest, and although he enjoyed *Artesias* company without control, he could harbour no rest or quiet to his distempered thought, that *Phylastes* demanded the cause of his sadness. My assured friend (quoth he) the remembrance of my fathers estate and fear of his mishap maketh me sad: and griefs exceeding torment possess me that I cannot be present to aid him against *Lenon*, that by cowardly malice, not with valour, will seek his ruin before any other: Oh were I but present to deffend him, though I offend none, my heart should be quiet. *Artesia* hearing his speeches, said: Good *Ornatus*, do not again hazard yourself, as you lately did, for had not fortune

and *Phylastes* wisdom assisted us both your life, and with it mine, had been cast away. My dear *Artesia* (quoth he) that misfortune hath taught me wisdom, and by remembering it I will learn to eschew such mischiefs and know whom I trust: therefore I beseech you grant I may once again go to do my duty in aiding my father which I will now do without danger, for that I will make none privy to that I intend, nor attempt more than I am able to performe. *Artesia* seeing how fully he was bent to go prefered his wit before her own desire knowing her duty not to contradict, but to counsel him, and therefore said: My dear *Ornatus*, my duty bindeth me to consent, but my love willeth me to deny: fear of your mishap maketh me unwilling, but will to fulfil your desire maketh me give an unwilling consent: only let me request this, that you will take *Phylastes* in your company and leave me to the custody of my servants whose fidelity I am assured of, for having him with you, his aid and counsel may much avail to preserve your life: which if you loose (as heaven forbid) with the same shall mine expire: for it is impossible *Artesia* shall breathe, *Ornatus* being breathless. *Ornatus* with a few tears that by exceeding grief were wrung from his heart, participated her laments: first requesting the servants to be careful of her good, and then, without delay, both furnishing himself and *Phylastes* with rich armour and horse, of which there was great choice in that castle, and for that the day began to appear, they thought it time to depart, lest their coming from thence might be discovered. There might one behold sorrow at parting in his right form, heart-breaking sighs breathing sad farewells and sorrowful tears at so sad a parting: when their lips were parted their hands still fast; their hands disjoined, then their voices oftentimes uttering that woeful word, farewell, and when they were past hearing, their eyes unwillingly leaving each others sight, he being without, looking back, and she within, looking after, so long as she could perceive the glimmering glance of his bright armour, and he being past sight of

her, with watery eyes beholding the castle of her abode. Thus parted they, as if they had parted never to meet.

Drawing nigh the armies, they beheld them met, and in hot skirmish, standing still a good space to see to whether party it was likely the victory would incline; and in the end, they beheld the *Armenians* begin to retreat, and *Lenon* with *Thæon* his father in the midst of the throng making an exceeding slaughter, and proud of their deemed conquest. Which set *Ornatus* heart on fire, that he rushed amongst the thickest of his countrymen, yet not once offering a blow, not shedding a drop of the blood he loved, but only making way to come to *Lenon*: which made them not offer to stay his passage, but admiring what he was, let him go free: after whom *Phylastes* hasted. The soldiers seeing these two new knights offend none, admired what they should be, not one of them all offering a blow because they offered none. By this time *Ornatus* was come to the place where *Lenon* was, who even then, and not before had met *Allinus*, betwixt whom many blows and some wounds were given and received: but *Allinus* had the worst, by reason of his age. *Ornatus* knowing his father by his armour, came betwixt them with his sword drawn, saying: *Lenon* stay thy hand, let age go free, and let thy youth cope with me, that am come to challenge thee before both the armies, and therefore as thou art the kings son, a knight, and honourest arms, give order by thy herald to stay the fury of the battles till thou and I have tried our valours, otherwise, this knight and I have vowed to hunt thee from place to place, and never give over till we have spilt thy blood.

Lenon hearing this champions proud challenge, said: If thou art a knight, a gentleman, as I am, and canst shew wherein I have wronged thee, I will answer thee, otherwise know that I scorn thee, although I know myself of sufficient strength to abate thy haughty presumption, were it never so great. With that, two heralds were sent from either general, to part the soldiers, which done, *Ornatus* before the open assembly said: *Lenon*, first I

say I am a gentleman, as absolute and good as thyself, prince I am none, neither art thou by right, but that by tyranny and usurpation thou holdest the same. I am come as *Artesias* champion to challenge thee of disloyalty, as the outrages thou hast committed detaining her liberty, do manifest: I challenge thee for doing injustice against *Allinus*, whom thou withholdest from his right by treacherous malice: I challenge thee as partaker of *Arbastus* death, for that thou sufferest and upholdest the murderer *Floretus*, that hath deserved death. I challenge thee for thy oppression laid upon this whole land: And lastly for detaining *Ornatus* living, who never was impeached of treason: and therefore if thou darest answer my challenge, I am here ready: otherwise, I pronounce thee for a coward and miscreant, not worthy to bear arms. *Lenon* made this reply: Being accused by a stranger without cause I regard it not, and being judge myself, will not by thee be adjudged: but for thy proud challenge I will answer that, as little regarding what thou canst do as thou boastingly doth vaunt thy valour. Therefore even now, before I depart, I will without delay, abate thy haughtiness, though thy accusations are manifestly false: for I both love and esteem *Artesia* as dearly as I do myself: my title to the crown is just: for *Allinus* he is both a traitor at home and abroad: first, in causing his complices to seek my fathers life: and lastly, for bringing these *Armenian* bands to destroy this country. For *Floretus* pardon, it is mercy, not injustice. As for oppression done to *Ornatus*, all know I never injured him: but if he take the justice that is done to his treacherous father as done to him, I cannot help that: but revenge it then, since thou art his champion. *Ornatus* had much ado to stay to hear out his speech, which galled him to the very heart, that without speaking a word more, he smote at *Lenon*, with courage, answered his blows, beginning a most fierce and formidable encounter, and with like fury continuing the same, till both had received many wounds, and their steeds

began to be furious and mad, with the smart of some strokes that missed their right aim.

Ornatus calling to remembrance first the injuries he had received and that *Lenon* and none else could dispossess him of *Artesias* love, and many other wrongs he had done him and his parents, thought now to revenge them all and dispossess *Thæon* of the crown by *Lenons* death: reviving his spirits with such courage that he began with renewed strength to assail *Lenon*; who even then began to faint and would have yeilded but that shame withheld him. Which when *Ornatus* perceived, he thought at once to end the strife, that with one forcible blow he gave him so deep a wound on the right arm, where the armour was broken away, that he let fall his sword and fell senseless on his horse's neck. *Thæon* perceiving his son in that danger, with his guard came rushing in and rescued him from *Ornatus* sword: which otherwise had parted his head from his body. With this both the armies joined battle again: the *Armenians* with new courage rushing upon their enemies, whose hearts began to fail, seeing *Lenon* so near death, which made such a confusion among them that they were ready to fly, or yeild to *Allinus*, than to fight it out: that of a sudden, the *Armenians* had slain an infinite number of them, and all the earth was died to a purple colour with their blood. *Ornatus* heart was vexed to see so much of his countrys blood shed, that he intreated *Phylastes* to persuade the soldiers to give over, and himself rode betwixt the armies with a herald, desiring them to stay their fury for a while. Long it was before they could give over, but at last by the drums and trumpet sound, having called back the *Armenians*, *Ornatus* placing himself in the midst of his countrymen, that a multitude might hear him, said: Renowned people of *Phrygia*, hear my speech, that am tormented to see so much of our blood shed, the effusion whereof, I seek by all means to stop, having as you see for the love I bear to you not lifted my hand against any of you, but only *Lenon*: the causes that urge me

to challenge him, is the manifest wrongs he and his father hath done to yourselves, his country and the nobility: for the true testimony whereof let everyone inwardly examine his own conscience, and they will not deny my words, but find themselves exceedingly grieved with his oppression. Do you not see what destruction he hath brought upon this land? Are not almost all of the nobility slain and destroyed? Are not your liberties, goods and friends taken from you? Is not the whole land in an uproar, and everyone driven from his quiet at home to venture his life in the field, and all this for satisfaction of his will and self-command, not grounded upon law or justice? Examine your consciences, is he your lawful king? did he not murder your lawful king, only to make you his vassals? Again, doth *Allinus* seek to do his country wrong? doth he come to oppress you? doth he seek to abuse your liberty? No: he only cometh to claim his possessions, by injustice taken from him: he cometh as urged by grief, not to live as a banished man, being himself, his wife, children, and familly driven to live in misery and slavery, for the satisfaction of his lust. Then I beseech you, good soldiers, consider well what you do, whom you deffend, a traitor: and whom you resist, a dear friend, that loveth and tendereth your lives as dear as his own: whose estate the *Armenians* pity, to whom he was never gracious: but his own countrymens hearts are hardened against him, repaying cruelty for his love, and resistance to withhold his right. I could alledge so many reasons to disuade you from following *Thæons* will, as would ask a tedious recital, but I know you are of wisdom to conceive the right, your hearts merciful to pity him, and your minds apt to do justice: then give him over, discharge your minds of care, and disburden yourselves of his oppression. I stand here, as an advocate to plead for *Allinus* right that hath endured too much wrong: I stand as *Artesias* champion that is imprisoned by *Lenon*, abused by *Lenon*, and withheld from her liberty by *Lenon*: I stand here to intreat you to save your own

lives, to preserve your liberty, to execute justice, and to do *Allinus* right. Then I beseech you, lay aside your arms, taken in deffence of wrong, and turn your hearts to pity innocency: whereby you shall save many of your lives, shew yourselves men that are ruled by wisdom, not by rage: and purchase liberty, freedom and peace, for ever. Then you that bear the true hearts of *Phrygians* follow me and forsake to follow that usurper, and stay such ruin and destruction as is like to ensue upon your refusal: and let rightful heir enjoy the crown, who will love you, cherish you, and seek his country's peace. The people's hearts were so altered with his speeches that many came running to him crying, *Allinus*, *Allinus*: and the rest that were not yet resolved stood in a doubt what to do. Whilest Duke *Ternus* commanded his forces to follow him, who withdrew from the camp, and espying a fit occasion, determined not to follow *Thæon* longer, whom he neither hated nor loved, but yet esteemed as unlawful usurper of that kingdom; and rather desiring *Allinus* should possess his right of inheritance, than any way willingly contradicting the same: being, as many others were, forced to come to these wars, fearing *Thæons* displeasure: who cared not in what sort his will was performed. *Ternus* therefore drew himself apart with his policy, that if *Thæon* prevailed, yet he could not empeach him: and if *Allinus* had the best, yet he could not alledge that *Ternus* withstood him, thinking it the greatest point of wisdom to keep himself upright.

Thæon had no sooner conveyed his son to his tent, and with much ado recovered him to his senses, but there came a messenger posting from the court with news that *Phylastes* was two days since escaped from prison, and presently after him another brought news that *Artesia*, with the pilgrim, was fled, but no man could tell whither. *Lenon* hearing the news became almost mad, and raged extremely that his wounds burst into fresh bleeding. And to fill up his heart with sorrow and vexation, another messenger from the camp

came running in, crying: Fly, *Thæon*, fly, we are betrayed to the enemy: the leaders, captains, and soldiers are revolted, and the enemy is near at hand, to surprise thee: Fly and save thy life, for thine own subjects have left thee and refused thy government. *Thæon* was too amazed and terrified with fear, that without regard of *Lenons* life, he fled to save himself; everyone, saving those that fled with *Thæon*, with hast running to their revolting fellows, to save themselves.

This news was brought to *Allinus*: who hearing the same and being past fear of *Thæons* rage, sent a herald to *Ternus* to know whether he were his friend or still continued those bands to resist him as his foe, who returned this answer, That he was never foe to him, but always wished his good: afterwards dismissing his soldiers and sending everyone well rewarded to his own house, himself coming back to his tent, where he met *Allinus*, whom he kindly saluted. Thither were assembled the chief states the lands, to whom *Allinus* said: My lords, since *Thæon* and *Lenon* are fled, and none left but your honours in place of justice with right and equity to minister the same to such as have sustained wrong: I, as one that have above the greatest loss, commit my cause to your wisdoms: you know what injuries I have endured by his malice: only for that I sought to set *Artesia* at liberty that was by *Lenon* imprisoned and badly used: requesting nothing of you but that which by right is mine, and belongeth to me by inheritance. The nobles with a general assent granted that he should enjoy his former possessions: and that his loss should be repaid out of the kings treasure.

Ornatus, standing by, said: Most noble peers, you stand here debating matters whilest the cause of your woe is living and far enough from yeilding to that you grant; who now peradventure is mustering new forces, to make frustrate what you intend, and to work revenge: which to prevent, give me your consents to pursue him: and he being once taken, then may you, without control, either establish him or chose a new, that should by right be your king.

To this all the nobles gave consent: and *Ornatus*, with three thousand horsemen, followed *Thæon*, who first took the green fortress with five hundred men; who continued firm, won by great rewards: but hearing of the *Armenians* approach, under the conduct of the stranger that slew *Lenon*, in the night he fled with a hundred of his nearest friends and allies to *Arbastus* castle, where he thought to live secure, and unknown, for that he thought his enemies would least of all suspect that place. He arrived there in the dead time of the night: but knocking was denied entrance, which made him almost desparate, that he assayed to enter by force; and prevailed so, that he gat in with the rest of his company, making fast the gates again after them.

Artesias servants knowing what he was, some ran one way, some another, to hide themselves from him, one among the rest came running to *Artesias* chamber, declaring to her what had befallen, and how that the king had taken the castle. *Artesia* having not yet heard of *Lenons* death, nor what success *Ornatus* had in the camp, wringing her hands, made this lamentation: Twice hath my dear *Ornatus* left me in this danger, and hazarded his own life, hoping to attain good success; but cruel fortune hath still crossed his laudable attempts; and left both him and my poor self in extreme misery. Now am I assured he is taken prisoner again, and myself am like not long to go free, for I am sure the king hath heard of my being here, which maketh him come thus late: Well might I but be made prisoner in the same place my *Ornatus* lieth enthralled, that I might yet enjoy his sight, then should I think myself happy in misery: but I fear me too much, they will privily murder him, and never let me know thereof: whereby I shall be held with long frustrated hope to see him, and in the end be deceived. Never was poor maiden brought to such misery: nor I think true love never crossed with such bitter adversities, which both he for me, and I for him, have been continually subject unto, ever since our first acquaintance. As she was

still continuing her laments, the same servant, whose name was *Thristus*, came running in again, saying: Dear mistress, I have found a means for your escape from hence, unespied, if you will attempt the same, which is without any danger at all. Never tell me what it is (quoth she) but be thou my guide and I will follow thee: for I will attempt anything to escape from him. Then (quoth he) fear nothing, but follow me. Then took he her by the hand, leading her out of that room into a dark entry, where, by reason of the night, there appeared not the least glimpse of light: and through that into many back rooms and unfrequented places of the castle, until he came to a postern gate, which he opened, and after he was out shut the same fast, saying: Now mistress, you are out of the castle, and past fear of the king, who little knoweth you can pass out this way: therefore I pray tell me whither I shall conduct you? I thank thee good *Thristus* (quoth she) for thy good assistance, for which I will one day be thankful unto thee; and now I pray thee direct me to *Adellenas* house, who is my faithful friend, and will rather die than discover me. This said, they began their journey, which was but three miles, and therefore they soon overcame the same, even by the mornings light arriving at the wished place. *Adellena* hearing some knock at the gate, commanded her maid to rise, to see who it was: the damosel coming down, before she could open the gate, conducting her to her mistress chamber: who espying her, was so surprised with joy that she embraced her, shed abundance of tears, saying: Welcome my dear *Artesia*, I was afraid I should never have seen you again, you have been so long time absent. Indeed (quoth she) I have been long absent from thee, though still not far from thee: but I have news of importance to tell thee which I will forbear to speak of until I have refreshed myself, for care and travel hath made me exceedingly weary. Then *Adellena* brought her into a sweet and pleasant chamber, where she laid her down to rest.

CHAPTER XVI

How *Ornatus* surprised *Thæon* in *Arbastus* castle, who was slain by one of his own servants.

ORNATUS hearing the king had taken the green fortress, beset the same round with horsemen: who took certain of the kings followers: that being brought before him, told him the king was fled with some hundred of his company to *Arbastus* castle: which when he heard, without delay he rode thither: fearing lest *Thæon* getting in and finding *Artesia* should offer her some injury. He was no sooner come but he found it so, for he was denied entrance, nor could see one of *Artesias* servants, whom he left as keepers of the same: which so much disquieted his heart that he could not tell what to do, thinking it best to entreat *Thæon* kindly lest he should seek revenge against *Artesia*, though she were innocent, and no way to be blamed for anything: and such a multitude of contrarious fears arose in his fancies that he seemed therewith metamorphosed. Which *Phylastes* soon perceived, and coming to him, said: How now *Ornatus*, what, hath fear taken away your courage? Oh my friend *Phylastes* (quoth he) *Thæon* is within and thereby possessed of *Artesia*, whose mind is so far from the least thought of virtue that no doubt he will seek revenge on her. Fear not that (quoth he) but summon him to the walls by the sound of a trumpet and will him to yeild himself and stand to the courtesy of his nobles, and promise him with safety to conduct him thither. *Ornatus* allowed his counsel and therefore commanded a trumpet to sound a parley: and thereupon one from the king appeared on the walls, demanding what he would have. *Ornatus* said: Tell *Thæon* the king that we come to him from the peers of the realm. The

messenger told the king what he said: Whereupon *Thæon* came in sight demanding what he would have.

Quoth he: I would have you yeild, lest by resistance you procure a greater mischief to yourself, than is by us pretended. Suppose I should yeild, quoth he, how would you use me? Like a king (quoth *Ornatus*) honourably. I have found, said he, so small cause to trust you that it were fondness to put my life within compass of your mercy: therefore I will keep myself where I am: not doubting ere many days to have so many friends as shall both chase thee and the *Armenians* from the walls, and so out of this country: which he spake upon the confidence he had in certain friends, that had promised to gather new forces, but meant never to perform the same.

Ornatus was much troubled in his mind to think what was become of *Artesia*, marvelling that he spake not of her, nor could hear of any of her servants, that might give him knowledge how she fared. But seeing his fair words would not prevail, said: *Thæon*, since thou refusest the courteous proffer I make thee know that my intent is altered, and since thou wilt not by fair means yeild, I will enforce thee to submit thyself to my mercy or abide my rigour: for not all the friends thou canst find shall shelter thee from my revenge: for I have sworn thy death and nothing but that shall satisfy me. Which now again I will once again revoke if you will yeild without enforcement and deliver me *Artesia* in safety, that is in that castle. *Artesia* (quoth *Thæon*) had I her in my custody, I would be revenged on her, because thou wishest her safety: but she is far enough from me: therefore thou seekest her in vain at my hands, who would as readily deliver her to thee as thou couldest ask, for that I esteem her not. But for myself, it shall never be said my mind would stoop to base submissions, nor that a king yeilded to a slave, and base vassal, as thou art. Dost thou think that a royal mind can put on so degenerate a habit? No: I tell thee, whatsoever thou art, I had rather by enforcement

die, than by submission live. But be thou advised what thou doest, nor stay long before these walls: for there are so many whetting their swords and putting on armour in my defence, as ere the morning sun arise, will scare thee from hence. *Ornatus* heart could not endure these braves and being withal vexed for fear that *Artesia* should sustain some injury, thought speedily to work revenge. Which, by *Phylastes* counsel, he remitted until it were night, that then unawares they might by some means get entrance into the castle, and so surprise them.

Ornatus thinking to walk alone by himself to breathe forth in sighs part of the fear that possessed his heart: and withal, detirmining to view the castle, how he might with conveniency get into the same without destroying it, for that it belonged to his beloved, he espied the postern gate, whereat thrusting, it presently flew open, which way, as yet, neither *Thæon* nor any of his company had found. *Ornatus* heart was glad he had found so good a means to accomplish his will, and putting the same to again, came to *Phylastes* and told him thereof. Then both of them presently agreed to enter that way, and surprise them: conveying a hundred of the best soldiers secretly under the wall unto that postern, and placing the rest in open view of the castle, as if none of them had been wanting.

Ornatus and *Phylastes* entered: and after them the rest: who passing along through the waste rooms, at last came to the place where they had left *Artesia*, but found her not: and such success had they in their attempt, that *Ornatus* coming behind *Thæon*, smote him with his hand on the back, before he had any knowledge of his approach. *Thæon* therewith starting and looking back, was amazed: but running forward drew out his sword, crying: My friends, save and deffend yourselves; wherewith, those that were about him drew their swords: To whom *Ornatus* said:

How now, usurping king, where are those mighty forces should drive me hence? Will you yet yeild, or stand to

the trial by fight? I yeild (qd. *Thæon*) but much against my will: for had friends dealt faithfully, I had not been left in this misery. But since fortune so much favoureth thee, as to make me thy prisoner, use me well, for that I am a king, and to none but thyself am enthralled. Tell me (quoth *Ornatus*) what is become of *Artesia*, that not many days since I left in this place. I saw her not (quoth *Thæon*) nor know I where she is, only I found certain servants in this place, whom I have put to death, lest they should bewray my being here. Tyrant, quoth *Ornatus*, thinkest thou their deaths shall go unrevenged? Couldest thou be so cruel as to murder those that were innocent with whom, I fear, thou hast made away *Artesia*? Why, what art thou, quoth *Thæon*, that usest such undecent words to a king, that art thyself unworthy to speak to a king? and why makest thou such enquiry after *Artesia* that for ought I know hast no interest in her? Suppose I have slain her that was the cause of all this woe, what canst thou challenge at my hands for her? it had been good she had never been born, for she only hath caused the original of these troubles. Art thou a king, quoth *Ornatus*, and bearest so unkindly a mind as to slander true virtue? No: thou art a villain, a murderer, a traitor to this land, an usurper of the crown, and a most wicked and cruel homicide: but for that thou wouldst know what I am, know that I have more interest to the crown than thou hast, my name *Ornatus*, and thy enemy, to whom by right that crown belongeth: which thou shalt no longer enjoy. Therefore, said he, such as are my friends, lay hold on this traitor. He had no sooner spoke these words, but *Thæons* own servants were the first that apprehended him, being weary of his government: and one amongst the rest, thinking that he had commanded them to slay him, and withal, hoping for reward for that forward exploit, having his sword ready drawn, suddenly (whilest *Ornatus* did but turn his back to confer with *Phylastes*) thrust the same through *Thæons* body: then giving a piteous groan, he gave up the ghost.

Ornatus turning back, demanded who had done that deed: with that, the murderer drew back, fearing to come before him, untill he was compelled. To whom *Ornatus* said: What art thou, that thou hast done this deed? art thou not one of his servants? hast thou not been maintained by him? did he not trust thee with his life? was he not thy king? then how durst thou presume to strike thy master, be ungrateful to him that gave thee gifts, prove false to him that trusted thee, and slay thy annointed king? My lord (qd. he) I did mistake your words: and hope to preserve my own life, made me do that deed, which I thought would have pleased you. I am not (qd. he) sorry he is dead, but for that thou slewest him, whom thou in all duty oughtest to have defended: for which thou shalt die a miserable death. Then he commanded that he should be torn to pieces by horses: which before he departed thence, was performed.

CHAPTER XVII

How *Ornatus* was chosen king. How he departed unknown in search of *Artesia*. How *Lenon* sought again to betray him, but was disappointed. How he was banished. *Tyresus* pardoned. And *Ornatus* and *Artesia* royally married.

THE king dead, *Ornatus*, with *Phylastes*, returned to the court, where all the peers were assembled: who before his coming, had by voluntary messenger, understood the manner of *Thæons* death, the care whereof was already past, for that few or none at all loved him: but now their care was whom to chose as their king: but first they welcomed *Ornatus*; none of them all knowing him, nor one suspecting what he was: who now had no further occasion to conceal himself: but humbling himself before *Allinus*, he said: My renouned lord, the cause I have so long concealed myself, hath been for fear of the kings cruelty, and *Lenons* envy, who both would have endangered me: but now being void of that misdoubt, your poor son *Ornatus* submitteth himself, humbly craving pardon for my neglect of duty. With that, he unarmed his head, and his father knowing him, in most loving wise embraced him, shedding tears for joy of his safety, whom he thought had been long since dead. Duke *Ternus* and the rest rejoiced to see him, and with embracings expressed their joy, entering into admiration of his honoured parts and noble chivalry. *Phylastes* being likewise known, was much commended: whom they deemed had been murdered in the prison by *Lenon*, for that he could not be found. *Allinus* beholding *Ornatus*, and with what valour he had behaved himself, rejoiced exceedingly: the commons clapt their hands for joy; and the peers amongst themselves began to relate how virtuously, valliently and prudently he

had behaved himself in all that he had undertaken. After many welcomes past, *Ternus* craving audience, stood up, uttering these speeches: My lords, we need not now defer giving to *Allinus* his right, because there is none to contradict what we establish. Besides, we being all now assembled together, and our late usurping king dead, there can be no fitter time to chose a new king: and such a one as by right of blood, and by our general consents, may rule us. *Thæon* you know was no way interested to the crown, but by usurpation, and hath rooted out almost all that he knew to have any title or interest in our late kings blood: of which house, *Allinus* issue is the last, by marriage of the Lady *Aura*, neice unto our late king; therefore the right being in him, if there be any man in this assembly, that can contradict that which I have said, let him speak. Which, when he had said, he again sat down. Upon his speeches, the nobles conferred, the people consulted, and at last the common soldiers cried out, Let *Ornatus* be our king, *Ornatus* is our king. The nobles likewise gave consent to that the multitude liked, and *Ornatus* was chosen king: whom they would have crowned: but at his desire, they deferred the day of his coronation for a month: in the mean time esteeming him as their king: and that day, with great royalty, setting him in possession thereof.

All business for that day being ended: the *Armenians* richly rewarded, feasted, and with joy ready to return: *Allinus* in quiet, but for the want of his lady, and all things in good order: *Ornatus* being alone by himself, endured much disquiet for *Artesia*, marvelling what was become of her: sometimes thinking she was slain by *Thæon*, and then supposing she was escaped out of the postern gate, which he found open: that in these contraries of doubts he continued, sometimes despairing, and then again feeding himself with hope.

After *Artesia* had rested herself, and received some part of her sleep she had lost that night, though but with broken slumbers, she began to declare to *Adellena*,

what miseries she had endured and troubles she had passed since she was by *Lenon* carried from her house: how she met with *Ornatus* again and everything that was befallen: with the cause of her flight at that instant. But *Adellena*, said she, I fear me I shall never see him again: for had he not been taken, and his father overthrown, *Thæon* could not have had so much leisure as to come to surprise me there: but the heavens granted me a fortunate escape. And if I could be so happy as to hear that *Ornatus* were in safety, though he had not that success his desire did aim at, my heart would be at some rest, which is now pinched with suspicious torment. His adventurous valient heart could not be withdrawn, by any persuation, to leave to aid his father: but notwithstanding infinite perils hung over his head; yet to shew the duty of a loving son and the mind of a virtuous valient gentleman, he would not desist to hazard his person: which now, I fear me, is fallen into the hands of his enemies. But yet *Phylastes*, I hope, will by his good and faithful counsel be a means to keep him from danger. Many other speeches *Artesia* used: and *Adellena* used as many on the contrary part, to persuade her that *Ornatus* was in safety: the truth whereof, she told her she should soon know: for (quoth she) I have sent one of my servants to learn the truth of all that has happened, who I know will loyally return. Which fell out even as she had told: for the servant returned, bringing news of *Lenons* death, acted by a strange knight: and how *Thæon* was fled, and being likewise by the strange knight surprised in *Arbastus* castle, was slain by one of his own servants: which knight was now known to be *Ornatus*, and was elected king by the peers: but he had defered his day of coronation, by reason of some special grief that troubled him. *Artesias* heart was revived with these news: knowing the grief *Ornatus* endured, was for her absence: that presently she detirmined to send him a word of her safety: and wrote a letter, the contents whereof were these:

My dear *Ornatus*, no news could have come more welcome to me, than your safety: and nothing more unwelcome than to hear of your heaviness: which I would entreat you to cease, for I am in safety at *Adellenas* house: being by one of my servants, the same night the king took my castle, at a postern gate, in safety brought hither: where I trust, ere long, to see you, which will replenish my soul with exceeding comfort: for on your safety my life and felicity dependeth.

Yours for ever, *Artesia.*

Having wrote this letter, she gave it to *Thristus*, willing him to deliver the same to *Ornatus* with all speed.

Destinies do allot many to exceeding misfortunes: and some men are of that dishonourable and unmanly disposition, that they account all means to attain their desires lawful, not regarding the shame and peril which ensue thereon. Of which nature was *Lenon*: who being conveyed from the camp by his friends, soon recovered and kept in a secret place, lest he might be known: having no other means but by absenting himself to save his life. Whose supposed death caused *Thæons* flight to the green fortress: from whence likewise he was departed, before *Lenon* could come to give him knowledge of his safety. And knowing that it was then too late to salve those miseries, he still concealed himself: following *Ornatus* (though unknown to him) with intent to murder him, if he could by any means take him at advantage: but he was still disappointed. And withall saw the death of his father, done by his own servant: still intermingling himself amongst the soldiers, that he was taken to be one of them and never suspected. But *Ornatus* being returned to court, *Lenon* was then compelled to leave to follow him, and harboured sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another: having knowledge of *Artesias* absence, he could not tell whether she were alive or dead: but dead he thought she could not be, but rather by some means escaped. And

even when *Thristus* was newly come out of *Adellenas* house, *Lenon* espied him, and knowing him to be one of *Artesias* servants, he suspected his mistress were there, to whom he came, saying: My friend, well met. I take you to be one of *Artesias* servants, unless I be deceived: which if you will resolve me of I will do a message to you, that I am willed to deliver to her from her dear friend *Ornatus*. Indeed (quoth *Thristus*) I serve *Artesia*, and am now going to *Ornatus* with a letter from *Artesia*, who is in safety at *Adellenas* house. *Lenon* hearing his speech, being before detirmined what to do, drew out his dagger and suddenly stabbed him, casting his body into a pit: and taking the letter from him, brake up the seal, and read the contents: which when he had done, he began to study which way to revenge himself on *Ornatus*, and afterwards, to get *Artesia* into his possession: and for that he thought delay might hinder his intent, he first wrote a letter in *Artesias* name, the contents whereof were these:

Ornatus, my dearest friend, the news of your happy victory and conquest of your enemies is come to my knowledge; than which, nothing could have been more welcome unto me. Likewise I hear that much heaviness possesseth you for my absence, that am in safety: and desire you to meet me tomorrow night, and you shall find me with *Adellena* at the lodge in the park near unto my castle: In the meantime, remitting all further report of my escape and manifestation of my love, untill the happy time I may meet you.

Yours in all love, *Artesia*.

When he had written this letter, and imitated therein *Artesias* own hand so near that it could hardly be discerned, he went unto the court, and behaved the matter so cunningly that he was no way suspected, but was admitted into *Phylastes* presence: to whom he delivered the letter: for *Ornatus* himself being exceeding troubled in his mind, had left the court with some three in company, to go in search of *Artesia*: and left

Phylastes in his chamber, and in his stead to answer such as should come with any suites to him. *Phylastes* being taken for *Ornatus* of all, but of some that attended him, received the letter, promising to meet *Artesia* there at the same time appointed: giving the messenger a reward. *Lenon* being departed, went to a place where he found a certain kinsman of his named *Lucertus*, to whom he declared both what he was and what means he wrought for his revenge on *Ornatus*: who without respect, joyned hands with him, and promised with many others to explore his life in pursuit of revenge; who, with *Lenon* included, before *Ornatus* coming, were to be in the lodge with a sufficient company to surprise him and work the premeditated revenge. *Lenon* being assured of his aid, next detirmined to take *Artesia* from *Adellenas* house and to bring her to *Lucertus* castle, untill the time appointed, staying with *Lucertus* to see him depart with his ambush to the lodge: which he saw effectually performed. *Phylastes*, presently, upon the receipt of the letter, sent out a messenger to seek *Ornatus*, and certify him that *Artesia* would meet him at the lodge with *Adellena* that evening, and that he should find *Phylastes* there: who (being by *Artesias* messenger taken for himself) had appointed to be there, least he should not conveniently be found. The messenger with great haste departed, and enquiring after four pilgrims (for in that habit *Ornatus* and such as were with him went) by that time the day drew near to an end, the messenger found *Ornatus*, to whom he declared *Phylastes* had given him in charge, only mistaking the place: for whereas he should, by his direction, have said at the lodge, mistaking *Phylastes* words, he said at *Adellenas* house. *Ornatus* hearing that heavenly tidings, leapt for joy, presently hasting towards *Adellenas* house, which was not far off. *Lenon* to further his attempt, (which he thought he could not by violence execute: for he thought, if he should carry her away perforce in the day time, he should be prevented) devised an answer of the letter which he had taken

from *Thristus*, which he detirmined to deliver to *Artesia* as from *Ornatus*: the contents whereof were these:

My most dear and beloved *Artesia*, I have received the letter you sent me by your servant: whom I have employed about a matter of great importance that none could so fitly execute but himself: which news was most welcome to the comfort of my heart, that was almost overcome with despair of your safety, whereon my chiefest felicity dependeth. Therefore omitting further recital of my joy for your safety, which this paper cannot express, therefore I will meet you soon where my servant will bring you: whose fidelity I assure you is such as he will do nothing but what I have given him in charge: untill which time of meeting I cease all further circumstance of speeches.

Yours *Ornatus*.

With this letter *Lenon* went to *Adellenas* house, and knocking at the gate, was brought to her, to whom he delivered the same: who reading the contents and not being before well acquainted with *Ornatus* hand, nothing at all suspected the contrary: but both believed that it came from him and detirmined to go with the messenger to meet him: whilst she was preparing to go with *Lenon*, *Adellenas* maid came in, telling her that there was another to speak with her from *Ornatus*; with that *Lenon* changed countenance and *Artesia* willed her to bring him in. *Ornatus* beholding her had thought to have embraced her and discovered himself: but seeing a stranger there, and a letter in her hand, he stood in a study. *Artesia* noting well his countenance, thought it was *Ornatus* himself, but standing in a doubt thereof, said: I have received this letter from *Ornatus* already and therefore if you have a further message from him, tell it me, for any news from him shall be most welcome. *Ornatus* thought it was sent by *Phylastes*, but not knowing the messenger, marvelled thereat, saying: I cannot believe that it came from him, for while within this hour he had not knowledge of your being here. With

that, *Artesia* gave him the letter, willing him to read the same. *Ornatus* soon knew it was invented by some treachery, and therefore said: I know this comes not from *Ornatus*, for this is not his hand, nor he that brought it any of his servants, for himself sent me before, appointing to be here within this hour. *Lenon* hearing these speeches, wished himself a thousand miles off, fearing to be discovered, for that he could not tell how to excuse himself, nor by any colour avoid the danger. To whom *Ornatus* said: My friend, when did he deliver thee this letter? Yesterday (quoth he). Thou liest, said *Ornatus*: for he hath not been at the court for these three days. *Lenon* thinking with impudency to outface, having no other means left that was likely to help him, therefore said: This letter came from *Ornatus* and thou liest in saying the contrary: being some villain that art set to betray this lady: therefore (quoth he) speaking to *Artesia*, believe him not, for he is come with some evil intent. With that, *Ornatus* had those that were with him, lay hands on him: who presently apprehended him, and pulling off his hat, and subtil disguise that he wore, knew him to be *Lenon*: at the first, being half afraid to touch him, for fear they would have sworne he had been dead. *Ornatus* seeing *Artesia* in an exceeding fright, discovered himself, and with great joy embraced her, desired her to fear nothing. *Artesia* knowing him, soon forgot her fear, embracing him with exceeding joy. To whom he said: Fear him not, my dear *Artesia*, for be it himself, or his ghost, I care not: it shall go hard, if he now escape my hands. To whom he said: Most discourteous and cowardly villain, couldst thou not be contented to live in quiet, having once escaped my fury, but then thou must by further complots and treacheries seek to betray this lady, that never did injure thee? How often hast thou interrupted her quiet and from quietness brought her into misery? And knowing that she could not like thee, yet thou wert so impudent as never to give over thy suite, but to attain thy desire, first deprived her of

liberty, banished me in the disguise of *Sylvia*, and soughtest to betray my fathers life; and not withstanding thou hast beheld thy fathers woeful downfall and meritorious punishment, thou seekest to betray this ladys life by some unknown trechery, not yet revealed: For all of which, thou shalt suffer punishment as I have devised, and have power to execute. *Lenon* seeing himself discovered, grew desparate, and scorning to be rebuked at his hands, whom he still esteemed his inferior, but especially vexing that it was he that had so long hindered his love to *Artesia*, said: *Ornatus*, I think thou hast either forgotten thyself, or else what I am, that at thy pleasure rebukest me in such uncivil and ill-seeming terms. Am I not thy better, and one that not long since might have commanded thee? and is thy mind so much elevated and proud that thou wilt not acknowledge it? Thou makest brags of thy victory when thou mayest rather with shame keep silence, and with remorse repent, that thou hast sought the death of thy lawful king, being thyself but a traitor. As he would have spake more *Ornatus* interrupted him, saying: Hold thy peace and do not stir my mind to more sharp revenge by thy reply, for I scorn to hear thee speak: therefore give over, lest I punish that tongue of thine for uttering such high words in defence of vice. Since, quoth *Lenon*, thou wilt not hear me speak in defence of myself, let me be conveyed from thy presence, for thy sight is as odious unto me as mine to thee. Whilest they continued in *Adellenas* house, a messenger came running in breathless, uttering these speeches: Behold, most worthy *Ornatus*, I bring thee a message of much woe, and heavy import. Yesterday there was a messenger came to the court that brought a letter in *Artesias* name to *Phylastes*, who presently sent out a messenger to give you knowledge thereof: but not hearing of his return went himself and some twenty to the place appointed: and entering, he found not *Artesia* there but a crew of rebels, amongst whom *Lucertus* was chief, who all at once set upon him and his followers,

taking him for yourself: having so many, above the small number that were with *Phylastes*, that they had soon slain most of them that were with him: and he himself, not able to withstand such a multitude, had received many grievous wounds, and had been surely slain but that the heavens sent them this aid. It fortuned that day that Duke *Ternus* was going from the court to his own house: who by great fortune hearing the noise, with his men hasted thitherwards: and having knowledge of what was done, most valiently both himself and his men set upon *Lucertus*, whom they soon vanquished, having first slain many of his complices: and him they carried prisoner, with the rest of such as were alive, to the court: and with them, *Phylastes*, in great danger of death. *Ornatus* heart was exceedingly vexed to hear of his dear friend *Phylastes* hurt: but especially to think that he had not before attacked *Lucertus*, which he was once in mind to have done, which would have prevented all these mischiefs. The night now being come, *Ornatus* caused *Lenon* to be bound hand and foot and put into a strong place of the house with some to watch him, lest he should do himself violence: himself, with *Artesia*, spending that evening in many speeches, relating the manner of all these misfortunes: but especially comforting themselves in each others love: with *Adellena* calling to remembrance the whole manner of their troubles, only procured by *Lenon*: which sad relations made the renewing of their love more pleasant and delectable.

Early next morning, *Ornatus* putting himself in his palmers weeds and covering *Artesias* face with a veil, and carrying *Lenon* with them bound, departed towards the court. The next morning the peers of the land being still there, assembled themselves: amongst whom was *Allinus*, that likewise had found his lady, who hearing of his happy success against *Thæon*, was that morning newly arrived at the court, and by him entertained with exceeding joy. By that time they were assembled and had called *Lucertus* before them, *Ornatus*

with his company were likewise come, though unknown: and standing by, heard *Lucertus* confess that *Lenon* had instigated him to work that revenge against *Ornatus*, himself likewise gone to betray *Artesia*. The whole assembly marvelled when they heard him say that *Lenon* persuaded him to it, that *Allinus* stood up, saying: Is he not dead? *Lenon* (quoth *Lucertus*) is not dead. With that, *Ornatus* stepping in, thrust *Lenon* before him, and said: Here is the man that hath procured him to do all this mischief. The nobles beholding him were amazed at his sight, but being assured it was he, by the perfect knowledge they had of him, *Ternus* said: *Lenon*, I had always thought thou hadst born the mind of a gentleman but now I find the contrary in thee, and that in the most shameless degree. What fury lead thee to such mischievous attempts: to hire *Lucertus* to slay *Ornatus*, which he hath almost performed, and thyself to seek the death or misery of that virtuous lady that hath already endured so much wrong by thy folly? *Allinus* had not as yet heard of *Ornatus* hurt, nor any knew the contrary, but that *Phylastes* was he: for he, according to the mind of a most virtuous and constant friend, still concealed himself. Nor the Lady *Aura* had yet seen her son, whom she had but heard of, that *Allinus* said: Oh traiterous villain, with that *Aura* likewise began to make exceeding lamentation, which *Ornatus* was not able to behold, and therefore pulling off his disguised habit, humbly reverenced himself before them, upon his knee: both his parents with exceeding joy embraced him, shedding abundance of tears for his safety. With that, Duke *Ternus* and all the rest came to him, using him with such behaviour as belonged to him they had chosen king, seating him in an imperial chair. He being thus set, said: My noble lords, I thank you for entitling me with this exceeding honour: therefore my desire is, since you have elected me of your free and bounteous hearts to be your king, let me this day and instantly be installed with possession of the diadem, for that I have now no further cause of

care, to cause me to defer the same: and likewise that I may give judgement against those wicked conspirators. The nobles with joyful hearts gave consent, and immediately crowned him, with bended knees doing him reverence. Which done, *Ornatus* rising from his imperial seat came to *Artesia*, taking her by the hand and leading her up to the throne, seated her in the chair, placing the crown upon her head, saying: My lords, as you have elected me king, I pray likewise be contented with that I do, and make this your queen, then pulled he off the veil from *Artesias* face and her clear beauty appeared, to the admiration of all: who beholding, in humble sort did her reverence, making exceeding shouts for joy, their hearts being all glad of her safety. When this was done, they came down and embraced them, yeilding them many thanks, who all shewed such exceeding kindness as expressed their good will and rejoyed both her and *Ornatus* to behold: especially *Aura* and *Ternus* duchess, who with many embracings, which they thought they could not sufficiently express, rejoiced to see her in safety. But that time *Ornatus* was again seated, and *Artesia* by him, *Phylastes* hearing of *Ornatus* return, being (though grievously wounded) yet in no great danger of death, as well as he could, came into the presence: where beholding *Ornatus* and *Artesia* crowned, kneeled down before them: his heart conceiving exceeding joy to behold the heavenly sight: whom *Ornatus* kindly embraced, rejoicing to see him in the good estate; after *Artesias* salutation, willing him to sit down amongst them. Then *Ornatus* first commanding *Floretus* to be sent for out of prison, thus said: Now there resteth nothing but to give sentence against these that by conspiracies have been murderers, which fact is so heinous, it maketh them both odious to God and man, in which offence, both thou *Lenon*, *Lucertus* and *Tyresus* are guilty: therefore *Lenon*, (qd. he) first declare what moved thee, from time to time, to commit so many grievous acts as thou hast done? *Lenons* heart was dead with vexation to see him crowned, and

Artesia chosen his queen, that hanging down his head he would not speak: but *Lucertus* humbling himself upon his knee asked pardon. By this time *Floretus* was brought in and looking such a meager and pale countenance by reason of his long emprisonment, that *Artesia* wept to behold him, and could not chose but run and embrace him, upon her knee entreating *Ornatus* to pardon the offence he had committed which was against none but herself. *Ornatus* seeing her kneel, suddenly caught her up, embracing *Floretus* and causing his hands to be unloosed, withal saying: I not only with a willing heart pardon you, but also give unto you for ever all those possessions that belonged unto your brother *Arbastus*. *Floretus*, who expected nothing but death, was exceeding joyful and humbly upon his knee yeilded many thanks.

Then *Ornatus* seating himself again, said: Because this day is the first of our reign which should begin with mercy, and not with rigour, there shall not a drop of blood by our command be spilt: and therefore *Lenon*, though thou hast deserved no favour, but a most miserable death, we pardon thee. And *Lucertus*, commanding thee upon pain of death within ten days to depart this land, for that we banish thee hence for ever, which doom is too merciful for thy fact. For thee *Lenon* we only banish thee this court, where, on pain of death, set not thy foot, lest thy life ransome thy presumption. This said, taking *Artesia* by the hand, he was by the peers, with a noise of trumpets, and exceeding joy, conducted to a chapel, and in royal sort that day married to *Artesia*: and from thence, to an imperial feast: spending all that day in great pleasure, and at night taking lawful delight in her love: both then, and during the time of both their lives, living in most pleasant, loving, and virtuous sort: that most places of the world were filled with the report of their virtuous life, and peaceable government.

OROONOKO:

OR, THE

Royal Slave.

A TRUE

HISTORY.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Will. Canning*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Cloyſters.* 1688.

APHRA, OR AFRA, APHARA, AYFARA, BEHN (1640–89)

Whether Mrs. Behn was born at Canterbury or Wye is not certain. Nor is it certain whether her maiden name was Johnson or Amis. It is now also contested whether she ever went out to Surinam, of which, we are told by her earliest biographer, her father was appointed Governor-General. But upon investigation it has been discovered that there is no evidence of anyone of either the name of Johnson or Amis being so appointed. It is believed, on good authority, that Mrs. Behn collected the "facts" and the local colour, which is inaccurate in some points, for her novel *Oroonoko* from books and acquaintances in London. In 1664 she married a merchant of Dutch extraction who died two years afterwards, presumably in the Plague. She was sent in 1666 by Charles II (with whom we are told she was a favourite) as secret agent to the Netherlands during the Dutch war, but her report of De Witt's intention to sail up the Thames was laughed to scorn. On her return to England, she was imprisoned for debt, the king refusing to pay even the expenses she had incurred in his service. She was released after a short confinement and began writing plays for a living, her first play, *The Forc'd Marriage*, being performed in 1670. She became thereafter very successful as a writer of witty comedy, of which *The Rover* (1677) is a good example. Her contribution to the popular vilification of the Puritans is represented in *The Roundheads* (1682), and before her death she herself became the centre of much scandal, and it is only quite recently that critics have dealt with her at all fairly. She was the first woman to earn her living by the pen.

Her bibliography is as follows:

Plays: The Forc'd Marriage, 1670. The Amorous Prince, 1671. The Dutch Lover, 1673. Abdelazar, 1677. The Rover, 1677. The Debauchee, 1677. The Town Fop, 1677. Sir Patient Fancy, 1678. The Rover, Part II, 1681. The Roundheads, 1682. The City Heiress, 1682. The False Count, 1682. The Young King, 1683. The Lucky Chance, 1687. The Emperor of the Moon, 1687. Collected Plays, 1702. Novels and pamphlets: The Adventures of the Black Lady, 1684. La Montre, or the Lover's Watch, 1686. Lycidas, 1688. The Lucky Mistake, 1689. Novels and Histories (including) Oroonoko, The Fair Jilt, The Nun, Agnes de Castro, and The Court of King Bantam, 1698. Poetical Remains, ed. by Gildon, 1689.

Criticism: Hunt, Goss, V. Sackville-West, Jerrold. See also the chapter on Mrs. Behn and her type of novel in Dr. Ernest Baker's History of the English Novel, vol. iii.

OROONOKO:

OR

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SLAVE

I DO not pretend, in giving you the History of this *Royal Slave,* to entertain my Reader with Adventures of a feign'd *Hero,* whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's pleasure; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it with any Accidents, but such as arrived in earnest to him: And it shall come simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the addition of Invention.

I was myself an Eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down; and what I cou'd not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth: And though I shall omit, for brevity's sake, a thousand little Accidents of his life, which, however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare, yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute, new and strange. But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America,* called *Surinam,* in the *West-Indies.*

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave,* 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new *Colonies;* those they make use of there, not being *Natives* of the place: for those we live with in perfect

Amity, without daring to command 'em; but, on the contrary, caress 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the world; trading with them for their Fish, Venison, Buffalo's Skins, and little Rarities; as *Marmosets*, a sort of Monkey, as big as a Rat or Weasel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, having Face and Hands like a Human Creature; and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the form and fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten, but so exactly made in all parts like that Noble Beast, that it is it in *Miniature*. Then for little *Paraketoes*, great *Parrots*, *Muckaws*, and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some threescore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at his Majesty's *Antiquary's*; where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by my self; some as big as my Fist, some less; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality; and was unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature; and some of Art, as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Brass or Silver beat thin, and any shining Trinket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a Quarter of an Ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long stripe of Linen,

which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste, and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms, and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties, which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the Colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an undecent Action, or Glance: and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes, there being nothing to heighten Curiosity; but all you can see, you see at once, and every moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsome young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present, or rather as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before *Man* knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquillity they possess

by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made mourning and fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a day to 'em, and neither came nor sent; believing, when a Man's word was past, nothing but Death cou'd or shou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a Man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White* Men. They have Plurality of Wives; which, when they grow old, serve those that succeed 'em, who are young, but with a Servitude easy and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battle with Conduct and Success; of whom I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behoves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the means of getting it; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supply us with that 'tis impossible for us to get: for they do not only in the Woods, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, supply the parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable Places, and by the mere Activity of their Feet run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts; but in the Water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the deep; so rare an Art they have in swimming,

diving, and almost living in Water; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for shooting, what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have so admirable an Aim, that they will split almost an Hair, and at any distance that an Arrow can reach: they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Point, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being on all occasions very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to caress 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves, nor dare we do other, their numbers so far surpassing ours in that Continent.

Those then whom we make use of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negroes*, Black-Slaves all together, who are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Master, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they shall be deliver'd on such a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have so contracted, go a-board, and receive their number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men, the rest Women and Children. Or be there more or less of either Sex, you are obliged to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* so called, was one of those Places in which they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves, and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandize traffick; for that Nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual Campaign, being always in hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives: for all they took in Battle were sold as Slaves; at least those common Men who cou'd not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the Profit; and of these

Generals our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himself a Man of an hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, tho he had many beautiful Black Wives: for most certainly there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of whom died in Battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-child, Son to one of these dead Victors, who, as soon as he could bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field to be train'd up by one of the oldest Generals to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers that ever saw the Field of *Mars*: so that he was ador'd as the wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he struck an Awe and Reverence, even into those that knew not his Quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with surprize and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our World.

He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth Year, when, fighting by his side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aimed at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpose to receive it in his own Body, rather than it should touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaimed General in the old Man's place: and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court, where he had hardly been a Month together, from the

time of his fifth Year to that of seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity: or, to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refined Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost continually fighting Men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no Sounds but those of War and Groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a *Frenchman* of Wit and Learning, who finding it turn to very good account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young Black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extremely belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, he lov'd when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniard* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this Great Man, and been a Witness to many of his mighty Actions; and do assure my Reader, the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of and admired the *Romans*: He had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Sense and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extreme good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points address'd himself as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extreme Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I could talk with

him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprized when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addressed himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fancy'd: The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from head to foot. His Face was not of that brown rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but of perfect Ebony, or polished Jett. His Eyes were the most awful that cou'd be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat. His Mouth the finest shaped that could be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the Negroes. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so nobly and exactly form'd, that bating his Colour, there could be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty. His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art, which was by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of those of his Person; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject: and whoever had heard him speak, wou'd have been convinced of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confined to the white Men, especially to those of Christendom; and wou'd have confess'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as sensible of Power, as any Prince civiliz'd in the most refined Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the most illustrious Courts.

This Prince, such as I have describ'd him, whose Soul and Body were so admirably adorned, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather, as I said) as capable of Love, as 'twas possible for a brave and

gallant Man to be; and in saying that, I have named the highest Degree of Love: for sure great Souls are most capable of that Passion.

I have already said, the old General was kill'd by the Shot of an Arrow by the side of this Prince in Battle; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead Hero had one only Daughter left of his Race, a Beauty, that to describe her truly, one need say only, she was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful Black *Venus* to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Person as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have seen a hundred White men sighing after her, and making a thousand Vows at her feet, all in vain, and unsuccessful. And she was indeed too great for any but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battle, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be subdu'd. So that having made his first Compliments, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd

for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid, insomuch that, even in the presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whisperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women; but (to use his own words) he said, Most happily, some new, and, till then, unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the same time, in favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a sense of his Passion. She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before. Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him, but turn'd all his happy moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a distinction may be made in Love; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman, is, to turn her off, to abandon her to want, shame and misery: such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian* Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those

Professors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such; but, contrary to the custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she shou'd be the only Woman he wou'd possess while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles shou'd encline him to change; for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he shou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore; and shou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greatest Honour the Gods cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask how 'twas perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both sides, that in obedience to him, the Grandfather was to be first made acquainted with the Design: For they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate into his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long race of his numerous Years. At this Character, his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court, (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some *Chagreen*: however, it gave him also an opportunity, one day, when the Prince was a hunting, to wait

on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who should go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he should then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an opportunity to hear what Message she wou'd return the Prince for his Present, and from thence gather the state of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burn'd: He found her all he had heard, and would not delay his Happiness, but found he should have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart; for she express'd her sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be dissembled, insomuch that 'twas past doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some affliction; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferiour to what they paid their Gods; and what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation: He sends the Lady he has a mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is cover'd, and secur'd for the King's Use; and 'tis Death to disobey; besides, held a most impious Disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that seiz'd the lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these cases are dangerous, and Pleading worse than Treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer her self to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin; whom he having commanded shou'd be brought to him, they (after disrobing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his

Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw her self on the Marble, on the brink of the Bath, and besought him to hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been, of having it in her power to oblige her King; but as by the Laws he could not, and from his Royal Goodness would not take from any Man his wedded Wife; so she believ'd she shou'd be the Occasion of making him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, she was another's, and cou'd not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had married a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. *Imoinda*, seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble, (whether with Age or Anger, I know not, but she fancy'd the last) almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the storm wou'd fall on the Prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with calmness: but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but wou'd not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer her self to receive his Caresses, or, by his Gods he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name shou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himself. *Therefore* (said he) *deny this Marriage, and swear thy self a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (said the King;) *'tis enough both to satisfy my Conscience, and my Heart.* And rising from his Seat, he went and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time, the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to visit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a storm; and in his madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent hands on himself. Force first prevail'd, and then Reason: They urg'd all to him, that might oppose his

Rage; but nothing weigh'd so greatly with him as the King's Old Age, uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, because it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his Heart. Yet this serv'd not altogether to make him cease his different Passions, which sometimes rag'd within him, and softned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his Grandfather was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no cause to sigh and mourn for the loss of a Mistress, he cou'd not with all his strength and courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *Oh, my Friends! were she in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greatest strength; did Inchantments or Monsters detain her from me; I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: But here, in the Arms of a feeble Old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing.* Imoinda *is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! she is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate shou'd bow the old King to his Grave, even that wou'd not leave me* Imoinda *free; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Mistresses, wou'd hinder my Happiness; unless I wou'd either ignobly set an ill Precedent to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, That his Case was not the same; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife by solemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he so pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the breach of the Law being on his Grandfather's side; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This Reasoning had some force upon him, and he

shou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the thought that she was possess'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope, and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own mouth, what only she cou'd satisfy him in, whether she was robb'd of that Blessing which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a sight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan,* but when the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives or Mistresses; and 'twas Death, at any other time, for any other to go in) so he knew not how to contrive to get a sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubled, for having been forc'd, by an irresistible Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extremely dear to him; since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen, and had besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found, that however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she cou'd only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear speaking of him, tho her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas his Dotage on our young Hero, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him, without offending; and this Condescension in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself: And those of whom he ask'd, being entirely slaves to the Merits and Vertues of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his

Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But, however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all appearance, with unconcern and content; her Heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justify as far as possibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: so that in a little time, the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistresses. But as soon as he enter'd, one day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determined Resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood; and had certainly done so, but for the support of *Aboan*, a young Man who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those who laugh when one says, *A* Negro *can change Colour*: for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain, that both these Changes were evident, this day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Caress, with which she met him;

which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had time to tell the Prince, with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that she resented his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, instructed by the most tender and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted but she was the only delight and darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal* (a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*,) and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the dalliance of the King, who immediately led the trembling Victim from his sight, into that prepar'd Repose; what Rage! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within bounds, and to suffer without noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thousand Pains. He was forced to retire to vent his Groans, where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long time, and only breathing now and then—Oh *Imoinda*! When *Onahal* had finished her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth, to wait till the King called; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room, she past on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid. She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the Nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*, she told him he had not so much cause as he imagined to afflict himself: for if he knew the King so well as she did, he wou'd not lose a moment in Jealousy; and that she was confident

that *Imoinda* bore, at this minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the same opinion, and both together persuaded him to re-assume his Courage; and all sitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half-persuaded her to be of his Party: and she promised him, she would thus far comply with his just Desires, that she would let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King called, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assumed a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his circumstances could do: and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so surpassing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em, and received the Present ordained as a Prize. The Prince was every moment more charmed with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this Fair-One; and while he gazed, and she danc'd, *Onahal* was retired to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians or Governantees to the new and the young ones, and whose business it was to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charmed heretofore in their turn; and who now treated the triumphing Happy-ones with all the Severity as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of their Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass, as it were regardless by, and paid only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining

Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid claim; to hear them whisper, as she passes by, that once was a delicate Woman. Those abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the despights and decays of time, on these flourishing Happy-ones. And 'twas this Severity that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he should never prevail with *Onahal* to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in love. And though she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sense and Wit; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan's* Youth: so that he took pleasure in entertaining her with Discourses of Love. He knew also, that to make his court to these She-favourites, was the way to be great; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observed that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting than she had done to others of his Quality. And now, when he saw that her Favour cou'd so absolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all soft upon her, and gave her hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him: but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that day, and his Conversation.

Aboan fail'd not that night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and besought him if it were possible to caress her so, as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires: *For then* (said the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my*

behalf. *Aboan* understood him, and assur'd him he would make love so effectually, that he would defy the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he dissembled it, or had it really. And 'twas with impatience they waited the next opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the time of taking the Field approached; and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army to encounter the Enemy; so that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoinda*: for he believed he cou'd not live, if he were forced away without being so happy. 'Twas with impatience therefore that he expected the next Visit the King wou'd make; and according to his Wish it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover could spy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers who told him they observ'd it: so that the Prince was hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he should make to the *Otan*; he therefore urged *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onahal*, that she deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and Antick Postures the Women-Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* singled out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her wish. When she had him where she believ'd she cou'd not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, *Ah*, Aboan *! when will you be sensible of my Passion ? I confess it with my Mouth, because I would not give my Eyes the Lye ; and you have but too much already perceived they have confess'd my Flame : nor would I have you believe, that because I am the abandoned Mistress of a King, I esteem my self altogether divested of Charms : No*, Aboan *;*

I have still a Rest of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have Lovers still, but will have none but Aboan. *Madam,* (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me you condescend to this kind Confession. But, Madam, Words are used to be so small a part of our Country-Courtship, that 'tis rare one can get so happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and those few Minutes we have, are forced to be snatch'd for more certain Proofs of Love than speaking and sighing; and such I languish for.*

He spoke this with such a Tone, that she hoped it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with Joy for having subdued the finest of all the King's Subjects to her Desires, she took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He would have refused 'em, crying, *Madam, these are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-Hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, she whisper'd softly to him; *Oh! do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love sets her a thinking.* And pressing his Hand, she cry'd, *This Night you shall be happy: Come to the Gate of the Orange-Grove, behind the* Otan, *and I will be ready about Mid-night to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and she left him, that no notice might be taken of their speaking together.

The Ladies were still dancing, and the King laid on a Carpet with a great deal of Pleasure was beholding them, especially *Imoinda,* who that day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her, of the constant Passion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fixed on the Object of his Soul; and as she turned or moved, so did they: and she alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions. Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other use, than in beholding with infinite pleasure

the Joy she produced in those of the Prince. But while she was more regarding him, than the Steps she took, she chanced to fall; and so near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as she fell: and 'twas visible to the whole Presence, the Joy wherewith he received her. He clasped her close to his Bosom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Mistress of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldness of this nature. And had not the Presence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own) befriended him, in making her spring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had at that instant met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the last degree, rose up in rage, broke all the Diversion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and sent out word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he shou'd suffer the Death ordained for disobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whose unseasonable Transport and Caress of *Imoinda* was blamed by all Men that loved him: and now he perceived his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for such another Moment he would be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in disorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, because on the Prince's Stay depended her Happiness; for she cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*: So that e'er they departed, they contrived it so, that the Prince and he should both come that night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons, and that there they wou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus with Grief enough till night, leaving the King in possession of the lovely Maid. But nothing could appease the Jealousy of the old Lover; he wou'd not be imposed on, but would have it, that *Imoinda* made a false Step on purpose to fall into *Oroonoko's* Bosom, and that all things looked like a Design on both sides; and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence:

He was old and obstinate, and left her more than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unprepar'd for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the ground, and answer'd very little. This confirmed the Jealousy of the King, and he commanded that they should very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he should not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other shou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watched to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happiness, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the best of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he shew'd the height of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an opportunity, he suffer'd himself to be caress'd in bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince softly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little surpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet she trembled with a thousand Fears. I believe he omitted saying nothing to this young Maid, that might persuade her to suffer him to seize his own, and take the Rights of Love. And I believe she was not long resisting those Arms where she so long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night, and Silence, Youth, Love and Desire, he soon prevail'd, and ravished in a moment what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for so many Months.

'Tis not to be imagined the Satisfaction of these two young Lovers; nor the Vows she made him, that she

remained a spotless Maid till that night, and that what she did with his Grandfather had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour; the Gods, in Mercy and Justice, having reserved that for her plighted Lord, to whom of right it belonged. And 'tis impossible to express the Transports he suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming from her loved Lips; and clasped that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languished: and nothing now afflicted him, but his sudden Departure from her; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands, but should depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belonged to him, he believed for the future he would be less able to injure him: so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another, he believed her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet would he have ventur'd at the Conquest of the World, and have given it all to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil.* 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion: 'twas a Glory that could well have been spared here, tho desired and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battle-Ax he used to wear by his side; and having not so much leisure as to put on his Habit, he opposed himself against some who were already opening the Door: which they did with so much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forced to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldness to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely; know, that I, the Prince* Oroonoko, *will revenge it with the certain Death of him*

that first enters: Therefore, stand back, and know, this Place is sacred to Love and Me this night; to-morrow 'tis the King's.

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv'd and assur'd, that they soon retired from the Door; but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being satisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd by thy Friends.*

At these words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad leave of his *Imoinda*; who, trusting in the Strength of her Charms, believed she should appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, she was surprized, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp, and with much ado prevail'd on him to go. Nor was it she alone that prevailed; *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assured him of a Lye that should be well enough contrived to secure *Imoinda*. So that at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after, the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda*, with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness, and Perfidy; and threatning her Royal Lover, she fell on her face at his feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, could testify: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravished her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she should feign this Falsity. She knew it could not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that would stand by him, against any Injuries that should assault him. However this last Thought of *Imoinda's* being ravished, changed the

Measures of his Revenge; and whereas before he designed to be himself her Executioner, he now resolved she should not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in nature amongst 'em, to touch a Woman after having been possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother, so now he looked on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he resign her to his Grandson, because she had received the *Royal Veil*: He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into safe hands, with order they should be both sold off as Slaves to another Country, either Christian or Heathen, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they implor'd might be reversed; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in execution accordingly, and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either without or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Absence, or their Destiny.

The old King nevertheless executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believed he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolved, and had perform'd what he resolv'd. He believed now, that his Love had been unjust; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or *Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown Power) wou'd suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excused; and to say, he had reason for what he did: And now every body cou'd assure the King how passionately *Imoinda* was beloved by the Prince; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was not abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man disobliged, first by the Rape of his Mistress, or rather Wife, and now by depriving him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself or his old Grandfather the Offender, he began to repent him extremely of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides

he consider'd he ought in honour to have killed her for this Offence, if it had been one. He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death, and not to have sold her like a common Slave; the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any, and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* would highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him; and to that end, he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief; but that by no means he shou'd tell him she was sold, but secretly put to death: for he knew he should never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of engaging with the Enemy; but as soon as he heard of the arrival of the Messenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embraced him, and received him with Joy: which was soon abated by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko*; who, impatient of delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a breath, and all concerning *Imoinda*. But there needed little return; for he cou'd almost answer himself of all he demanded from his Sighs and Eyes. At last the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's feet, and kissing them with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter, he besought him to hear with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice,—*I am armed against their worst Efforts—For I know they will tell me,* Imoinda *is no more—and after that, you may spare the rest.* Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavilion, and remained a good

while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger asked him leave to deliver that part of his Embassy which the Prince had not yet divin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*——Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he deign'd to ask pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince would not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not restore him, but might recompense him in Glory, which he begged he would pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, would soon even the Account between him and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjusted between them: if there were, 'twas he was the Aggressor, and that Death would be just, and, maugre his Age, wou'd see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate and worthy of that Favour from the Gods: That henceforth he would never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow, but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grandfather had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence and Beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest Officers and Men of the best Rank cou'd do, they could not raise him from the Carpet, or persuade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavilion all that day, while the Enemy was ready to engage: and wondring at the delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much ado to get Admittance. They fell on their faces at the foot of his Carpet, where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears, to lead them forth to Battle, and not let the Enemy take

Advantages of them; and implored him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications, but this, That he had now no more business for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care: *Go* (continued he, sighing) *and divide it amongst you, and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They then demanded what they should do, and whom he would constitute in his room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, he would not give himself the trouble—but wished 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, Oh my Friends!* (said he) *it is not Titles make Men brave or good; or Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold* Oroonoko *the most wretched, and abandoned by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himself about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they could urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces and ominous Looks, that presaged no good luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon them, before they would provide for their Safety, by any Defence: and though they were assured by some, who had a mind to animate them, that they should be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they could make but a very feeble Resistance; and at last, downright fled before the Enemy, who pursued 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em. Nor could all *Aboan's* Courage, which that day gained him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in

great disorder, made such out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two days, without permitting any Sustenance to approach him. But, in spight of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that instant he leaped from his Couch, and cry'd—*Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest way; and 'twill be more like* Oroonoko *to encounter him at an Army's Head, opposing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily on a Couch, to wait his lingring Pleasure, and die every moment by a thousand racking Thoughts; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining love-sick Slave to adorn the Triumphs of* Jamoan, *that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I have prescrib'd him.*

While he was speaking, he suffer'd his People to dress him for the Field; and sallying out of his Pavilion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew'd, he appear'd like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction: and his People had purposely put him on all things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believed that Human Strength could perform; and such as soon inspir'd all the rest with new Courage, and new Order. And now it was that they began to fight indeed; and so, as if they would not be outdone even by their ador'd Hero; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest: and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; so that he never put him amongst the Rank

of Captives, as they used to do, without distinction, for the common Sale, or Market, but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner but the Name, and returned no more into his own Country; so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*, and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment: which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, and the *French* Governour he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infused into his young Pupil. This *Frenchman* was banished out of his own Country, for some Heretical Notions he held: and tho he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan's* Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the place, they spent some time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain awhile there in his Tents, than to enter into a Palace, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a loss. The Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Persuasions, Arguments, and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Chagreen*, and Torture of Despair, which the first Effects of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him; insomuch as having received a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitation to return to Court, he obey'd, tho with no little reluctancy: and when he did so, there was a visible change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But time lessens all Extremes, and reduces 'em to *Mediums*, and Unconcern: but no Motives of Beauties, tho all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he

had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Designs.

Oroonoko was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be expressed to a young Victor, who was not only returned triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, than there arriv'd in the Port an *English Ship*.

The Master of it had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he cou'd. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every day with Globes and Maps, and mathematical Discourses and Instruments; eating, drinking, hunting, and living with him with so much familiarity, that it was not to be doubted but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence, some day or other at Dinner, before he shou'd set sail: which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he cou'd possibly: And the day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-

Cushions, row'd to the shore, to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extremely delighted; who met him on the shore, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court: And after they had first carry'd the Prince on board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all sorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and several sorts of Wine, as did all the rest, (for great care was taken, they shou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambled at their pleasure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down into the Hold, to view that part of the Vessel; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest; and all in one instant, in several places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands to work to hoist Sail; and with as treacherous as fair a Wind they made from the Shore with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave in the Captain; but I will spare my sense of it, and leave it to my Reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily guess'd, in what manner the Prince resented this Indignity, who may be best resembled to a Lion taken in a Toil; so he rag'd, so he struggled for Liberty, but all in vain: and they had so wisely manag'd his Fetters, that he could not use a hand in his defence to quit

himself of a Life that wou'd by no means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the place where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the Ship against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that way. So that being deprived of all other means, he resolv'd to perish for want of Food; and pleas'd at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tir'd by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolv'd upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him, he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a Deed, and which could not be now remedy'd, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assur'd him he would revoke his Resolution, and set both him and his Friends a-shore on the next Land they should touch at; and of this the Messenger gave him his Oath, provided he would resolve to live. And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Asseveration, believ'd in an instant what this Man said; but reply'd, He expected, for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This demand was carried to the Captain; who return'd him answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remain'd in the Ship, for fear lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself, and the King his Master, to whom this Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* reply'd, He would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the command of the Captain, as he was Lord of the King's Vessel, and General of those Men under his command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting Captain, who could not resolve to trust a Heathen, he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no sense or notion of the God that he worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then reply'd, He was very sorry to hear that the Captain pretended to the knowledge and worship of any Gods, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to credit as he would be credited. But they told him, the difference of their Faith occasion'd that distrust: For the Captain had protested to him upon the word of a Christian, and sworn in the name of a great God; which if he should violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be just to his Oath?* (reply'd *Oroonoko*) *Let him know, I swear by my Honour; which to violate, would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and so give my self perpetual Pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all Mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men. But Punishments hereafter are suffer'd by one's self; and the World takes no Cognizance whether this GOD have reveng'd 'em, or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferr'd so long: while the Man of no Honour suffers every moment the Scorn and Contempt of the honester World, and dies every day ignominiously in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life. I speak not this to move Belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods.* So, turning from him with a disdainful Smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what Answer he should carry back to his Captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

The Captain pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the *Frenchman*, whom the Captain could not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him, he was secured, because he might act something in favour of the Prince, but that he should be freed as soon as they came to

Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might shew himself to the rest; that they might have an eye upon him, and that they could not fear a single Man.

This being resolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Compliments, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his Parole, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, (for he had neither eat nor slept in four days before) he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Sustenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of that Liberty on the first Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give credit to his Words. shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with excess of Joy at the sight of their darling Prince; falling at his feet, and kissing and embracing him; believing, as some divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms; and that they could not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) could have, against the Revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the Injuries sustain'd by him. And they all, with one accord, assur'd him, they cou'd not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this, they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the respect due to his Birth, tho nothing could divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a thousand Griefs for her eternal Loss, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the Overseers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be: the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*) they sold 'em off, as Slaves, to several Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other; nor daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage should put 'em upon contriving some great Action, to the ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Overseer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd in passing over the side of the Ship; *Farewel, Sir, 'tis worth my Sufferings, to gain so true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you swear.* And desiring those that held him to forbear their Pains, and telling 'em he would make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and shewing no more concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him, was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord-Governour, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mein, a greatness of Look, and haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune: which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves; *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; could speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he would suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master. So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the hands of his new Friend, whom he found resenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions; which were recited with that Modesty, and delicate Sense, as wholly vanquished him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promised him on his Word and Honour he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again; assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so

dishonourable an Action; and that he would sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concerned to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promised to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he should have an account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little reason to credit the Words of a *Backearary*; yet he knew not why, but he saw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw an Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour: for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their Passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People would flock to behold this Man: not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the sight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain cou'd not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the minute he sold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged *Trefry* to give him something more befitting a Slave, which he did, and took off his Robes: Nevertheless he shone thro all, and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mein; and he had no less Admirers than when he had his dazling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in spight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it. As soon as they approached him, they venerated and esteemed him; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talked of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the Christians never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; so that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæsar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*: for 'tis most evident he wanted no part of the personal Courage of that *Cæsar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the World replenished with People and Historians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had lived from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who immediately after his time took that Country, had not killed, banished and dispersed all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who designed it, dy'd before he began it, and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore I must call *Oroonoko Cæsar*; since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was received on shore at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself (God bless him) had come ashore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectation by all the whole Plantation, and those neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was received more like a Governour than a Slave: notwithstanding, as the Custom was, they assigned him his Portion of Land, his House and his Business up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Design to put him to his Task, he endured no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd some days in the House, receiving all Visits that were made him, without stirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At last, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his House, and the Business assign'd him. But he no sooner came

to the Houses of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it self, the *Negroes* all having left work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at several times, sold most of 'em to these Parts; and from a Veneration they pay to great Men, especially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the sight of him, they all cast themselves at his feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* and kissing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him, and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em was here confirm'd; of which he himself before had no other Witness than *Cæsar* himself: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandeur confirmed by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæsar troubled with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, besought 'em to rise, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; assuring them he was no better. At which they set up with one accord a most terrible and hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the *English* had much ado to appease: but at last they prevailed with 'em, and they prepared all their barbarous Musick, and every one kill'd and dress'd something of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leisure-times, they breed all eatable things) and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Presence; which he did, and several *English* with him, where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their several Nations, and with unweary'd Industry endeavouring to please and delight him.

While they sat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæsar*, that most of these young Slaves were undone in love with a fine She-Slave, whom they had had about six Months on their Land; the Prince, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that Tale, which

of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so unhappy, as to be all undone for one fair Slave? *Trefry*, who was naturally amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their Plantation, about fifteen or sixteen Years old, as he guess'd; that for his part he had done nothing but sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the White Beauties he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her that did not fall in love with her; and that she had all the Slaves perpetually at her feet; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so (said he) we have christen'd her: but she denies us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she who can give such eternal Desires, should her self be all Ice and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the most graceful Modesty that ever beautify'd Youth; the softest Sigher—that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languished for some absent happy Man; and so retired, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day, or that the Breezes wou'd steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work, some sighing Lover every day makes it his petition to perform for her; which she accepts blushing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder* (reply'd the Prince) *that* Clemene *should refuse Slaves, being, as you say, so beautiful; but wonder how she escapes those that can entertain her as you can do: or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield? I confess* (said *Trefry*) *when I have, against her will, entertained her with Love so long, as to be transported with my Passion even above Decency, I have been ready to make use of those Advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me: But Oh! she disarms me with that Modesty and Weeping, so tender and so moving, that*

I retire, and thank my Stars she overcame me. The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave, and *Cæsar* only applauded the Nobleness of his Passion and Nature, since that Slave might be noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus passed they this Night, after having received from the Slaves all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next day, *Trefry* ask'd *Cæsar* to walk when the Heat was allay'd, and designedly carry'd him by the Cottage of the fair Slave; and told him she whom he spoke of last night lived there retir'd: *But* (says he) *I would not wish you to approach; for I am sure you will be in love as soon as you behold her. Cæsar* assured him, he was proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagined his Heart could be so perfidious to love again, after *Imoinda*, he believed he should tear it from his Bosom. They had no sooner spoke, but a little Shock-Dog, that *Clemene* had presented her, which she took great delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just speaking of her: when seeing them, she would have run in again, but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, *however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay some respect to this Stranger,* (pointing to *Cæsar*.) But she, as if she had resolved never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the Prince the leisure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or Consideration, to examine who this fair Creature was; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her; in a minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life: it stood without Motion, and for a Minute knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so oppress'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this allay, that he perceived *Imoinda* fall dead in the hands of *Trefry*. This awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms,

where by degrees she came to her self; and 'tis needless to tell with what Transports, what Exstasies of Joy, they both awhile beheld each other, without speaking; then snatched each other to their Arms; then gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing they grasped: but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender things they express'd to each other; wondring what strange Fate had brought them again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but at the same time they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were soft and easy, and would be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæsar* swore he disdained the Empire of the World, while he could behold his *Imoinda*; and she despised Grandeur and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she could gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said. That little Inch of the World would give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do; and she vow'd, it was a Palace, while adorned with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleased with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the fair Mistress of whom *Cæsar* had before spoke; and was not a little satisfy'd, that Heaven was so kind to the Prince as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-House* (which was on the same Plantation) to give me an account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Cæsar*, and from his own Mouth learned what I have related; which was confirmed by his *Frenchman*, who was set on shore to seek his Fortune, and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, because a Christian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to see and pay his Respects to his Pupil Prince. So that concerning and interesting my self in all that related to

Cæsar, whom I had assured of Liberty as soon as the Governour arrived, I hasted presently to the Place where these Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young Slave (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettiness) to be the same I had heard *Cæsar* speak so much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Respect; and tho from her being carved in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those who are nobly born of that Country, are so delicately cut and raised all over the Fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were japan'd, the Works being raised like high Point round the edges of the Flowers. Some are only carved with a little Flower, or Bird, at the sides of the Temples, as was *Cæsar*; and those who are so carved over the Body, resemble our antient *Picts* that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy day *Cæsar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country would afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very short time after she conceived with Child, which made *Cæsar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his great Race. This new Accident made him more impatient of Liberty, and he was every day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty, and offer'd either Gold, or a vast quantity of Slaves, which should be paid before they let him go, provided he could have any Security that he should go when his Ransom was paid. They fed him from day to day with Promises, and delay'd him till the Lord-Governour should come; so that he began to suspect them of Falshood, and that they would delay him till the time of his Wife's Delivery, and make a Slave of that too: for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong. This Thought made him very

uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him; so that I was obliged, by some Persons who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very fatal sometimes in those Colonies that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast numbers) to discourse with *Cæsar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly could: They knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of. I entertained them with the Loves of the *Romans*, and great Men, which charmed him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress of, and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the Knowledg of the true God: But of all Discourses, *Cæsar* liked that the worst, and would never be reconciled to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle he said would turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he liked the Company of us Women much above the Men, for he could not drink, and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot. So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially my self, whom he call'd his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word would go a great way with him. For these Reasons I had opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleased of late, as he used to be; was more retired and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he shou'd suspect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not so long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me some Answers that shew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask, what advantage it would be to doubt? It would but give us a fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I should be very loth to behold: that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps

this was not so luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he resented that Word, which I strove to soften again in vain: However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he should take, he would act nothing upon the *White* People; and as for my self, and those upon that *Plantation* where he was, he would sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it self, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that place. He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his account, for he could do nothing that Honour should not dictate; but he accus'd himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long: yet he charg'd that weakness on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory it self; and, for which, now he reproaches himself every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he would not be long in Bondage; and though he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him uneasy; and he had been too long idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms. He had a Spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tam'd to lazy Rest; and though all Endeavours were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrestling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing, Chasing and Killing *Tygers* of a monstrous size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have encounter'd at the River of *Amazons*, and which *Cæsar* took great delight to overcome; yet these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Actions.

Before I parted that day with him, I got, with much-ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governour, who was every day expected on our shore: he assur'd me he would, and this Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in complaisance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our view, nor did the Country, who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he should be permitted, as seldom as could be, to go up to the Plantations of the *Negroes*; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that should be rather in appearance Attendants than Spies. This Care was for some time taken, and *Cæsar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him; he received new assurance from the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him. During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Country; because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the Advantages he hop'd to reap by them: so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place. Though, in a word, I must say thus much of it; that certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master of in that Continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble Earth than all the Universe beside; for, they say, it reaches from East to West one way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May*, and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn: Groves of Oranges, Lemons,

Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nosegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kinds, some are all White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blue, some Yellow; bearing at the same time ripe Fruit, and blooming Young, or producing every day new. The very Wood of all these Trees has an intrinsick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; so that we make our Candles of such an aromatick Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on: this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig of six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an account of all the divers wonderful and strange Things that Country affords, and which we took a very great delight to go in search of; tho those Adventures are oftentimes fatal, and at least dangerous: But while we had *Cæsar* in our company on these Designs, we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill*: It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the opposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of different Flowers eternally blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a thousand rare Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most ravishing

that Sands can create. On the edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Lemon-Trees, about half the length of the *Mall* here, flowery and fruit-bearing Branches met at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River, made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest hours of the day, but refresh'd the sweet Blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming; and sure, the whole Globe of the World cannot shew so delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boasted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature had join'd with Art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast Trees, as big as *English* Oaks, could take footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little Earth as cover'd that Rock: But all things by Nature there are rare, delightful and wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we would go surprizing, and in search of young *Tygers* in their Dens, watching when the old ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Design, and *Cæsar* was with us; who had no sooner stoln a young *Tyger* from her Nest, but going off, we encounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which she had torn off with her mighty Paw, and going with it towards her Den: we had only four Women, *Cæsar*, and an *English* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin* the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we could from it; but our Heels had not saved our Lives, if *Cæsar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tyger* quit her Prey to make the more speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword, desired him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him; and *Cæsar* met this monstrous Beast of mighty Size, and vast Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his awful

stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very steddy and good aiming Posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through her Breast down to her very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword: the dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpriz'd with death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but could not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return: which, after some assurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tyger*, who was laid in her Blood on the ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my feet. We all extremely wonder'd at his daring, and at the bigness of the Beast, which was about the height of an Heifer, but of mighty great and strong Limbs.

Another time being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tyger* which had long infested that Part, and borne away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd: abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her with several Bullets quite through the Body, at several times; and some swearing they shot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd she was a Devil, rather than a mortal thing. *Cæsar* had often said, he had a mind to encounter this Monster, and spoke with several Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I shot her with so many poison'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that: so that he remarking all these places where she was shot, fancy'd still he should overcome her, by giving her another sort of a Wound than any had yet done, and one day said (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands, Ladies, will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this ravenous Beast, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he should be rewarded at all our hands. So taking a Bow, which

he chose out of a great many, he went up into the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be; they had not past very far in it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleas'd with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new ravish'd Sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing her self approach'd, she took fast hold of her Prey with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Cæsar*, without offering to approach him, for fear at the same time of losing what she had in possession. So that *Cæsar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he design'd: 'twas some time before he could accomplish it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enrag'd her the more, and endanger'd him. He had a Quiver of Arrows at his side, so that if one fail'd, he could be supply'd; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was ravenous, and fell to as soon as she saw him retire, being more eager of her Prey, than of doing new Mischiefs: when he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being seconded by another Arrow, she fell dead upon the Prey. *Cæsar* cut her open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why she did not die of 'em. But I shall now relate a thing that, possibly, will find no credit among Men; because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and live: But when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were seven Bullets of Lead in it, the Wound seam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: This Heart

the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see; and which gave *Cæsar* occasion of many fine Discourses, of Accidents in War, and strange Escapes.

At other times he would go a Fishing; and discoursing on that Diversion, he found we had in that Country a very strange Fish, call'd a *Numb-Eel* (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a Quality so cold, that those who are Angling, though with a Line of ever so great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it shall, in the same minute the Bait is touch'd by this *Eel*, seize him or her that holds the Rod with a numbness, that shall deprive 'em of Sense for a while; and some have fallen into the Water, and others drop'd, as dead, on the Banks of the Rivers where they stood, as soon as this Fish touches the Bait. *Cæsar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impossible a Man could lose his Force at the touch of a Fish; and could not understand that Philosophy, that a cold Quality should be of that nature; however, he had a great Curiosity to try whether it would have the same effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain. At last, the sought-for Fish came to the Bait, as he stood angling on the Bank; and instead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a sudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have dismiss'd the Rod, before it could have too much power over him; for Experiment-sake, he grasp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being still possess'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him, senseless as he was, a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbness seize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his hand; which with a Paddle, (that is, a short Oar) they struck away, and snatcht it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Cæsar* was almost dead, with the effect of this Fish, he was more so with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the space of going a League, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to Life; but at last they

did, and brought him home, where he was in a few hours well recover'd and refresh'd, and not a little asham'd to find he should be overcome by an *Eel*, and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, would laugh at him. But we chear'd him up; and he being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper, which was a quarter of an Ell about, and most delicate Meat; and was of the more value, since it cost so dear as almost the Life of so gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about some Disputes the *English* had with the *Indians*; so that we could scarce trust our selves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns or Place where they abode, for fear they should fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and the Place being in the Possession of the *Dutch*, they us'd them not so civilly as the *English*: so that they cut in pieces all they could take, getting into Houses, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joints, and nail'd him to Trees.

This Feud began while I was there; so that I lost half the Satisfaction I propos'd, in not seeing and visiting the *Indian* Towns. But one day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæsar* told us, we need not fear, for if we had a mind to go, he would undertake to be our Guard. Some would, but most would not venture: About Eighteen of us resolv'd, and took Barge; and after eight days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of some of our Company fail'd, and they would not venture on Shore; so we poll'd, who would, and who would not. For my part, I said, if *Cæsar* would, I would go. He resolv'd; so did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now, none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we should have a half Diversion in gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and

oblig'd him to go with us: But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em, and being, by long living there, become a perfect *Indian* in colour, we, who had a mind to surprize 'em, by making them see something they never had seen, (that is, *White* People) resolv'd only my self, my Brother and Woman should go: so *Cæsar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some thick Reeds and Flowers that grew in the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Huts, we saw some dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River. They had no sooner spy'd us, but they set up a loud Cry, that frighted us at first; we thought it had been for those that should kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all naked; and we were dress'd, so as is most commode for the hot Countries, very glittering and rich; so that we appear'd extremely fine: my own Hair was cut short, and I had a taffety Cap, with black Feathers on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff-Suit, with silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of green Ribbon. This was all infinitely surprizing to them; and because we saw them stand still till we approach'd 'em, we took heart and advanc'd, came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*: taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it wide to those they call'd out to; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us, laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shoes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em, and they ty'd about their Legs, being lac'd with silver Lace at the ends;

for they much esteem any shining things. In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When *Cæsar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by these Fishermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore, they set up a new Joy, and cry'd in their Language, *Oh! here's our* Tiguamy, *and we shall now know whether those things can speak.* So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, *How do you do*; or, *welcome Friend*: and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, if we had Sense and Wit? If we could talk of Affairs of Life and War, as they could do? If we could hunt, swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answer'd 'em, We could. Then they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffalo for us; and, going out, gather'd a Leaf of a Tree, called a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of six Yards long, and spread it on the Ground for a Table-cloth; and cutting another in pieces, instead of Plates, set us on little low *Indian*-Stools, which they cut out of one entire piece of Wood, and paint in a sort of Japan-work. They serve every one their Mess on these pieces of Leaves; and it was very good, but too high-season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother and I took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new wonder; and I soon perceiv'd, by an admiration that is natural to these People, and by the extreme Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant Religion among them, and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper on fire with a Burning-glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have ador'd him for a God, and begg'd he would give 'em the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against

Winds and Storms: which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy Relique. They are very superstitious, and call'd him the great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They shewed us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about sixteen Years old, as handsom as Nature could make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are used to compleat him in the finest manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the legerdemain Tricks, and sleight of Hand, whereby he imposes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity: And by these Tricks makes the sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains, by drawing from the afflicted Part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any strange thing; and though they have besides undoubted good Remedies for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines, and make themselves feared, loved, and reverenced. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me. After this they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæsar* had a mind to see and talk with their War-Captains, and we were conducted to one of their Houses; where we beheld several of the great Captains, who had been at Council: But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em, no Fancy can create; no sad Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my part, I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men: but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very humane and noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses and Lips, some their Ears, and others cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes, through which their Teeth appear'd: they had several other formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismembrings. They had *Comitia's*, or little

Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked stuck in it; a Bow at their Back, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and most had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd *Amora Tiguame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we said as much to them: They seated us, and gave us Drink of the best sort, and wonder'd as much as the others had done before, to see us. *Cæsar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondring how they should all be so wounded in War; he was impatient to know how they all came by those frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in noble Battel: They told us by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men, chosen out by some old Captain whose fighting was past, and who could only teach the Theory of War, were to stand in competition for the Generalship, or great War-Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now past Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do, to shew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he who is first ask'd, making no reply, cuts off his Nose, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of Lips and an Eye: so they slash on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a passive Valour they shew and prove their Activity; a sort of Courage too brutal to be applauded by our *Black* Hero; nevertheless, he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæsar* begat so good an understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears or Heart-burnings during our stay, but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em. Many things remarkable, and worthy reciting, we met with in this short Voyage; because *Cæsar* made it his business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our Adventures; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we could, and to compliment the Prince in that manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects; that is, of a larger size, and other sort of Features, than those of our Country. Our *Indian Slaves*, that row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions; but they could not understand us, but shew'd us a long cotton String, with several Knots on it, and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots: they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold-Dust; which, as well as they could give us to understand, came streaming in little small Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any body, or persons, that would go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord-Governour came: And because all the Country was made to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard should be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons* (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majesty lost by losing that part of *America*.

Though this Digression is a little from my Story, however, since it contains some Proofs of the Curiosity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus for some time we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to shew she was with Child, and did nothing but sigh and weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her self, and the Infant yet unborn; and believ'd, if it were so hard to gain the liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her Griefs were so many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæsar*, and taking his opportunity, one *Sunday*, when all the *Whites* were

overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of several Trades, and *Slaves* for four Years, that inhabited among the *Negro* Houses; and *Sunday* being their Day of debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of Spies upon *Cæsar*) he went, pretending out of goodness to 'em, to feast among 'em, and sent all his Musick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole gang, about three hundred *Negroes*, and about an hundred and fifty were able to bear Arms, such as they had, which were sufficient to do execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *English* had none but rusty Swords, that no Strength could draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good order: The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carry'd from *England*, would do no good or harm; for 'tis the nature of that Country to rust and eat up Iron, or any Metals but Gold and Silver. And they are very unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Masters of.

Cæsar, having singled out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em, of the Miseries and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toils and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men; senseless Brutes, than human Souls. He told 'em, it was not for Days, Months or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They suffer'd not like Men, who might find a Glory and Fortitude in Oppression; but like Dogs, that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had lost the divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses, fit only to bear: nay, worse; an Ass, or Dog, or Horse, having done his Duty, could lie down in retreat, and rise to work again, and while he did his Duty, indur'd no Stripes; but Men, villanous, senseless Men, such as they, toil'd on all the tedious Week till *Black Friday*: and then, whether they work'd or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they, promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty, suffer'd the infamous Whip,

the sordid Stripes, from their Fellow-Slaves, till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whose every Drop ought to be revenged with a Life of some of those Tyrants that impose it. *And why* (said he) *my dear Friends and Fellow-sufferers, should we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they vanquished us nobly in Fight? Have they won us in Honourable Battle? And are we by the Chance of War become their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a noble Heart; this would not animate a Soldier's Soul: no, but we are bought and sold like Apes or Monkeys, to be the sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues and Runagades, that have abandoned their own Countries for Rapine, Murders, Theft and Villanies. Do you not hear every day how they upbraid each other with Infamy of Life, below the wildest Salvages? And shall we render Obedience to such a degenerate Race, who have no one human Vertue left, to distinguish them from the vilest Creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the Lash from such hands?* They all reply'd with one accord, *No, No, No;* Cæsar *has spoke like a great Captain, like a great King.*

After this he would have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negroe* of some more Quality than the rest, his Name was *Tuscan*; who bowing at the feet of *Cæsar*, cry'd, *My Lord, we have listen'd with Joy and Attention to what you have said; and, were we only Men, would follow so great a Leader through the World: But Oh! consider we are Husbands, and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children, unfit for Travel in those unpassable Woods, Mountains and Bogs. We have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to wade, and Mountains to encounter; ravenous Beasts of Prey.*——To this *Cæsar* reply'd, *That Honour was the first Principle in Nature, that was to be obey'd; but as no Man would pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love, Justice, and Reason; he found it not inconsistent with that, to take equal care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themselves; and that he did not design,*

when he led them to Freedom, and glorious Liberty, that they shou'd leave that better part of themselves to perish by the hand of the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a Woman among them so degenerate from Love and Vertue, to chuse Slavery before the pursuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to share with him in his Fortunes; that such a one ought to be abandoned, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.

To which they all agreed—and bowed. After this, he spoke of the impassable Woods and Rivers; and convinced them, the more Danger the more Glory. He told them, that he had heard of one *Hannibal*, a great Captain, had cut his way through Mountains of solid Rocks; and should a few Shrubs oppose them, which they could fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolved to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour filled and harden'd; and the Rivers could be no Obstacle, since they swam by Nature, at least by Custom, from the first hour of their Birth: That when the Children were weary, they must carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Industry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

Tuscan then demanded, what he would do: He said they would travel towards the Sea, plant a new Colony, and defend it by their Valour; and when they could find a Ship, either driven by stress of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd seize it, and make it a Prize, till it had transported them to their own Countries: at least they should be made free in his Kingdom, and be esteem'd as his Fellow-Sufferers, and Men that had the Courage and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty; and if they dy'd in the Attempt, it would be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiss'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord vow'd to follow him to death; and that Night was appointed to begin their march. They made it known to their Wives, and directed them

to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulders, and under their Arm, like a Scarf, and to lead their Children that could go, and carry those that could not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and stay'd for 'em where they were appointed: The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they could get; and all met at the Rendezvouz, where *Cæsar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they cou'd not march far that night, on Monday early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to work, they were extremely surprized, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the Plantation, but soon reached the neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about 600 Men, they call the Militia of the Country, that came to assist us in the pursuit of the Fugitives: but never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Fashion would not concern themselves, tho it were almost the Common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes, in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Cæsar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites* (as they called those of *Parham-Plantation*) because they did not in the first place love the Lord-Governour; and secondly, they would have it, that *Cæsar* was ill used, and baffled with: and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the Slaves; so that they of the better sort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy-Governour, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Cæsar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any Man. He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mentioned with the worst of

the Slaves: This Fellow would lead his Army forth to meet *Cæsar*, or rather to pursue him. Most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with nine Tails*; some had rusty useless Guns for shew; others old Basket Hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror in such a Battle; for he foresaw and knew, if by fighting they put the Negroes into despair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that would drown or kill themselves before they would yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and would take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the Woods before 'em: so that night or day they pursu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the Path they had cleared. But as soon as *Cæsar* found he was pursu'd, he put himself in a posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never stood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the *English*, and killed some, and wounded a great many; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons. And as they observed no order, they perplexed the Enemy so sorely, with lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield, and Live! Yield, and be Pardoned!* they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about them, crying out, *Yield! Yield! and leave* Cæsar *to their Revenge*: that by degrees the Slaves abandon'd *Cæsar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*, who grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow and a Quiver full of poisoned Arrows, which she managed with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the

Governour into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have died, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, sucked the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæsar*, who he found was resolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would *Tuscan* or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of talking and dissembling, and besought *Cæsar* to yield himself upon Terms which he himself should propose, and should be sacredly assented to, and kept by him. He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or could believe the Force of two Men, and a young Heroine, could overthrow all them, and with all the Slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person, the Desire he had to serve so gallant a Man, and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a Prince, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserved the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he looked upon this Action as gallant and brave, however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Master, who would by it have lost so considerable a number of Slaves; that this Flight of his, shou'd be looked on as a Heat of Youth, and a Rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they would effectually perform as soon as any Ship arrived that would touch on his Coast: *So that if you will be pleased* (continued he) *to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you; and your self, your Wife and Child, if it be born here, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cæsar* would hear of no Composition; though *Byam* urged, if he pursued and went on in his Design, he would inevitably perish, either by great Snakes, wild Beasts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whose Condition requir'd Ease, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel, where she could

not be secured from being devoured. But *Cæsar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they ador'd; who instructed them in Principles so false, that honest Men could not live amongst them; though no People profess'd so much, none performed so little: That he knew what he had to do when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his guard, and never to eat and drink with Christians, without his Weapon of Defence in his hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they spoke. As for the Rashness and Inconsiderateness of his Action, he would confess the Governour is in the right; and that he was ashamed of what he had done, in endeavouring to make those free, who were by Nature Slaves, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be used as Christians, Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such Masters; and they wanted only but to be whipped into the knowledg of the Christian Gods, to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to worship such Deities as had not power to make them just, brave, or honest: In fine, after a thousand things of this nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather die, than live upon the same Earth with such Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and protested together so much, that *Trefry* believing the Governour to mean what he said, and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Cæsar's* hands, and took him aside, and persuaded him, even with Tears, to live, by surrendering himself, and to name his Conditions. *Cæsar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*: and demanding what he desired, and that it should be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, because he had perceived that was the common way of Contract between Man and Man amongst the Whites; all this was performed, and *Tuscan's* Pardon was put in, and they surrender'd to the Governour, who walked peaceably down into the Plantation with them, after giving order to bury their Dead. *Cæsar* was very much toil'd with the Bustle of

the Day, for he had fought like a Fury; and what Mischief was done, he and *Tuscan* performed alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof, that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arrived at the Place where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid hands on *Cæsar* and *Tuscan*, faint with Heat and Toil; and surprizing them, bound them to two several Stakes, and whipped them in a most deplorable and inhuman manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones, especially *Cæsar*, who was not perceived to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roll his Eyes on the faithless Governour, and those he believed guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation; and to compleat his Rage, he saw every one of those Slaves, who but a few days before ador'd him as something more than mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters; though if he had, it were impossible: but he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently revenged on him, they unty'd him, almost fainting with loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Clothes, and led him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons, and then rubb'd his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper, which had like to have made him raving mad; and, in this Condition made him so fast to the Ground, that he could not stir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him leave. They spared *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she should die with the sight, or miscarry, and then they should lose a young Slave, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæsar* had betaken himself to

the Woods, and carry'd with him all the Negroes, we were possess'd with extreme Fear, which no Persuasions could dissipate, that he would secure himself till night, and then, that he would come down and cut all our Throats. This Apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secured; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty; for I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it: but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæsar* was taken and whipped like a common Slave. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy, by his own Name, in memory of so brave a Man: He was wise and eloquent, and, from the Fineness of his Parts, bore a great sway over the Hearts of all the Colony: He was a Friend to *Cæsar*, and resented this false dealing with him very much. We carry'd him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the first News we heard, was, That the Governour was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not so well. But it seems, he would have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæsar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finished, he dropt down; and then they perceived the Wound he had on his Shoulder was by a venom'd Arrow, which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress healed, by sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner arrived, but we went up to the Plantation to see *Cæsar*; whom we found in a very miserable and unexpressible Condition; and I have a thousand times admired how he lived in so much tormenting Pain. We said all things to him, that Trouble, Pity and Good-Nature could suggest, protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence of such Cruelties; making a thousand Professions and Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we said so much, that he believed we had no hand in his ill Treatment: but told us, He could never pardon

Byam; as for *Trefry*, he confess'd he saw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very Slaves, for speaking in his defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head—and shou'd, by his Justice and Honour, have been an Example to 'em—for him he wished to live to take a dire revenge of him; and said, *It had been well for him, if he had sacrificed me instead of giving me the contemptible Whip.* He refused to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took them, and protested never to lift up his, to do us any harm. He had a great Respect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counsel like that of a Parent; and assured him, he would obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*: *Therefore* (said he) *for his own Safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I could dispatch my self, I would not, till that Justice were done to my injured Person, and the Contempt of a Soldier: No, I would not kill my self, even after a Whipping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you shall see, that* Oroonoko *scorns to live with the Indignity that was put on* Cæsar. All we could do, could get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper, and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he suffer'd, and in some time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to visit him every day, and to that end had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The Governour had no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæsar*, but he called his Council, who (not to disgrace them, or burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported; and, possibly, originally were such who understood neither the Laws of God or Man, and had no sort of Principles to make them worthy the Name of Men; but at the very Council-Table wou'd contradict and fight with one another, and swear so

bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards hanged when the *Dutch* took possession of the Place, others sent off in Chains.) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counsel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (damn 'em) it might be their own Cases; and that *Cæsar* ought to be made an Example to all the Negroes, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Masters: and at this rate no Man was safe from his own Slaves; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, That *Cæsar* should be hanged.

Trefry then thought it time to use his Authority, and told *Byam*, his Command did not extend to his Lord's Plantation; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-Hall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord —— (who there represented the King's Person) than they could those about the King himself; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and tho his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in being there, which he had entrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular Plantations reached, and all that belonged to it: the rest of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that interested themselves in *Cæsar's* Life, and absolutely said, he should be defended. So turning the Governour, and his wise Council, out of doors, (for they sat at *Parham-House*) we set a Guard upon our Lodging-Place, and would admit none but those we called Friends to us and *Cæsar*.

The Governour having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæsar* did not know but he was still there, and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there: for he was one that loved to live at other People's Expence, and if he were a day absent, he was ten present there; and us'd to play, and walk, and hunt and fish with *Cæsar*: So that *Cæsar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he should find an opportunity of being revenged on

him; though, after such a Revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he escaped the Fury of the *English* Mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the occasion to have killed him, he was resolved not to survive his whipping; yet he had some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his Fits of Cowardice, wherein he struggled with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there: but, for the most part, his time was past in melancholy Thoughts, and black Designs. He consider'd, if he should do this Deed, and die either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a Slave to the enraged Multitude; his great Heart could not endure that Thought: *Perhaps* (said he) *she may be first ravished by every Brute; expos'd first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death:* No, he could not live a moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be borne. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards: so that now resolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had enraged him; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he should make over the whole face of the Plantation; he first resolved on a Deed, that (however horrid it first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it brave and just. Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great Design, he begg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk would do him good; which was granted him: and taking *Imoinda* with him as he used to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a Wood, where (after with a thousand Sighs, and long gazing silently on her Face, while Tears gush'd, in spight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design, first of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the Impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the Necessity of dying. He found the heroick Wife faster pleading for Death, than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution; and, on her Knees, besought him not to leave her

a Prey to his Enemies. He (grieved to death) yet pleased at her noble Resolution, took her up, and embracing of her with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes; while Tears trickled down his Cheeks, hers were smiling with Joy she should die by so noble a Hand, and be sent into her own Country (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him she so tenderly loved, and so truly ador'd in this: For Wives have a respect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occasion to quit his Wife, if he love her, she dies by his hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was soon resolved on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the parting, the eternal leave-taking of two such Lovers, so greatly born, so sensible, so beautiful, so young, and so fond, must be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love could say in such cases, being ended, and all the intermitting Irresolutions being adjusted, the lovely, young and ador'd Victim lays her self down before the Sacrificer; while he, with a hand resolved, and a heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke, first cutting her Throat, and then severing her yet smiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with the Fruits of tenderest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same Cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found she was dead, and past all retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language, his Grief swell'd up to rage; he tore, he raved, he roar'd like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*. A thousand times he turned the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which was

now a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him: and he would cry out, *No, since I have sacrific'd* Imoinda *to my Revenge, shall I lose that Glory which I have purchased so dear, as at the Price of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then at her Name Grief would get the ascendant of Rage, and he would lie down by her side, and water her Face with Showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eyes; and however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more beloved, and more ador'd than ever.

He remained in this deplorable Condition for two days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made her sad Sacrifice; at last rousing from her Side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead, and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferred too long, he resolv'd now to finish the great Work: but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd, that he reeled to and fro, like Boughs assailed by contrary Winds; so that he was forced to lie down again, and try to summon all his Courage to his Aid. He found his Brains turned round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do; his Breath was short, and all his Limbs surpriz'd with a Faintness he had never felt before. He had not eat in two days, which was one occasion of his Feebleness, but excess of Grief was the greatest, yet still he hoped he shou'd recover Vigour to act his Design, and lay expecting it yet six days longer; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every day to rise, but could not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little Affliction for *Cæsar* and his Wife: some were of opinion he was escaped, never to return; others thought some Accident had hapned to him: but however, we fail'd not to send out a hundred People several ways, to search for him. A Party of about forty went that way he took, among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly

reconciled to *Byam*: They had not gone very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks must be very noisom, that can be distinguished among such a quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces: so that they concluded they should find him dead, or some body that was so; they pass'd on towards it, as loathsome as it was, and made such rustling among the Leaves that lie thick on the ground, by continual falling, that *Cæsar* heard he was approach'd: and though he had, during the space of these eight days, endeavoured to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd and saw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be safe. So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that would persuade them that it was *Cæsar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they ask'd him, what he had done with his Wife, for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead? He pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her, with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh, Monster! that hast murder'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, He had no leisure to answer impertinent Questions: *You may go back* (continued he) *and tell the faithless Governour, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him:* But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he could scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means.* He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a fainting, or a dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more* Cæsars *to be whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.* They

swore all anew; and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn. Then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while *Cæsar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer, let him assure himself,* (and, at that word, held up his Knife in a menacing posture:) *Look ye, ye Faithless Crew,* said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying,* (and at that word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em,) *yet still I would live if I could, till I had perfected my Revenge: But, oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly, and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what strength he could; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *Englishman* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil,* (taking Courage when he saw him almost dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his farewel to the World, he rush'd on him. *Cæsar* with his arm'd Hand, met him so fairly, as stuck him to the heart, and he fell dead at his feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, O* Cæsar*! and therefore will not let thee die, if possible*; and running to him, took him in his Arms: but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Cæsar* made at his Bosom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæsar* having not the strength to pluck the Knife forth, tho he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither pull'd it out himself, nor suffer'd it to be pull'd out, but came down with it sticking in his Arm; and the reason he gave for it, was, because the Air should not get into the Wound. They put their Hands a-cross, and carry'd *Cæsar* between six of 'em, fainting as he was, and they thought dead, or just dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who drest his Wounds, and sow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we

thought him so beautiful a Sight, he was now so alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's-Head black'd over, nothing but Teeth and Eye-holes: For some days we suffer'd no body to speak to him, but caused Cordials to be poured down his Throat; which sustained his Life, and in six or seven days he recover'd his Senses: For, you must know, that Wounds are almost to a miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talk'd to him, and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his parting, and he besought us we would let him die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was possible he might live: he assur'd us, if we did not dispatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We said all we could to make him live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we would not think so poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we could flatter him to Life again: but the Chirurgeon assur'd him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but *Cæsar*) afflicted at this News, and the Sight was ghastly: His Discourse was sad; and the earthy Smell about him so strong, that I was persuaded to leave the place for some time, (being myself but sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy.) The Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they could of the Life of *Cæsar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three days Journey down the River. But I was no sooner gone, than the Governor taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Day's Journey up the River, having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council, a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but rich; he came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Cæsar*, and had him carried to the same Post

where he was whipp'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he should die like a Dog, as he was. *Cæsar* replied, This was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did, and he never spoke Sense till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he would keep it, he would declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the *Whites*, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that had bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to die, or to be whipt?* And they cry'd, *Whipt! no, you shall not escape so well.* And then he reply'd, smiling, *A Blessing on thee*; and assur'd them, they need not tie him, for he would stand fix'd like a Rock, and endure Death so as should encourage them to die: *But if you whip me* (said he) *be sure you tie me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was assur'd he should die, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready lighted; which they did: And the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favour'd Knife, they cut off his Ears and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe dropt and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhuman were the Justices who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Insolence. They cut *Cæsar* in Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief Plantations: One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin*; who refus'd it, and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the Governour himself, than those of *Cæsar*, on his Plantations; and that he could govern his *Negroes*, without terrifying and grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangled King.

Thus died this great Man, worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise: Yet, I hope, the Reputation of my pen is considerable enough to make his glorious Name to survive to all Ages, with that of the brave, the beautiful, and the constant *Imoinda.*

The ISLE of
PINES,
OR,
A late Diſcovery of a fourth ISLAND near *Terra Auſtralis, Incognita*

BY

Henry Cornelius Van Sloetten.

Wherein is contained,

A True Relation of certain *Engliſh* perſons, who in Queen *Elizabeths* time, making a Voyage to the *Eaſt Indies* were caſt away, and wracked near to the Coaſt of *Terra Auſtralis, Incognita*, and all drowned, except one Man and four Women. And now lately *Anno Dom.* 1667. a *Dutch* Ship making a Voyage to the *Eaſt Indies*, driven by foul weather there, by chance have found their Poſterity, (ſpeaking good *Engliſh*) to amount (as they ſuppoſe) to ten or twelve thouſand perſons. The whole Relation (written, and left by the Man himſelf a little before his death, and delivered to the *Dutch* by his Grandchild) Is here annexed with the Longitude and Latitude of the Iſland, the ſcituation and felicity thereof, with other matter obſervable.

Licenſed *July* 27, 1668.

LONDON, Printed for *Allen Banks* and *Charles Harper* next door to the three Squerrills in *Fleet-ſtreet*, over againſt St. *Dunſtans* Church, 1668.

HENRY NEVILLE, 1620-94

Henry Neville was the son of Sir Henry Neville, of Billingham in Berkshire. He matriculated at Oxford in 1635, entering Merton College, whence he migrated to University College, but after some years residence left the university without a degree and made a tour on the Continent. On his return to England in 1645, he recruited for Parliament in Abingdon. Later, as a strong doctrinaire republican with James Harrington and Henry Marten, he made himself so objectionable to Cromwell as to be banished from London in 1654. After Cromwell's death, he was returned to Parliament for Reading, 1658. An attempt, which failed, was made to exclude him from Parliament on the score of atheism and blasphemy, with which he was charged in the House on February 1659, but after a long debate the matter was allowed to drop. In May of the same year he became a member of Harrington's Rota Club. In October he was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the "Yorkshire rising," and lodged in the Tower. But in default of evidence, he was released in the following year, and until his death in September 1694, lived in retirement.

His bibliography is as follows:

The Parliament of Ladies, 1647. The Ladies a Second Time Assembled in Parliament, 1647. News from the New Exchange, or the Commonwealth of Ladies, 1650. Shuffling, Cutting and Dealing in a Game at Piquet, 1659. The Isle of Pines, 1668. A New and Further Discovery of the Isle of Pines, 1668. Plato Redivivus, 1681. He also published a good translation of Machiavelli's works, 1675.

THE ISLE OF PINES

A WAY to the *East Indies* being lately discovered by sea, to the south of *Affric*, by certain *Portugals*, far more safe and profitable than had been heretofore; certain *English* merchants were encouraged by the great advantages arising from the *Eastern* commodities, to settle a factory there to the advantage of trade. And having to that purpose obtained the **Queen*'s Royal licence,

* Queen's Royal licence] Queen Elizabeth would not admit the East India Company, at her first granting them to be a corporation, to transport the king of Spain's silver coins into the East Indies, though the merchants pressed it often, telling her, that her coin and stamp were *not known* in the East Indies, they thinking to get licence to send thither what silver they pleased.

This *most prudent* Queen and her *wise* privy council replied, that for the very reason alledged, to transport the king of Spain's silver to the East Indies, it was her *unalterable* resolution, not to grant the East Indies Company leave to serve the king of Spain's, or *any foreign* Prince's coin into India: but such silver, as was coined with *her effigies* on the one side, and the *portcullis* on the other, of the just weight and fineness of the Spanish pieces of eight [specimens of which sort of money, the half, quarter, eighth of it, may be seen in the collections of our antiquaries]; declaring, that, all the world over, where she gave her merchants leave to trade, she would be known to be *as great* a Prince as the king of Spain, and that none should presume to send a greater quantity of silver to the East Indies, than she, in her wisdom, should see fit, etc., etc., etc. T. Violet's pieces.

Mr. Locke in his *Two Treatises of Government*, with wonted judgement and clearness, declares, that *Prerogative is nothing but the power of doing good without a rule.*

This power of doing good without a rule apart, the most splendid prerogative then, with which the Majesty of the British People have adorned their kings, is that of directing, striking the public monies, and stamping thereon their own effigies, titles, actions, for all ages.

In what manner it has been conducted since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, especially of late times, with what utility, decorum, elegancy, magnanimity, or otherwise, may, it is possible, on some occasion, be considered.

Anno Dom. 1589, 11 or 12 *Eliz.* furnisht out for those parts four ships. My master being sent as a factor to deal and negociate for them, and to settle there, took with him his whole familly, that is to say, his wife, one son of about twelve years of age, one daughter of about fourteen years, two maid servants, one negro female slave, and myself, who went under him as his book-keeper. With this company, on Monday the third of *April* next following, having all necessaries for house-keeping when we should come there, we embarked ourselves in the good ship called the *India Merchant*, of about four hundred and fifty tons burthen; and having a good wind, we on the fourteenth of May had sight of the *Canaries*, and not long after of the *Isles of Cape Vert* or *Verd*, where taking in such things as were necessary for our voyage, and some fresh provisions, we steering our course south, and a point east, about the first of *August* came within sight of the *Island of St. Hellen*, where we took in fresh water. We then set our faces for the *Cape of Good Hope*, where by God's blessing we arrived, after some sickness, whereof some of our company died, though none of our family. Hitherto we had met with none but calm weather. Yet so it pleased God, when we were almost in sight of *St. Laurence*, an island so called, one of the greatest in the world, as mariners say, we were overtaken and dispersed by a storm of wind, which continued with such violence many days, that losing all hopes of safety, being out of our own knowledge, and whether we should fall on flats or rocks, uncertain in the night, not having the least benefit of the light, we feared most, always wishing for day, and then for land: but it came too soon for our good. For, about the first of *October*, our fears having made us forget how the time passed to a certainty, we, about the break of day, discerned land, but what we knew not. The land seemed high and rocky, and the sea continued still very stormy and tempestuous. As we drew near it, perceiving no safety in the ship, which we looked would suddenly be beat in pieces, the Captain,

my master, and some others got into a long boat, thinking by that means to save their lives, and presently after, all the seamen cast themselves overboard, thinking to save their lives by swimming, only myself, my master's daughter, the two maids, and the negro were left on board, for we could not swim; but those that left us, might as well have tarried with us, for we saw them, or most of them perish, ourselves now ready after to follow their fortune. But God was pleased to spare our lives, as it were by miracle, though to further sorrow. For when we came against the rocks, the ship having endured two or three blows, being now broken and quite foundred in the waters, we having with much ado gotten ourselves on the bowspright, which being broken off, was driven by the waters into a small creek, wherein fell a little river, which being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the wind, so that we had opportunity to land ourselves, though almost drown'd, in all four persons, beside the negro. When we were got upon the rocks, we could perceive the miserable wreck to our great terror. I had in my pocket a little tinder-box, and steel, and flint to strike fire upon occasion, which served now to good purpose, for its being so close, preserved the tinder dry. With this, and with the help of some old rotten wood which we got together, we kindled a fire, and dried ourselves; which done, I left my female company, and went to see, if I could find our ship's company, that were escaped, but could hear of none, though I hooted, and made all the noise I could; neither could I perceive the footsteps of any living creature, save a few birds and other fowls. At length it drawing towards evening, I went back to my company, who were very much troubled for want of me, I being now all their stay in this lost condition. We were at first afraid that the wild people of the country might find us out, although we saw no footsteps of any, no not so much as a path, the woods round about being full of briars and brambles. We also stood in fear of wild beasts. Of such also we saw none, nor sign of any.

But above all, that we had greatest reason to fear, was to be starved to death for want of food. But God had otherwise provided for us, as you shall hear hereafter. This done, we spent our time in getting some broken pieces of boards, and planks, and some of the sails and rigging on shore for shelter. I set up two or three poles, and drew two or three of the cords and lines from tree to tree, over which throwing some sail-cloths, and having gotten wood by us, and three or four sea-gowns, which we had dried, we took up our lodging for that night together. The blackmore being less sensible than the rest, we made our sentry. We slept soundly that night, as having not slept in three or four nights before, our fears of what happened preventing us, neither could our hard lodging, fear, and danger, hinder us, we were so overwatcht.

On the morrow, being well refresht with sleep, the wind ceased, and the weather was very warm. We went down the rocks on the sands at low water, where we found great part of our lading, either on shore or floating near it. By the help of my company, I dragged most of it on shore; what was too heavy for us we broke, and unbound the casks and chests, and, taking out the goods, secured all; for that we wanted no clothes, nor any other provisions necessary for housekeeping, to furnish a better house than any we were like to have; but no victuals, the salt water having spoiled all, only one cask of biscuit being lighter than the rest was dry; this served for bread a while, and we found on land a sort of fowl about the bigness of a swan, very heavy and fat, and by reason of their weight could not fly, of these we found little difficulty to kill, so that they were our present food. We carried out of England certain hens and cocks to eat by the way. Some of these when the ship was broken, by some means got to land, and bred exceedingly; so that in the future they were a great help unto us. We found also, by a little river, in the flags, store of eggs, of a sort of fowl much like our ducks, which were

very good meat, so that we wanted nothing to keep us alive.

The third day, as soon as it was morning, seeing nothing to disturb us, I lookt out a convenient place to dwell in, that we might build us a hut to shelter us from the weather, and from any other danger of annoyance from wild beasts, if any should find us out. So, close by a large spring which rose out of a high hill overlooking the sea, on the side of a wood, (by the help of an ax and some other implements, for we had all necessaries, the working of the sea having cast up most of our goods) I cut down all the straightest poles I could find, and which were enough for my purpose, by the help of the company, necessity being our master, I digged holes in the earth, setting my poles at an equal distance, and nailing the broken boards of the casks, chests, and cabins, and such like to them, making my door to the sea-ward, and having covered the top, with sail-clothes strain'd, and nailed; I in the space of a week had made a large cabin big enough to hold all our goods and ourselves in it. I also placed our hamocks for lodging, purposing if it pleased God to send any ship that way, we might be transported home. But it never came to pass, the place, wherein we were, as I conceived, being much out of the way.

We having lived in this manner four full months, and not so much as seeing or hearing of any wild people or of any of our company, more than ourselves, they being found now by experience to be all drowned, and the place as we after found, being a large island, and disjoined and out of sight of any other land, was wholly uninhabited by any people, neither was there any hurtful beast to annoy us. But on the contrary, the country so very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of pleasant fruits, and variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September; so that this place, had it the culture that skilful people might bestow on it, would prove a Paradise.

The woods afforded us a sort of nuts, as big as a large

apple, whose kernel being pleasant and dry, we made use of instead of bread; the fowl before mentioned, and a sort of water-fowl like ducks, and their eggs, and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost such a like creature, which brought two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the low lands and woods were very full, being a very harmless creature and tame, so that we could easily take and kill them; fish also, especially shell-fish, which we could best come by, we had great store of; so that in effect, as to food we wanted nothing. And thus, and by such like helps, we continued six months, without any disturbance or want.

Idleness and a fulness of everything begot in me a desire for enjoying the women. Beginning now to grow more familiar, I had persuaded the two maids to let me lie with them, which I did at first in private; but after, custom taking away shame, there being none but us, we did it more openly, as our lust gave us liberty. My master's daughter was also content to do as we did. The truth is, they were all handsome women, when they had clothes, and well shaped, feeding well. For we wanted no food, and living idly, and seeing us at liberty to do our wills, without hope of ever returning home. One of my consorts, with whom I first accompanied, the tallest and handsomest, proved presently with child. The second was my master's daughter. And the other also not long after fell into the same condition. None now remaining but my negro, who seeing what we did, longed also for her share. One night, I being asleep, with the consent of the others, my negro got close to me, thinking in the dark to beguile me, but I awaking and feeling her, perceiving who it was, yet willing to try the difference, satisfied myself with her, as well as with one of the rest. That night, although the first time, she proved also with child, so that in the year of our being there, all my women were with child by me; and they all coming at different seasons, were a great help to one another.

The first brought me a brave boy. My master's

daughter was the youngest. She brought me a girl. So did the other maid, who, being somewhat fat, sped worse at her labour. The negro had no pain at all, and brought me a fine white girl. So I had one boy and three girls. The women were soon well again, and the two first with child again, the two last were brought to bed; my custom being not to lie with any of them after they were with child till others were so likewise; and not with the black at all after she was with child, which commonly was the first time I lay with her, which was in the night and not else; my stomach would not serve me, although she was one of the handsomest blacks I had seen, and her children as comely as any of the rest. We had no clothes for them, and therefore when they had suckt, we laid them in moss to sleep, and took no further care of them; for we knew, when they were gone more would come; the women never failing once a year at least, and none of the children, for all the hardship we put them to, were ever sick; so that wanting now nothing but clothes, nor them much neither, other than for decency, the warmth of the country and custom supplying that defect, we were now well satisfied with our condition. Our family beginning to grow large, and there being nothing to hurt us, we many times lay abroad on mossy banks, under the shelter of some trees, or such like, for having nothing else to do, I had made me several arbors to sleep in with my women in the heat of the day, in these I and my women passed the time away, they never being willing to be out of my company.

And having now no thought of ever returning home, as having resolved and sworn never to part or leave one another, or the place; having by my several wives, forty-seven children, boys and girls, but most girls, and growing up apace; we were all of us very fleshy, the country so well agreeing with us, that we never ailed anything. My negro having had twelve, was the first that left bearing, so I never meddled with her more. My master's daughter, by whom I had most children,

being the youngest and the handsomest, was most fond of me, and I of her. Thus we lived for sixteen years. Till perceiving my eldest boy to mind the ordinary work of nature, by seeing what we did, I gave him a mate; and so I did to all the rest, as fast as they grew up, and were capable. My wives having left bearing, my children began to breed apace, so we were like to be a multitude. My first wife brought me thirteen children, my second seven, my master's daughter fifteen, and the negro twelve, in all forty-seven.

After we had lived there twenty-two years, my negro died suddenly, but I could not perceive anything that ailed her. Most of my children being grown, as fast as we married them, I sent and placed them over the river by themselves severally, because we would not pester one another. And now, they being all grown up and gone, and married after our manner, some two or three of the youngest excepted, for, growing myself into years, I liked not the wanton annoyances of young company.

Thus having lived to the sixtieth year of my age, and the fortieth of my coming thither, at which time I sent for all of them to bring their children, and they were in number descended from me by these four women, of my children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, five hundred and forty-five of both sorts; I took off the males of one family, and married them to the females of another, not letting any to marry their sisters, as we did formerly out of necessity, so blessing God for his providence and goodness, I dismissed them. Having taught some of my children to read formerly, for I had left still the Bible, I charged it should be read once a month at a general meeting. At last one of my wives died, being sixty-eight years of age, which I buried in a place set out on purpose; and within a year after another; so I had none now left but my master's daughter, and we lived together twelve years longer. At length she died also. So I buried her also next the place where I purposed to be buried myself, and the

tall maid, my first wife, next me on the other side, the negro next without her, and the other maid next my master's daughter. I had now nothing to mind, but the place whither I was to go, being very old, almost eighty years, I gave my cabin and furniture that was left, to my eldest son, after my decease, who had married my eldest daughter by my beloved wife; whom I made king and governor of all the rest. I informed them of the manners of *Europe*, and charged them to remember the *Christian* religion, after the manner of them that spake the same language, and to admit no other, if hereafter any should come and find them out.

And now, once for all, I summoned them to come to me, that I might number them, which I did, and found the estimate to contain, in or about the eightieth year of my age, and fifty-ninth of my coming there, in all of all sorts, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Thus praying God to multiply them, and send them the true light of the gospel, I last of all dismist them; for, being now very old, and my sight decayed, I could not expect to live long. I gave this narration, written with my own hand, to my eldest son, who now lived with me, commanding him to keep it, and if strangers should come thither by chance, to let them see it, and take a copy of it if they would, that our name be not lost from off the earth. I gave this people, descended from me, the name of the ENGLISH PINES, *George Pine* being my name, and my master's daughter's name *Sarah English*. My two other wives were *Mary Sparkes*, and *Elizabeth Trevor*. So their several descendants are called the ENGLISH, the TREVORS, and the PHILS, from the Christian name of the negro, which was *Philippa*, she having no surname; and the general name of the whole the ENGLISH PINES: whom God bless with the dew of heaven, and the fat of the earth. Amen!

INCOGNITA:

OR,

LOVE

AND

DUTY

RECONCIL'D.

A

NOVEL.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Wellington* at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1713.

☞ The Lovers Secretary: Or, The Adventures of *Lindamira*, a Lady of Quality, written with her own Hand to her Friend in the Country in 24 Letters, being a very entertaining Hiſtory, Price 2 *s*.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, 1670–1729

Born at Bardsey, near Leeds, Yorkshire. He was the son of a soldier who soon after the poet's birth was placed in command of the garrison at Youghal, Ireland. Congreve was educated at Kilkenny and Dublin, where he became a friend of Swift. In 1690, or shortly before, the family moved back to England, (Staffordshire), and it may have been there in the year 1690 that Congreve wrote his first play *The Old Bachelor*, to amuse himself during the convalescence of an illness. In 1691 he was entered as a student of law at the Middle Temple. Here he wrote *Incognita*, of which, for some reason, Dr. Johnson said that he "would rather praise it than read it." Congreve soon took his place in the London of William and Mary as an author of rank, some of his poems appearing in Gildon's Miscellany in 1692, and assisting Dryden in his translation of Juvenal. His first brilliant success was the production of *The Old Bachelor* in 1693, but his second comedy *The Double Dealer* (1694) was not nearly so well received, although Dryden was as generous in his appreciation as ever. *Love for Love*, in 1695, was his second great success and gave Congreve a share in the profits of the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His next play, a tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, although it was acted in 1697 "for thirteen days without interruption" and again saved the fortunes of the theatre, is usually regarded as an unlucky excursion into an uncongenial field. But Johnson, to be sure, maintained that the description of a cathedral in the first scene of the second act was superior to anything in Shakespeare. In the same year Congreve was violently attacked by Jeremy Collier in "A view of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." Congreve replied with his "Amendment of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations," but Collier was thought to have had the best of the argument. When the *Way of the World* was produced and coldly received in 1700, Congreve told the audience to their faces that they need not take the trouble to disapprove as he meant to write no more. In 1705 a new theatre was built and Congreve was Vanbrugh's colleague in management, but he did little except write a masque or two, which were never performed. From 1705 to 1714 he held various small state appointments. In the summer of 1728 he was drinking the waters at Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough and Gay, was injured by the upsetting of his carriage and died on 19 January, 1729. His body was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. While he lived he had been an acknowledged leader of literature, although in 1710 he was nearly blind from cataract and had, according to Swift, "squandered a very good constitution in his younger days."

His bibliography is as follows:

Collected Works, 1710. Criticisms by Johnson, Hunt, Hazlitt, Lamb, Goss, etc.

To the

Honoured and Worthily Esteem'd

MRS. KATHARINE LEVESON

Madam,

A Clear Wit, sound Judgment, and a Merciful Disposition, are things so rarely united, that it is almost inexcusable to entertain them with any thing less excellent in its kind. My knowledge of you were a sufficient Caution to me, to avoid your Censure of this Trifle, had I not as intire a knowledge of your Goodness. Since I have drawn my Pen for a Rencounter, I think it better to engage where, though there be Skill enough to Disarm me, there is too much Generosity to Wound; for so shall I have the saving Reputation of an unsuccessful Courage, if I cannot make it a drawn Battle. But methinks the Comparison intimates something of a Defiance, and savours of Arrogance; wherefore since I am conscious to my self of a Fear which I cannot put off, let me use the Policy of Cowards and lay this Novel unarm'd, naked and shivering at your Feet, so that if it should want Merit to challenge Protection, yet, as an Object of Charity, it may move Compassion. It has been some Diversion to me to Write it, I wish it may prove such to you when you have an hour to throw away in Reading of it: but this Satisfaction I have at least beforehand, that in its greatest failings it may fly for Pardon to that Indulgence which you owe to the weakness of your Friend; a Title which I am proud you have thought me worthy of and which I think can alone be superior to that

Your most humble and Obliged Servant

CLEOPHIL.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER

Reader,

Some Authors are so fond of a Preface, that they will write one though there be nothing more in it than an Apology for its self. But to show thee that I am not one of those, I will make no Apology for this, but do tell thee that I think it necessary to be prefix'd to this Trifle, to prevent thy overlooking some little pains which I have taken in the Composition of the following Story. Romances are generally composed of the Constant Loves and invincible Courages of Hero's, Heroins, Kings and Queens, Mortals of the first Rank, and so forth; where lofty Language, miraculous Contingencies and impossible Performances, elevate and surprize the Reader into a giddy Delight, which leaves him flat upon the Ground whenever he gives of, and vexes him to think how he had suffer'd himself to be pleased and transported, concern'd and afflicted at the several Passages which he has Read, *viz.* these Knights Success to their Damosels Misfortunes, and such like, when he is forced to be very well convinced that 'tis all a lye. Novels are of a more familiar Nature; Come near us, and represent to us Intrigues in practice, delight us with Accidents and odd Events, but not such as are wholly unusual or unpresidented, such which not being so distant from our Belief bring also the pleasure nearer us. Romances give more of Wonder, Novels more Delight. And with reverence be it spoken, and the Parallel kept at a due distance, there is something of equality in the Proportion which they bear in reference to one another, with that between Comedy and Tragedy; but the *Drama* is the long extracted from Romance and *History*: 'tis the Mid-wife to Industry, and brings forth

alive the Conceptions of the Brain. *Minerva* walks upon the Stage before us, and we are more assured of the real presence of Wit when it is delivered *viva voce*—

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator.——
>
> *Horace.*

Since all Traditions must indisputably give place to the *Drama*, and since there is no possibility of giving that life to the Writing or Repetition of a Story which it has in the Action, I resolved in another beauty to imitate *Dramatick* Writing, namely, in the Design, Contexture and Result of the Plot. I have not observed it before in a Novel. Some I have seen begin with an unexpected accident, which has been the only surprizing part of the Story, cause enough to make the Sequel look flat, tedious and insipid; for 'tis but reasonable the Reader should expect it not to rise, at least to keep upon a level in the entertainment; for so he may be kept on in hopes that at some time or other it may mend; but the 'tother is such a balk to a Man, 'tis carrying him up stairs to show him the Dining-Room, and after forcing him to make a Meal in the Kitchin. This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but also have used a Method for the contrary purpose. The design of the Novel is obvious, after the first meeting of *Aurelian* and *Hippolito* with *Incognita* and *Leonora*, and the difficulty is in bringing it to pass, maugre all apparent obstacles, within the compass of two Days. How many probable Casualties intervene in opposition to the main Design, *viz.* of marrying two Couple so oddly engaged in an intricate Amour, I leave the Reader at his leisure to consider: As also whether every Obstacle does not in the progress of the Story act as subservient to that purpose, which at first it seems to oppose. In a Comedy this would be called the Unity of Action; here it may pretend to no more than an Unity of Contrivance. The Scene is continued in *Florence* from the commencement of the Amour; and the time from first

to last is but three Days. If there be any thing more in particular resembling the Copy which I imitate (as the Curious Reader will soon perceive) I leave it to show it self, being very well satisfy'd how much more proper it had been for him to have found out this himself, than for me to prepossess him with an Opinion of something extraordinary in an Essay began and finished in the idler hours of a fortnight's time: For I can only esteem it a laborious idleness, which is Parent to so inconsiderable a Birth. I have gratified the Bookseller in pretending an occasion for a Preface; the other two Persons concern'd are the Reader and my self, and if he be but pleased with what was produced for that end, my satisfaction follows of Course, since it will be proportion'd to his Approbation or Dislike.

INCOGNITA:

OR

LOVE AND DUTY RECONCIL'D

AURELIAN was the only Son to a Principal Gentleman of *Florence*. The Indulgence of his Father prompted, and his Wealth enabled him, to bestow a generous Education upon him, whom he now began to look upon as the Type of himself; an Impression he had made in the Gayety and Vigour of his Youth, before the Rust of Age had debilitated and obscur'd the Splendour of the Original: He was sensible, That he ought not to be sparing in the Adornment of him, if he had Resolution to beautifie his own Memory. Indeed *Don Fabio* (for so was the Old Gentleman call'd) has been observ'd to have fix'd his Eyes upon *Aurelian*, when much Company has been at Table, and have wept through Earnestness of Intention, if nothing hapned to divert the Object; whether it were for regret, at the Recollection of his former self, or for the Joy he conceiv'd in being, as it were, reviv'd in the Person of his Son, I never took upon me to enquire, but suppos'd it might be sometimes one, and sometimes both together.

Aurelian, at the Age of Eighteen Years, wanted nothing (but a Beard) that the most accomplished *Cavalier* in *Florence* could pretend to: He had been Educated from Twelve Years old at *Siena*, where it seems his Father kept a Receiver, having a large Income from the Rents of several Houses in that Town. *Don Fabio* gave his Servant Orders, That *Aurelian* should not be stinted in his Expences, when he came up to Years of Discretion. By which means he was enabled,

not only to keep Company with, but also to confer many Obligations upon Strangers of Quality, and Gentlemen who travelled from other Countries into *Italy*, of which *Siena* never wanted store, being a Town most delightfully situate, upon a Noble Hill, and very well suiting with Strangers at first, by reason of the agreeableness and purity of the Air: There also is the quaintness and delicacy of the *Italian* Tongue most likely to be learned, there being many publick Professors of it in that place; and indeed the very Vulgar of *Siena* do express themselves with an easiness and sweetness surprizing, and even grateful to their Ears who understand not the Language.

Here *Aurelian* contracted an acquaintance with Persons of Worth of several Countries, but among the rest an intimacy with a Gentleman of Quality of *Spain*, and Nephew to the Archbishop of *Toledo*, who had so wrought himself into the Affections of *Aurelian*, thro' a Conformity of Temper, an Equality in Years, and something of resemblance in Feature and Proportion, that he look'd upon him as his second self. *Hippolito*, on the other hand, was not ungrateful in return of Friendship, but thought himself either alone or in ill Company, if *Aurelian* were absent: But his Uncle having sent him to travel, under the Conduct of a Governour, and the two Years which limitted his stay at *Siena* being expired, he was put in mind of his departure.

His Friend grew melancholy at the News, but considering that *Hippolito* had never seen *Florence*, he easily prevailed with him to make his first Journey thither, whither he would accompany him, and perhaps prevail with his Father to do the like throughout his Travels.

They accordingly set out, but not being able easily to reach *Florence* the same Night, they rested a League or two short, at a *Villa* of the great Duke's called *Poggio Imperiale*, where they were informed by some of his Highness's Servants, That the Nuptials of *Donna*

Catharina (near Kinswoman to the great Duke) and *Don Ferdinand de Roveri* were to be solemnized the next day, and that extraordinary Preparations had been making for some time past, to illustrate the Solemnity with Balls and Masques, and other Divertisements, that a Tilting had been proclaim'd, and to that purpose Scaffolds erected around the Spacious Court, before the Church *Di Sancta Croce*, where were usually seen all Cavalcades and Shews, performed by Assemblies of the Young Nobility: That all Mechanicks and Tradesmen were forbidden to work or expose any Goods to Sale for the space of three days; during which time all Persons should be entertain'd at the Great Duke's Cost; and publick Provision was to be made for the setting forth and furnishing a multitude of Tables, with Entertainment for all Comers and Goers, and several Houses appointed for that use in all Streets.

This Account alarm'd the Spirits of our Young Travellers, and they were overjoy'd at the prospect of Pleasures they foresaw. *Aurelian* could not contain the satisfaction he conceiv'd in the welcome Fortune had prepar'd for his dear *Hippolito*. In short, they both Remembred so much of the pleasing Relation had been made them, that they forgot to sleep, and were up as soon as it was light, pounding at poor Signior *Claudio's* Door (so was *Hippolito's* Governour call'd) to rouse him, that no time might be lost till they were arriv'd at *Florence*, where they would furnish themselves with Disguises and other Accoutrements necessary for the Prosecution of their Design of sharing in the publick Merriment; the rather were they for going so early because *Aurelian* did not think fit to publish his being in the Town for a time, least his Father knowing of it, might give some restraint to that loose they design'd themselves.

Before Sun rise they entred *Florence* at *Porta Romana*, attended only by two Servants, the rest being left behind to avoid notice; but, alas! they needed not to have used half that caution; for early as it was, the

Streets were crowded with all sorts of People passing to and fro, and every Man employ'd in something relating to the Diversions to come; so that no notice was taken of any body; a Marquess and his Train might have pass'd by as unregarded as a single Fachin or Cobler. Not a Window in the Streets but echoed the tuning of a Lute or thrumming of a Gitarr: For, by the way, the Inhabitants of *Florence* are strangely addicted to the love of Musick, insomuch that scarce their Children can go, before they can scratch some Instrument or other. It was no unpleasing Spectacle to our Cavaliers (who, seeing they were not observ'd, resolved to make Observations) to behold the Diversity of Figures and Postures of many of these Musicians. Here you should have an affected Vallet, who Mimick'd the Behaviour of his Master, leaning carelessly against the Window, with his Head on one side, in a languishing posture, whining, in a low, mournful Voice, some dismal Complaint; while, from his sympathizing *Theorbo*, issued a Base no less doleful to the Hearers. In Opposition to him was set up perhaps a Cobler, with a wretched Skeleton of a Gitarr, battered and waxed together by his own Industry, and who with three Strings out of Tune, and his own tearing hoarse Voice, would rack attention from the Neighbourhood, to the great affliction of many more moderate Practitioners, who, no doubt, were full as desirous to be heard. By this time *Aurelian's* Servant had taken a Lodging and was returned, to give his Master an Account of it. The Cavaliers grown weary of that ridiculous Entertainment, which was diverting at first sight, retired whither the Lacquey conducted them; who, according to their Directions, had sought out one of the most obscure Streets in the City. All that day, to the evening, was spent in sending from one Brokers Shop to another, to furnish them with Habits, since they had not time to make any new.

There was, it happened, but one to be got Rich enough to please our young Gentlemen, so many were taken up upon this occasion. While they were in

Dispute and Complimenting one another, (*Aurelian* protesting that *Hippolito* should wear it, and he, on 'tother hand, forswearing it as bitterly) a Servant of *Hippolito's* came up and ended the Controversy; telling them, That he had met below with the *Vallet de Chambre* of a Gentleman, who was one of the greatest Gallants about the Town, but was at this time in such a Condition he could not possibly be at the Entertainment; whereupon the Vallet had designed to dress himself up in his Master's Apparel, and try his talent at Court; which he hearing, told him he would inform him how he might bestow the Habit for some time much more to his profit if not to his pleasure, and so acquainted him with the occasion his Master had for it. *Hippolito* sent for the Fellow up, who was not so fond of his design as not to be bought off it, but upon having his own demand granted for the use of it, brought it; it was very Rich, and upon tryal, as fit for *Hippolito* as if it had been made for him. The Ceremony was performed in the Morning, in the great Dome, with all Magnificence correspondent to the wealth of the great Duke, and the esteem he had for the Noble Pair. The next Morning was to be a Tilting, and the same Night a Masquing Ball at Court. To omit the Description of the universal Joy, (that had diffus'd it self through all the Conduits of Wine, which convey'd it in large measures to the People) and only relate those effects of it which concern our present Adventurers: You must know, that about the fall of the Evening, and at that time when the *æquilibrium* of Day and Night, for some time, holds the Air in a gloomy suspence between an unwillingness to leave the light, and a natural impulse into the Dominion of Darkness. About this time our Heroes, shall I say sally'd or slunk out of their Lodgings, and steer'd toward the great Palace, whither, before they were arriv'd, such a prodigious number of Torches were on fire, that the day, by help of these Auxiliary Forces, seem'd to continue its Dominion; the Owls and Bats apprehending their mistake in counting the Hours,

retir'd again to a convenient darkness; for Madam Night was no more to be seen than she was to be heard; and the Chymists were of Opinion, That her fuliginous Damps rarefy'd by the abundance of Flame, were evaporated.

Now the Reader I suppose to be upon Thorns at this and the like impertinent Digressions, but let him alone and he'll come to himself; at which time I think fit to acquaint him, that when I digress, I am at that time writing to please my self; when I continue the Thread of the Story, I write to please him; supposing him a reasonable Man, I conclude him satisfied to allow me this liberty, and so I proceed.

If our Cavaliers were dazled at the splendour they beheld without doors, what surprize, think you, must they be in, when entering the Palace they found even the lights there to be but so many foils to the bright eyes that flash'd upon 'em at every turn.

A more glorious Troop no occasion ever assembled; all the fair of *Florence*, with the most accomplished Cavaliers, were present; and however Nature had been partial in bestowing on some better Faces than others, Art was alike indulgent to all, and industriously supplyed those Defects she had left, giving some Addition also to her greatest Excellencies. Every Body appear'd well shap'd, as it is to be supposed, none who were conscious to themselves of any visible Deformity would presume to come thither. Their Apparel was equally glorious, though each differing in fancy. In short, our Strangers were so well bred, as to conclude from these apparent Perfections, that there was not a Masque which did not at least hide the Face of a Cherubim. Perhaps the Ladies were not behind hand in return of a favourable Opinion of them: for they were both well dress'd, and had something inexpressibly pleasing in their Air and Mein, different from other People, and indeed differing from one another. They fancy'd that while they stood together they were more particularly taken notice of than any in the Room, and being un-

willing to be taken for Strangers, which they thought they were, by reason of some whispering they observed near them: They agreed upon an hour of meeting after the company should be broke up, and so separately mingled with the thickest of the Assembly. *Aurelian* had fixed his eye upon a Lady whom he had observ'd to have been a considerable time in close whisper with another Woman; he expected with great impatience the result of that private Conference, that he might have an opportunity of engaging the Lady whose Person was so agreeable to him. At last he perceived they were broke off, and the 'tother Lady seem'd to have taken her leave. He had taken no small Pains in the mean time to put himself in a posture to accost the Lady, which, no doubt, he had happily performed had he not been interrupted; but scarce had he acquitted himself of a preliminary bow (and which, I have heard him say, was the lowest that ever he made) and had just opened his Lips to deliver himself of a small Complement, which, nevertheless he was very big with, when he unluckily miscarried, by the interposal of the same Lady, whose departure, not long before, he had so zealously pray'd for: but, as Providence would have it, there was only some very small matter forgot, which was recover'd in a short whisper. The Coast being again cleared, he took heart and bore up, and striking sail, repeated his Ceremony to the Lady; who, having obligingly returned it, he accosted her in these or the like words:

"If I do not usurp a priviledge reserved for some one more happy in your acquaintance, may I presume, Madam, to entreat (for a while) the favour of your Conversation, at least till the arrival of whom you expect, provided you are not tired of me before; for then upon the least intimation of uneasiness, I will not fail of doing my self the violence to withdraw for your release." The Lady made him answer, she did not expect any Body; by which he might imagine her Conversation not of value to be bespoke, and to afford it

him, were but farther to convince him to her own cost. He reply'd, "She had already said enough to convince him of something he heartily wish'd might not be to his cost in the end." She pretended not to understand him; but told him, "If he already found himself grieved with her Conversation, he would have sufficient Reason to repent the rashness of his first Demand before they had ended: for that now she intended to hold Discourse with him on purpose to punish his unadvisedness, in presuming upon a Person whose dress and mien might not (may be) be disagreeable to have wit." "I must confess (reply'd *Aurelian*) my self guilty of a Presumption, and willingly submit to the Punishment you intend: and though it be an aggravation of a Crime to persevere in its justification, yet I cannot help defending an Opinion in which now I am more confirm'd, that probable conjectures may be made of the Ingenious Disposition of the Mind, from the fancy and choice of Apparel." "The humour I grant ye (said the Lady) or constitution of the Person whether melancholick or brisk; but I should hardly pass my censure upon so slight an indication of Wit: for there is your brisk Fool as well as your brisk Man of Sense, and so of the Melancholick. I confess 'tis possible a Fool may reveal himself by his Dress, in wearing something extravagantly singular and ridiculous, or in preposterous suiting of Colours; but a decency of Habit (which is all that Men of best Sense pretend to) may be acquired by custom and example, without putting the Person to a superfluous expence of wit for the contrivance; and though there should be occasion for it, few are so unfortunate in their Relations and Acquaintance not to have some Friend capable of giving them advice, if they are not too ignorantly conceited to ask it." *Aurelian* was so pleased with the easiness and smartness of her Expostulation, that he forgot to make a reply, when she seem'd to expect it; but being a Woman of a quick Apprehension, and justly sensible of her own Perfections, she soon perceived he did not grudge his atten-

tion. However she had a Mind to put it upon him to turn the discourse, so went on upon the same Subject. "Signior (said she) I have been looking round me, and by your Maxim I cannot discover one Fool in the Company; for they are all well drest." This was spoken with an Air of Rallery that awakened the Cavalier, who immediately made answer: "'Tis true, Madam, we see there may be as much variety of good fancies as of faces, yet there may be many of both kinds borrowed and adulterate if inquired into; and as you were pleased to observe, the invention may be Foreign to the Person who puts it in practice; and as good an Opinion as I have of an agreeable Dress, I should be loath to answer for the wit of all about us." "I believe you (says the Lady) and hope you are convinced of your error, since you must allow it impossible to tell who of all this Assembly did or did not make choice of their own Apparel." "Not all (said *Aurelian*) there is an ungainess in some which betrays them. Look ye there" (says he) pointing to a Lady who stood playing with the Tassels of her Girdle, "I dare answer for that Lady, though she be very well dress'd, 'tis more than she knows." His fair unknown could not forbear laughing at his particular distinction, and freely told him, he had indeed light upon one who knew as little as any body in the Room, her self excepted. "Ah! Madam, (reply'd *Aurelian*) you know every thing in the World but your own Perfections, and you only know not those, because 'tis the top of Perfection not to know them." "How? (reply'd the Lady) I thought it had been the extremity of knowledge to know ones self." *Aurelian* had a little overstrain'd himself in that Complement, and I am of Opinion would have been puzzl'd to have brought himself off readily: but by good fortune the Musick came into the Room and gave him an opportunity to seem to decline an answer, because the Company prepared to Dance: he only told her he was too mean a Conquest for her Wit who was already a Slave to the Charms of her Person. She thanked him for his Complement, and

briskly told him she ought to have made him a return in praise of his Wit, but she hoped he was a Man more happy than to be dissatisfy'd with any of his own Endowments; and if it were so, that he had not a just Opinion of himself, she knew her self incapable of saying any thing to beget one. *Aurelian* did not know well what to make of this last reply; for he always abhor'd any thing that was conceited, with which this seem'd to reproach him. But however modest he had been heretofore in his own thoughts, yet never was he so distrustful of his good behaviour as now, being rally'd so by a Person whom he took to be of judgment: Yet he resolved to take no notice, but with an Air unconcerned and full of good humour entreated her to Dance with him: She promised him to Dance with no body else, nor I believe had she inclination; for notwithstanding her tartness, she was upon equal terms with him as to the liking of each others Person and Humour, and only gave those little hints to try his Temper; there being certainly no greater sign of folly and ill breeding, than to grow serious and concerned at any thing spoken in rallery: For his part, he was strangely and insensibly fallen in love with her Shape, Wit and Air; which, together with a white Hand, he had seen (perhaps not accidentally) were enough to have subdued a more stubborn Heart than ever he was master of; and for her Face, which he had not seen, he bestowed upon her the best his Imagination could furnish him with. I should by right now describe her Dress, which was extreamly agreeable and rich, but 'tis possible I might err in some material Pin or other, in the sticking of which may be the whole grace of the Drapery depended. Well, they danced several times together, and no less to the satisfaction of the whole Company, than of themselves; for at the end of each Dance, some publick note of Applause or other was given to the graceful Couple.

Aurelian was amaz'd, that among all that danced or stood in view he could not see *Hippolito*; but concluding

that he had met with some pleasing Conversation, and was withdrawn to some retired part of the Room, he forbore his search till the mirth of that Night should be over, and the Company ready to break up, where we will leave him for a while, to see what became of his adventurous Friend.

Hippolito, a little after he had parted with *Aurelian*, was got among a knot of Ladies and Cavaliers, who were looking upon a large Gold Cup set with Jewels, in which his Royal Highness had drank to the Prosperity of the new married Couple at Dinner, and which afterward he presented to his Cousin *Donna Catharina*. He among the rest was very intent, admiring the richness, workmanship, and beauty of the Cup, when a Lady came behind him and pulling him by the Elbow, made a sign she would speak with him; *Hippolito*, who knew himself an utter Stranger to *Florence* and every body in it, immediately guessed she had mistaken him for her acquaintance, as indeed it happened; however he resolved not to discover himself till he should be assured of it; having followed her into a set Window remote from Company, she address'd her self to him in this manner: "Signior *Don Lorenzo* (said she) I am overjoy'd to see you are so speedily recovered of your Wounds, which by report were much more dangerous than to have suffered your coming abroad so soon; but I must accuse you of great indiscretion, in appearing in a Habit which so many must needs remember you to have worn upon the like occasion not long ago, I mean at the Marriage of *Don Cynthio* with your Sister *Atalanta*; I do assure you, you were known by it, both to *Juliana* and my self, who was so far concerned for you, as to desire me to tell you, that her Brother *Don Fabritio* (who saw you when you came in with another Gentleman) had eyed you very narrowly, and is since gone out of the Room, she knows not upon what design; however she would have you, for your own sake, be advised and circumspect when you depart this place, lest you should be set upon unawares; you know the

hatred *Don Fabritio* has born you ever since you had the fortune to kill his Kinsman in a Duel": Here she paused as if expecting his reply; but *Hippolito* was so confounded, that he stood mute, and contemplating the hazard he had ignorantly brought himself into, forgot his design of informing the Lady of her mistake. She finding he made her no Answer, went on. "I perceive (continued she) you are in some surprize at what I have related, and may be, are doubtful of the Truth; but I thought you had been better acquainted with your Cousin *Leonora's* Voice, than to have forgot it so soon: Yet in Complaisance to your ill Memory, I will put you past doubt, by shewing you my Face"; with that she pulled off her Mask, and discovered to *Hippolito* (now more amaz'd than ever) the most Angelick Face that he had ever beheld. He was just about to have made her some answer, when, clapping on her Mask again without giving him time, she happily for him pursu'd her Discourse. (For 'tis odds but he had made some discovery of himself in the surprize he was in.) Having taken him familiarly by the Hand, now she had made her self known to him, "Cousin *Lorenzo* (added she) you may perhaps have taken it unkindly, that during the time of your Indisposition, by reason of your Wounds, I have not been to visit you; I do assure you it was not for want of any Inclination I had both to see and serve you to my power; but you are well acquainted with the Severity of my Father, whom you know how lately you have disobliged. I am mighty glad that I have met with you here, where I have had an Opportunity to tell you what so much concerns your Safety, which I am afraid you will not find in *Florence*; considering the great Power *Don Fabritio* and his Father, the Marquess of *Viterbo*, have in this City. I have another thing to inform you of, That whereas *Don Fabio* had interested himself in your Cause, in Opposition to the Marquess of *Viterbo*, by reason of the long Animosity between them, all hopes of his Countenance and Assistance are defeated; For there has been a Pro-

posal of Reconciliation made to both Houses, and it is said it will be confirm'd (as most such ancient Quarrels are at last) by the Marriage of *Juliana* the Marquess's Daughter, with *Aurelian*, Son to *Don Fabio*: To which effect the old Gentleman sent 'tother Day to *Siena*, where *Aurelian* has been Educated, to hasten his coming to Town; but the Messenger returning this Morning, brought word, That the same day he arriv'd at *Siena*, *Aurelian* had set out for *Florence*, in Company with a young *Spanish* Nobleman, his intimate Friend; so it is believ'd, they are both in Town, and not unlikely in this Room in Masquerade."

Hippolito could not forbear smiling to himself, at these last Words. For ever since the naming of *Don Fabio* he had been very attentive; but before, his Thoughts were wholly taken up with the Beauty of the Face he had seen, and from the time she had taken him by the Hand, a successive warmth and chilness had play'd about his Heart, and surpriz'd him with an unusual Transport. He was in a hundred Minds, whether he should make her sensible of her Error or no; but considering he could expect no farther Conference with her after he should discover himself, and that as yet he knew not of her place of abode, he resolv'd to humour the mistake a little further. Having her still by the Hand, which he squeez'd somewhat more eagerly than is usual for Cousins to do, in a low and undistinguishable Voice, he let her know how much he held himself obliged to her, and avoiding as many words as handsomly he could, at the same time, entreated her to give him her Advice, toward the management of himself in this Affair. *Leonora*, who never from the beginning had entertain'd the least Scruple of distrust, imagined he spoke faintly, as not being yet perfectly recovered of his Strength; and withal considering that the heat of the Room, by reason of the Crowd, might be uneasie to a Person in his Condition; she kindly told him, That if he were as inclinable to dispense with the remainder of that Nights Diversion as she was, and had

no other Engagement upon him, by her consent they should both steal out of the Assembly, and go to her House, where they might with more freedom discourse about a business of that importance, and where he might take something to refresh himself if he were (as she conceiv'd him to be) indisposed with his long standing. Judge you whether the Proposal were acceptable to *Hippolito* or no; he had been ruminating with himself how to bring something like this about, and had almost despair'd of it; when of a suddain he found the success of his design had prevented his own endeavours. He told his Cousin in the same key as before, That he was unwilling to be the occasion of her Divorce from so much good Company; but for his own part, he was afraid he had presumed too much upon his recovery in coming abroad so soon, and that he found himself so unwell, he feared he should be quickly forc'd to retire. *Leonora* stay'd not to make him any other reply, only tipp'd him upon the Arm, and bid him follow her at a convenient distance to avoid Observation.

Whoever had seen the Joy that was in *Hippolito*'s Countenance, and the Sprightliness with which he follow'd his Beautiful Conductress, would scarce have taken him for a Person griev'd with uncured Wounds. She led him down a back pair of Stairs, into one of the Palace Gardens which had a Door opening into the Piazza, not far from where *Don Mario* her Father lived. They had little Discourse by the way, which gave *Hippolito* time to consider of the best way of discovering himself. A thousand things came into his Head in a minute, yet nothing that pleased him: And after so many Contrivances as he had formed for the discovery of himself, he found it more rational for him not to reveal himself at all that Night, since he could not foresee what effect the surprize would have, she must needs be in, at the appearance of a Stranger, whom she had never seen before, yet whom she had treated so familiarly. He knew Women were apt to shriek or swoon upon such Occasions, and should she happen to do either, he might

be at a loss how to bring himself off. He thought he might easily pretend to be indisposed somewhat more than ordinary, and so make an excuse to go to his own Lodging. It came into his Head too, that under pretence of giving her an account of his Health, he might enquire of her the means how a Letter might be convey'd to her the next Morning, wherein he might inform her gently of her mistake, and insinuate something of that Passion he had conceiv'd, which he was sure he could not have opportunity to speak of if he bluntly revealed himself. He had just resolv'd upon this Method, as they were come to the great Gates of the Court, when *Leonora* stopping to let him go in before her, he of a sudden fetch'd his Breath violently as if some stitch or twinging smart had just then assaulted him. She enquired the matter of him, and advised him to make haste into the House that he might sit down and rest him. He told her he found himself so ill, that he judged it more convenient for him to go home while he was in a condition to move, for he fear'd if he should once settle himself to rest he might not be able to stir. She was much troubled, and would have had a Chair made ready and Servants to carry him home; but he made answer, he would not have any of her Fathers Servants know of his being abroad, and that just now he had an interval of ease, which he hop'd would continue till he made shift to reach his own Lodgings. Yet if she pleased to inform him how he might give an account of himself the next morning, in a Line or two, he would not fail to give her the thanks due to her great Kindness; and withal, would let her know something which would not a little surprize her, though now he had not time to acquaint her with it. She show'd him a little Window at the corner of the House, where one should wait to receive his Letter, and was just taking her leave of him, when seeing him search hastily in his Pocket, she ask'd him if he miss'd any thing; he told her he thought a Wound which was not thorowly heal'd bled a little, and that he had lost his Handker-

chief. His design took; for she immediately gave him hers: Which indeed accordingly he apply'd to the only Wound he was then griev'd with; which though it went quite through his Heart, yet thank God was not Mortal. He was not a little rejoyc'd at his good Fortune in getting so early a Favour from his Mistress, and notwithstanding the violence he did himself to personate a sick Man, he could not forbear giving some Symptoms of an extraordinary Content; and telling her that he did not doubt to receive a considerable Proportion of Ease from the Application of what had so often kiss'd her fair Hand. *Leonora*, who did not suspect the Compliment, told him she should be heartily glad if that or any thing in her power might contribute to his recovery; and wishing him well home, went into her House, as much troubled for her Cousin as he was joyful for his Mistress.

Hippolito, as soon as she was gone in, began to make his Remarks about the House, walking round the great Court, viewing the Gardens and all the Passages leading to that side of the Piazza. Having sufficiently informed himself, with a Heart full of Love, and a Head full of Stratagem, he walked toward his Lodging, impatient till the arrival of *Aurelian* that he might give himself vent. In which interim, let me take the liberty to digress a little, and tell the Reader something which I do not doubt he has apprehended himself long ago, if he be not the dullest Reader in the World; yet only for order sake, let me tell him, I say, That a young Gentleman (Cousin to the aforesaid *Don Fabritio*) happened one night to have some words at a Gaming House with one *Lorenzo*, which created a Quarrel of fatal Consequence to the former, who was killed upon the Spot, and likely to be so to the latter, who was very desperately Wounded.

Fabritio, being much concerned for his Kinsman, vow'd revenge (according to the ancient and laudable custom of *Italy*) upon *Lorenzo* if he surviv'd, or in case of his Death (if it should happen to anticipate that,

much more swinging Death which he had in store for him) upon his next of Kin, and so to descend Lineally like an *English* Estate, to all the Heirs Males of his Family. This same *Fabritio* had indeed (as *Leonora* told *Hippolito*) taken particular notice of him from his first entrance into the Room, and was so far doubtful as to go out immediately himself, and make enquiry concerning *Lorenzo*, but was quickly inform'd of the greatness of his Error, in believing a Man to be abroad, who was so ill of his Wounds, that they now despair'd of his recovery; and thereupon returned to the Ball very well satisfied, but not before *Leonora* and *Hippolito* were departed.

So, Reader, having now discharg'd my Conscience of a small Discovery which I thought my self obliged to make to thee, I proceed to tell thee, that our Friend *Aurelian* had by this time danced himself into a Net which he neither could, nor which is worse, desired to untangle.

His Soul was charm'd to the movement of her Body: An Air so graceful, so sweet, so easie and so great, he had never seen. She had something of Majesty in her, which appear'd to be born with her; and though it struck an awe into the Beholders, yet was it sweetned with a familiarity of Behaviour, which rendred it agreeable to every Body. The grandeur of her Mien was not stiff, but unstudied and unforced, mixed with a simplicity; free, yet not loose nor affected. If the former seem'd to condescend, the latter seem'd to aspire; and both to unite in the centre of Perfection. Every turn she gave in dancing snatcht *Aurelian* into a Rapture, and he had like to have been out two or three times with the following his Eyes, which she led about as Slaves to her Heels.

As soon as they had done dancing, he began to complain of his want of Breath and Lungs, to speak sufficiently in her Commendation; She smilingly told him, he did ill to dance so much then: Yet in Consideration of the pains he had taken more than ordinary upon her

account, she would bate him a great deal of Compliment, but with this Proviso, That he was to discover to her who he was. *Aurelian* was unwilling for the present to own himself to be really the Man he was; when a suddain thought came into his Head to take upon him the Name and Character of *Hippolito*, who he was sure was not known in *Florence*. He thereupon, after a little pause, pretended to recal himself in this manner: "Madam, it is no small demonstration of the entire Resignation which I have made of my Heart to your Chains, since the secrets of it are no longer in my Power. I confess I only took *Florence* in my way, not designing any longer Residence, than should be requisite to inform the Curiosity of a Traveller, of the rarities of the Place. Whether Happiness or Misery will be the Consequence of that Curiosity, I am yet in fear, and submit to your Determination; but sure I am, not to depart *Florence* till you have made me the most miserable Man in it, and refuse me the fatal Kindness of Dying at your Feet. I am by Birth a *Spaniard*, of the City of *Toledo*; my name *Hippolito di Saviolina*: I was yesterday a Man free, as Nature made the first; to day I am fallen into a Captivity, which must continue with my Life, and which, it is in your Power, to make much dearer to me. Thus in obedience to your Commands, and contrary to my Resolution of remaining unknown in this place, I have inform'd you, Madam, what I am; what I shall be, I desire to know from you; at least, I hope, the free discovery I have made of my self, will encourage you to trust me with the knowledge of your Person."

Here a low bow, and a deep sigh, put an end to his Discourse, and signified his Expectation of her Reply, which was to this purpose—(But I had forgot to tell you, That *Aurelian* kept off his Mask from the time that he told her he was of *Spain*, till the period of his Relation.) "Had I thought (said she) that my Curiosity would have brought me in debt, I should certainly have forborn it; or at least have agreed with you beforehand

about the rate of your discovery, then I had not brought my self to the Inconveniency of being censur'd, either of too much easiness or reservedness; but to avoid, as much as I can, the extremity of either, I am resolv'd but to discover my self in part, and will endeavour to give you as little occasion as I can, either to boast of, or ridicule the Behaviour of the Women of *Florence* in your Travels."

Aurelian interrupted her, and swore very solemnly (and the more heartily, I believe, because he then indeed spoke truth) that he would make *Florence* the place of his abode, whatever concerns he had elsewhere. She advised him to be cautious how he swore to his Expressions of Gallantry; and farther told him she now hoped she should make him a return to all the Fine Things he had said, since she gave him his choice whether he would know whom she was, or see her Face.

Aurelian who was really in Love, and in whom Consideration would have been a Crime, greedily embrac'd the latter, since she assured him at that time he should not know both. Well, what follow'd? Why, she pull'd off her Mask, and appear'd to him at once in the Glory of Beauty. But who can tell the astonishment *Aurelian* felt? He was for a time senseless; Admiration had suppress'd his Speech, and his Eyes were entangled in Light. In short, to be made sensible of his condition, we must conceive some Idea of what he beheld, which is not to be imagined till seen, nor then to be express'd. Now see the impertinence and conceitedness of an Author, who will have a fling at a Description, which he has Prefaced with an impossibility. One might have seen something in her Composition resembling the Formation of *Epicurus* his World, as if every Atome of Beauty had concurr'd to unite an excellency. Had that curious Painter lived in her days, he might have avoided his painful search, when he collected from the choicest pieces the most choice Features, and by a due Disposition and Judicious Symmetry of those exquisite parts, made one whole

and perfect *Venus.* Nature seem'd here to have play'd the Plagiary, and to have molded into Substance the most refined Thoughts of inspired Poets. Her Eyes diffus'd Rays comfortable as warmth, and piercing as the light; they would have worked a passage through the straightest Pores, and with a delicious heat, have play'd about the most obdurate frozen Heart, until 'twere melted down to Love. Such Majesty and Affability were in her Looks; so alluring, yet commanding was her Presence, that it mingled awe with love; kindling a Flame which trembled to aspire. She had danced much, which, together with her being close masked, gave her a tincture of Carnation more than ordinary. But *Aurelian* (from whom I had every tittle of her Description) fancy'd he saw a little Nest of Cupids break from the Tresses of her Hair, and every one officiously betake himself to his task. Some fann'd with their downy Wings, her glowing Cheeks; while others brush'd the balmy Dew from off her Face, leaving alone a heavenly Moisture blubbing on her Lips, on which they drank and revell'd for their pains; Nay, so particular were their allotments in her service, that *Aurelian* was very positive a young Cupid who was but just Pen-feather'd, employ'd his naked Quills to pick her Teeth. And a Thousand other Things his Transport Represented to him, which none but Lovers who have experience of such Visions will believe.

As soon as he awaked and found his Speech come to him, he employ'd it to this effect:

"'Tis enough that I have seen a Divinity—Nothing but Mercy can inhabit these Perfections — Their utmost rigour brings a Death preferable to any Life, but what they give—Use me, Madam, as you please; for by your fair self, I cannot think a Bliss beyond what now I feel—You Wound with Pleasure, and if you Kill it must be with Transport—Ah! Yet methinks to live —O Heaven! to have Life pronounced by those Bless'd Lips—— Did they not inspire where they command, it were an immediate Death of Joy."

Aurelian was growing a little too loud with his Admiration, had she not just then interrupted him, by clapping on her Masque, and telling him they should be observed, if he proceeded in his Extravagance; and withal, that his Passion was too suddain to be real, and too violent to be lasting. He replied, Indeed it might not be very lasting, (with a submissive mournful Voice) but it would continue during his Life. That it was suddain, he denied, for she had raised it by degrees from his first sight of her, by a continued discovery of Charms, in her Mein and Conversation, till she thought fit to set Fire to the Train she had laid, by the Lightning of her Face; and then he could not help it, if he were blown up.

He begg'd her to believe the Sincerity of his Passion, at least to enjoin him something, which might tend to the Convincing of her Incredulity. She said, she should find a time to make some Trials of him; but for the first, she charged him not to follow or observe her, after the Dissolution of the Assembly. He promised to obey, and entreated her to tell him but her Name, that he might have Recourse tc that in his Affliction for her Absence, if he were able to survive it. She desired him to live by all means; and if he must have a Name to play with, to call her *Incognita*, till he were better informed.

The Company breaking up, she took her leave, and at his earnest Entreaty, gave him a short Vision of her Face; which, then dress'd in an obliging smile, caused another fit of Transport, which lasted till she was gone out of Sight. *Aurelian* gathered up his Spirits, and walked slowly towards his Lodging, never remembring that he had lost *Hippolito*, till upon turning the Corner of a Street, he heard a noise of Fighting; and coming near, saw a Man make a vigorous Defence against two, who pressed violently upon him. He then thought of *Hippolito*, and fancying he saw the glimmering of Diamond Buttons, such as *Hippolito* had upon the Sleeves of his Habit, immediately drew to his Assistance; and with that Eagerness and Resolution, that the Assailants, finding their unmanly odds defeated,

took to their Heels. The Person rescued by the Generous Help of *Aurelian*, came toward him; but as he would have stoop'd to have saluted him, dropp'd, fainting at his feet. *Aurelian*, now he was so near him, perceiv'd plainly *Hippolito's* Habit, and step'd hastily to take him up. Just as some of the Guards (who were going the Rounds, apprehensive of such Disorders in an Universal Merriment) came up to him with Lights, and had taken Prisoners the Two Men, whom they met with their Swords drawn; when looking in the Face of the Wounded Man, he found it was not *Hippolito*, but his Governour *Claudio*, in the Habit he had worn at the Ball. He was extreamly surpriz'd, as were the Prisoners, who confess'd their Design to have been upon *Lorenzo*; grounding their Mistake upon the Habit which was known to have been his. They were Two Men who formerly had been Servants to him whom *Lorenzo* had unfortunately slain.

They made a shift to bring *Claudio* to himself; and part of the Guard carrying off the Prisoners, whom *Aurelian* desired they would secure, the rest accompanied him bearing *Claudio* in their Arms to his Lodging. He had not patience to forbear asking for *Hippolito* by the Way; whom *Claudio* assured him, he had left safe in his Chamber, above Two Hours since. That his coming Home so long before the Divertisements were ended, and Undressing himself, had given him the Unhappy Curiosity, to put on his Habit, and go to the Palace; in his Return from whence, he was set upon in the Manner he found him, which if he recovered, he must own his Life indebted to his timely Assistance.

Being come to the House, they carried him to his Bed, and having sent for Surgeons *Aurelian* rewarded and dismissed the Guard. He stay'd the dressing of *Claudio's* Wounds, which were many, though they hop'd none Mortal: and leaving him to his Rest, went to give *Hippolito* an Account of what had happened, whom he found with a Table before him, leaning upon both his Elbows, his Face covered with his Hands, and so

motionless, that *Aurelian* concluded he was asleep; seeing several Papers lie before him, half written and blotted out again, he thought to steal softly to the Table, and discover what he had been employed about. Just as he reach'd forth his Hand to take up one of the Papers, *Hippolito* started up so on the suddain, as surpriz'd *Aurelian* and made him leap back; *Hippolito*, on the other hand, not supposing that any Body had been near him, was so disordered with the Appearance of a Man at his Elbow, (whom his Amazement did not permit him to distinguish) that he leap'd hastily to his Sword, and in turning him about, overthrew the Stand and Candles. Here were they both left in the Dark, *Hippolito* groping about with his Sword, and thrusting at every Chair that he felt oppose him. *Aurelian* was scarce come to himself, when thinking to step back toward the Door that he might inform his Friend of his Mistake, without exposing himself to his blind Fury; *Hippolito* heard him stir, and made a full thrust with such Violence, that the Hilt of the Sword meeting with *Aurelian's* Breast beat him down, and *Hippolito* a top of him, as a Servant alarm'd with the noise, came into the Chamber with a Light. The Fellow trembled, and thought they were both Dead, till *Hippolito* raising himself, to see whom he had got under him, swoon'd away upon the discovery of his Friend. But such was the extraordinary Care of Providence in directing the Sword, that it only past under his Arm, giving no Wound to *Aurelian*, but a little Bruise between his Shoulder and Breast with the Hilt. He got up, scarce recovered of his Fright, and by the help of the Servant laid *Hippolito* upon the Bed; who when he was come to himself could hardly be perswaded, that his Friend was before him and alive, till he shew'd him his Breast, where was nothing of a wound. *Hippolito* begg'd his Pardon a Thousand Times, and curs'd himself as often, who was so near to committing the last Execrable Act of Amicide.

They dismiss'd the Fellow, and with many Embraces,

congratulated their fortunate Delivery from the Mischief which came so near them, each blaming himself as the Occasion: *Aurelian* accusing his own unadvisedness in stealing upon *Hippolito*; *Hippolito* blaming his own temerity and weakness, in being so easily frighted to Disorder; and last of all, his blindness, in not knowing his dearest Friend. But there he gave a Sigh, and passionately taking *Aurelian* by the Hand, cry'd, "Ah! my Friend, Love is indeed blind, when it would not suffer me to see you —" There arose another Sigh; a Sympathy seiz'd *Aurelian* immediately: (For, by the Way, sighing is as catching among Lovers, as yawning among the Vulgar.) Beside hearing the Name of Love, made him fetch such a Sigh, that *Hippolito's* were but Fly-blows in Comparison, that was answered with all the Might *Hippolito* had, *Aurelian* ply'd him close till they were both out of Breath.

Thus not a Word pass'd, though each wondred why the t'other sigh'd, at last concluded it to be only Complaisance to one another.

Aurelian broke the Silence, by telling him the Misfortune of his Governour. *Hippolito* rejoic'd as at the luckiest Accident which could have befall'n him. *Aurelian* wondred at his unseasonable Mirth, and demanded the Cause of it; he answer'd, It would necessitate his longer Stay in *Florence*, and for ought he knew be the Means of bringing a happy Period to his Amour.

His Friend thought him to be little better than a Mad-man, when he perceiv'd him of a suddain snatch out of his Bosom a Handkerchief, which having kiss'd with a great deal of Ardour, he took *Aurelian* by the Hand, and smiling at the Surprize he saw him in;

"Your *Florentine Cupid* is certainly (said he) the most Expert in the World. I have since I saw you beheld the most Beautiful of Women. I am faln desperately in Love with her, and those Papers which you see so blotted and scattered, are but so many Essays which I have made to the Declaration of my

Passion: And this Handkerchief which I so zealously Caress, is the Inestimable Token which I have to make my self known to her. O *Leonora*! (continued he) how hast thou stamp'd thine Image on my Soul! How much dearer am I to my self, since I have had thy Heavenly Form in keeping! Now, my *Aurelian*, I am worthy thee: my exalted Love has Dignified me, and rais'd me far above thy poor former Despicable *Hippolito*."

Aurelian seeing the Rapture he was in, thought it in vain to expect a settled Relation of the Adventure, so was reaching to the Table for some of the Papers, but *Hippolito* told him, If he would have a little patience he would acquaint him with the whole Matter; and thereupon told him Word for Word how he was mistaken for *Lorenzo*, and his Management of himself. *Aurelian* commended his Prudence, in not discovering himself; and told him, If he could spare so much time from the Contemplation of his Mistress, he would inform him of an Adventure, though not so Accidental, yet of as great Concern to his own future Happiness. So related all that had happened to him with his Beautiful *Incognita*.

Having ended the Story, they began to consider of the Means they were to use toward a Review of their Mistresses. *Aurelian* was Confounded at the Difficulty he conceived on his Part. He understood from *Hippolito's* Adventure, that his Father knew of his being in Town, whom he must unavoidably Disoblige if he yet concealed himself, and Disobey if he came into his Sight; for he had already entertain'd an Aversion for *Juliana*, in apprehension of her being Imposed on him. His *Incognita* was rooted in his Heart, yet could he not Comfort himself with any Hopes when he should see her: He knew not where she lived, and she had made him no Promise of a second Conference. Then did he repent his inconsiderate Choice, in preferring the momentary Vision of her Face, to a certain Intelligence of her Person. Every thought that succeeded distracted

him, and all the Hopes he could presume upon, were within compass of the Two Days Merriment yet to come; for which Space he hop'd he might excuse his remaining conceal'd to his Father.

Hippolito on the other side (tho' *Aurelian* thought him in a much better Way) was no less afflicted for himself. The Difficulties which he saw in his Friend's Circumstances, put him upon finding out a great many more in his own, than really there were. But what terrified him most of all, was his being an utter Stranger to *Leonora*; she had not the least knowledge of him but through mistake, and consequently could form no Idea of him to his Advantage. He look'd upon it as an unlucky thought in *Aurelian* to take upon him his Name, since possibly the Two Ladies were acquainted, and should they communicate to each other their Adventures, they might both reasonably suffer in their Opinions, and be thought guilty of Falshood, since it would appear to them as One Person pretending to Two. *Aurelian* told him, there was but one Remedy for that, which was for *Hippolito*, in the same Manner that he had done, to make use of his Name, when he writ to *Leonora*, and use what Arguments he could to perswade her to Secrecy, least his Father should know of the Reason which kept him concealed in Town. And it was likely, though perhaps she might not immediately entertain his Passion; yet she would out of Generosity conceal, what was hidden only for her sake.

Well this was concluded on, after a great many other reasons used on either Side, in favour of the Contrivance; they at last argued themselves into a Belief, that Fortune had befriended them with a better Plot, than their regular Thinking could have contriv'd. So soon had they convinc'd themselves, in what they were willing to believe.

Aurelian laid himself down to rest, that is, upon the Bed; for he was a better Lover than to pretend to sleep that Night, while *Hippolito* set himself again to frame his Letter design'd for *Leonora*. He writ several, at

last pitched upon one, and very probably the worst, as you may guess when you read it in its proper Place.

It was break of Day when the Servant, who had been employed all the foregoing Day in procuring Accoutrements for the Two Cavaliers, to appear in at the Tilting, came into the Room, and told them all the Young Gentlemen in the Town were trying their Equipage, and preparing to be early in the Lists. They made themselves ready with all Expedition at the Alarm: And *Hippolito* having made a Visit to his Governour, dispatch'd a Messenger with the Letter and Directions to *Leonora*. At the Signal agreed upon the Casement was opened and a String let down, to which the Bearer having fastned the Letter, saw it drawn up, and returned. It were a vain attempt to describe *Leonora's* Surprize, when she read the Superscription — *The Unfortunate* Aurelian, *to the Beautiful* Leonora. After she was a little recovered from her Amaze, she recollected to her self all the Passages between her and her supposed Cousin, and immediately concluded him to be *Aurelian*. Then several little Circumstances which she thought might have been sufficient to have convinced her, represented themselves to her; and she was in a strange Uneasiness to think of her free Carriage to a Stranger.

She was once in a Mind to have burn'd the Letter, or to have stay'd for an Opportunity to send it again. But she was a Woman, and her Curiosity opposed it self to all thoughts of that Nature: At length with a firm Resolution, she opened it, and found Word for Word, what is under written.

The Letter

Madam,

If your fair Eyes, upon the breaking up of this, meet with somewhat too quick a Surprize, make thence, I beseech you, some reflection upon the Condition I must needs have been in, at the suddain Appearance of that Sun of Beauty, which at once shone so full upon my Soul. I could not immediately disengage my self from

that Maze of Charms, to let you know how unworthy a Captive your Eyes had made through mistake. Sure, Madam, you cannot but remember my Disorder, of which your Innocent (Innocent, though perhaps to me Fatal) Error made a Charitable (but wide) Construction. Your Tongue pursued the Victory of your Eyes, and you did not give me time to rally my poor Disordered Senses, so as to make a tolerable Retreat. Pardon, Madam, the Continuation of the Deceipt, and call it not so, that I appear'd to be other than my self; for Heaven knows I was not then my self, nor am I now my own. You told me something that concern'd me nearly, as to a Marriage my Father designed me, and much more nearly in being told by you. For Heaven's sake, disclose not to any Body your Knowledge of me, that I may not be forced to an immediate Act of Disobedience; for if my future Services and inviolate Love, cannot recommend me to your Favour, I shall find more comfort in the cold Embraces of a Grave, than in the Arms of the never so much admired (but by me dreaded) *Juliana*. Think, Madam, of those severe Circumstances I lie under; and withal I beg you, think it is in your Power, and only in your Power, to make them happy as my Wishes, or much more miserable than I am able to imagine. That dear, inestimable (though undesign'd) Favour which I receiv'd from you, shall this Day distinguish me from the Crowd of your Admirers; that which I really applied to my inward bleeding Wound, the welcome Wound which you have made, and which, unless from you, does wish no Cure; then pardon and have pity on, O Adored *Leonora*, him, who is your's by Creation as he is Heavens, though never so unworthy. Have pity on

Your

Aurelian.

She read the Letter over and over, then flung it by, then read it again; the Novelty of the Adventure made her repeat her Curiosity, and take more than ordinary

Pains to understand it. At last her Familiarity with the Expressions grew to an Intimacy, and what she at first permitted she now began to like. She thought there was something in it a little more serious, than to be barely Gallantry. She wondred at her own Blindness, and fancy'd she could remember something of a more becoming Air in the Stranger than was usual to *Lorenzo*. This thought was parent to another of the same kind, till a long Chain successively had Birth, and every one somewhat more than other, in Favour of the supposed *Aurelian*. She reflected upon his Discretion, in deferring the Discovery of himself, till a little time had, as it were, weaned her from her perswasion, and by removing her farther from her Mistake, had prepared her for a full and determinate Convincement. She thought his Behaviour, in personating a Sick Man so readily, upon the first hint was not amiss, and smil'd to think of his Excuse to procure her Handkercheif; and last of all, his sifting out the Means to write to her, which he had done with that Modesty and Respect, she could not tell how to find fault with it.

She had proceeded thus far in a maze of Thought, when she started to find her self so lost to her Reason, and would have trod back again that path of deluding Fancy; accusing her self of Fondness, and inconsiderate Easiness, in giving Credit to the Letter of a Person whose Face she never saw, and whose first Acquaintance with her was a Treachery, and he who could so readily deliver his Tongue of a Lye upon a Surprize, was scarce to be trusted when he had sufficient Time allow'd him to beget a Fiction, and Means to perfect the Birth.

How did she know this to be *Aurelian*, if he were? Nay farther, put it to the Extremity, What if she should upon farther Conversation with him proceed to Love him? What Hopes were there for her? Or how could she consent to Marry a Man already Destin'd for another Woman? Nay, a Woman that was her Friend, whose Marrying with him was to compleat the happy Reconciliation of Two Noble Families, and which might

prevent the Effusion of much Blood likely to be shed in that Quarrel: Besides, she should incurr share of the Guilt, which he would draw upon him by Disobedience to his Father, whom she was sure would not be consenting to it.

'Tis strange now, but all Accounts agree, that just here *Leonora*, who had run like a violent Stream against *Aurelian* hitherto, now retorted with as much precipitation in his Favour. I could never get any Body to give me a satisfactory Reason, for her suddain and dexterous Change of Opinion just at that stop, which made me conclude she could not help it; and that Nature boil'd over in her at that time when it had so fair an Opportunity to shew itself: For *Leonora* it seems was a Woman Beautiful, and otherwise of an excellent Disposition; but in the Bottom a very Woman. This last Objection, this Opportunity of perswading Man to Disobedience, determined the Matter in Favour of *Aurelian*, more than all his Excellencies and Qualifications, take him as *Aurelian*, or *Hippolito*, or both together.

Well, the Spirit of Contradiction and of *Eve* was strong in her; and she was in a fair Way to Love *Aurelian*, for she lik'd him already; that it was *Aurelian* she no longer doubted, for had it been a Villain, who had only taken his Name upon him for any ill Designs, he would never have slip'd so favourable an opportunity as when they were alone, and in the Night coming through the Garden and broad Space before the Piazza. In short, thus much she resolv'd, at least to conceal the Knowledge she had of him, as he had entreated her in his Letter, and to make particular Remarks of his Behaviour that Day in the Lists, which should it happen to Charm her with an absolute liking of his Person, she resolv'd to dress her self to the best Advantage, and mustering up all her Graces, out of pure Revenge to kill him down right.

I would not have the Reader now be impertinent, and look upon this to be force, or a whim of the Author's,

that a Woman should proceed so far in the Approbation of a Man whom she never saw, that it is impossible, therefore ridiculous to suppose it. Let me tell such a Critick, that he knows nothing of the Sex, if he does not know that a Woman may be taken with the Character and Description of a Man when general and extraordinary, that she may be prepossess'd with an agreeable Idea of his Person and Conversation; and though she cannot imagine his real Features, or manner of Wit, yet she has a general Notion of what is call'd a fine Gentleman, and is prepar'd to like such a one who does not disagree with that Character. *Aurelian*, as he bore a very fair Character, so was he extreamly deserving to make it good, which otherways might have been to his prejudice; for oftentimes, through an imprudent Indulgence to our Friends merit, we give so large a Description of his Excellencies, that People make more room in their Expectation, than the Intrinsick worth of the Man will fill, which renders him so much the more despicable as there is emptyness to spare. 'Tis certain, though the Women seldom find that out; for though they do not see so much in a Man as was promised, yet they will be so kind to imagine he has some hidden excellencies which time may discover to them, so are content to allow him a considerable share of their esteem, and take him into Favour upon Tick. *Aurelian* as he had good Credit, so he had a good Stock to support it, and his Person was a good promising Security for the payment of any Obligation he could lie under to the Fair Sex. *Hippolito*, who at this time was our *Aurelian*, did not at all lessen him in appearing for him: So that although *Leonora* was indeed mistaken, she could not be said to be much in the wrong. I could find in my Heart to beg the Reader's Pardon for this Digression, if I thought he would be sensible of the Civility; for I promise him, I do not intend to do it again throughout the Story, though I make never so many, and though he take them never so ill. But because I began this upon a bare Supposition of his Impertinence, which might be

somewhat impertinent in me to suppose I do, and hope to make him amends by telling him, that by the time *Leonora* was dress'd, several Ladies of her acquaintance came to accompany her to the place designed for the Tilting, where we will leave them drinking Chocholate till 'tis time for them to go.

Our Cavaliers had by good Fortune provided themselves of two curious Suits of Light Armour, finely Enamelled and Gilt. *Hippolito* had sent to *Poggio Imperiale* for a couple of fine bred Horses which he had left there with the rest of his Train at his entrance into *Florence*. Mounted on these, and every way well Equipt, they took their way, attended only by two Lacqueys, toward the Church *di Santa Croce*, before which they were to perform their Exercises of Chivalry. *Hippolito* wore upon his Helm a large Plume of Crimson Feathers, in the midst of which was artificially placed *Leonora's* Handkercheif. His Armour was gilt, and enamell'd with Green and Crimson. *Aurelian* was not so happy as to wear any token to recommend him to the Notice of his Mistress, so had only a Plume of Sky-colour and White Feathers, suitable to his Armour, which was Silver Enamelled with Azure. I shall not describe the Habit of any other Cavaliers, or of the Ladies; let it suffice to tell the Reader they were all very Fine and very Glorious, and let him dress them in what is most agreeable to his own Fancy.

Our Gallants entred the Lists, and having made their Obeysance to his Highness, turned round to salute and view the Company. The Scaffold was circular, so that there was no end of the Delightful Prospect. It seem'd a Glory of Beauty which shone around the Admiring Beholders. Our Lovers soon perceived the Stars which were to Rule their Destiny, which sparkled a lustre beyond all the inferiour Constellations, and seem'd like two Suns to distribute Light to all the Planets in that Heavenly Sphere. *Leonora* knew her Slave by his Badge, and blushed till the Lillies and Roses in her Cheeks had resemblance to the Plume of Crimson and

White Handkerchief in *Hippolito's* Crest. He made her a low bow, and reined his Horse back with an extraordinary Grace, into a respectful retreat. *Aurelian* saw his Angel, his beautiful *Incognita*, and had no other way to make himself known to her, but by saluting and bowing to her after the *Spanish* mode; she guess'd him by it to be her new Servant *Hippolito*, and signified her apprehension, by making him a more particular and obliging return, than to any of the Cavaliers who had saluted her before.

The Exercise which was to be perform'd was in general a running at the Ring; and afterwards two Cavaliers undertook to defend the Beauty of *Donna Catharina*, against all who would not allow her preheminence of their Mistresses. This thing was only design'd for shew and form, none presuming that any body would put so great an affront upon the Bride and Duke's Kinswoman, as to dispute her pretentions to the first place in the Court of *Venus*. But here our Cavaliers were under a mistake; for seeing a large Shield carry'd before two Knights, with a Lady painted upon it; not knowing who, but reading the Inscription which was (in large Gold Letters) *Above the Insolence of Competition*, They thought themselves obliged, especially in the presence of their Mistresses, to vindicate their Beauty; and were just spurring on to engage the Champions, when a Gentleman stopping them, told them their mistake, that it was the Picture of *Donna Catharina*, and a particular Honour done to her by his Highness's Commands, and not to be disputed. Upon this they would have return'd to their Post, much concerned for their mistake; but notice being taken by *Don Ferdinand* of some Shew of Opposition that was made, he would have begg'd leave of the Duke, to have maintained his Lady's Honour against the Insolence of those Cavaliers; but the Duke would by no means permit it. They were arguing about it when one of them came up, before whom the Shield was born, and demanded his Highness's Permission, to inform those Gentlemen

better of their mistake, by giving them the Foyl. By the Intercession of *Don Ferdinand* leave was given them; whereupon a Civil Challenge was sent to the two Strangers, informing them of their Error, and withal telling them they must either maintain it by Force of Arms, or make a publick acknowledgment by riding bare headed before the Picture once round the Lists. The Stranger-Cavaliers remonstrated to the Duke how sensible they were of their Error, and though they would not justifie it, yet they could not decline the Combat, being pressed to it beyond an honourable refusal. To the Bride they sent a Complement, wherein, having first begg'd her pardon for not knowing her Picture, they gave her to understand, that now they were not about to dispute her undoubted right to the Crown of Beauty, but the Honour of being her Champions was the Prize they fought for, which they thought themselves as able to maintain as any other Pretenders. Wherefore they pray'd her, that if fortune so far befriended their endeavours as to make them Victors, that they might receive no other Reward, but to be crown'd with the Titles of their Adversaries, and be ever after esteem'd as her most humble Servants. The excuse was so handsomly designed, and much better express'd than it is here, that it took effect. The Duke *Don Ferdinand* and his Lady were so well satisfied with it as to grant their Request.

While the running at the Ring lasted, our Cavaliers alternately bore away great share of the Honour. That Sport ended, Marshals were appointed for the Field, and every thing in great form settled for the Combat. The Cavaliers were all in good earnest, but orders were given to bring 'em blunted Lances, and to forbid the drawing of a Sword upon pain of his Highness's Displeasure. The Trumpets sounded and they began their Course: The Ladies Hearts, particularly the *Incognita* and *Leonora's* beat time to the Horses Hoofs, and hope and fear made a mock Fight within their tender Breasts, each wishing and doubting success where she

lik'd: But as the generality of their Prayers were for the graceful Strangers, they accordingly succeeded. *Aurelian's* Adversary was unhorsed in the first Encounter, and *Hippolito's* lost both his Stirrups and dropt his Lance to save himself. The Honour of the Field was immediately granted to them, and *Donna Catharina* sent them both Favours, which she pray'd them to wear as her Knights. The Crowd breaking up, our Cavaliers made a shift to steal off unmarked, save by the Watchful *Leonora* and *Incognita*, whose Eyes were never off from their respective Servants. There was enquiry made for them, but to no purpose; for they, to prevent their being discover'd, had prepared another House, distant from their Lodging, where a Servant attended to disarm them, and another carried back their Horses to the *Villa*, while they walked unsuspected to their Lodging; but *Incognita* had given command to a Page to dog 'em till the Evening, at a distance, and bring her word where they were latest housed.

While several Conjectures pass'd among the Company, who were all gone to Dinner at the Palace, who those Cavaliers should be, *Don Fabio* thought himself the only Man able to guess; for he knew for certain that his Son and *Hippolito* were both in Town, and was well enough pleased with his humour of remaining *Incognito* till the Diversions should be over, believing then that the surprize of his Discovery would add much to the Gallantry he had shewn in Masquerade; but hearing the extraordinary liking that every body express'd, and in a particular manner, the great Duke himself, to the Persons and Behaviour of the unknown Cavaliers, the Old Gentleman could not forbear the Vanity to tell his Highness, that he believed he had an interest in one of the Gentlemen, whom he was pleased to honour with so favourable a Character; and told him what reason he had to believe the one to be his Son, and the other a *Spanish* Nobleman, his Friend.

This discovery having thus got vent, was diffused like Air; every body suck'd it in, and let it out again

with their Breath to the next they met withal; and in half an hours time it was talked of in the House where our Adventurers were lodged. *Aurelian* was stark mad at the News, and knew that search would be immediately made for him. *Hippolito*, had he not been desperately in Love, would certainly have taken Horse and rid out of Town just then; for he could make no longer doubt of being discovered, and he was afraid of the just Exceptions *Leonora* might make to a Person who had now deceived her twice. Well, we will leave them both fretting and contriving to no purpose, to look about and see what was done at the Palace, where their doom was determined much quicker than they imagined.

Dinner ended, the Duke retired with some chosen Friends to a Glass of Wine; among whom were the Marquess of *Viterbo* and *Don Fabio*. His Highness was no stranger to the long Fewd that had been between the two Families, and also understood what Overtures of Reconciliation had been lately made, with the Proposals of Marriage between *Aurelian* and the Marquess's Daughter. Having waited till the Wine had taken the effect proposed, and the Company were rais'd to an uncommon pitch of Chearfulness, which he also encouraged by an Example of Freedom and Good Humour, he took an opportunity of rallying the two grave Signiors into an Accommodation: That was seconded with the praises of the young Couple, and the whole Company joined in a large Encomium upon the Graces of *Aurelian* and the Beauties of *Juliana*. The old Fellows were tickled with Delight to hear their Darlings so admired, which the Duke perceiving, out of a Principle of Generosity and Friendship, urged the present Consummation of the Marriage; telling them there was yet one day of publick Rejoycing to come, and how glad he should be to have it improved by so acceptable an Alliance; and what an honour it would be to have his Cousin's Marriage attended by the Conjunction of so extraordinary a Pair, the performance of which Ceremony would crown the Joy that was then in Agitation, and

make the last day vie for equal Glory and Happiness with the first. In short, by the Complaisant and Perswasive Authority of the Duke, the *Dons* were wrought into a Compliance, and accordingly embraced and shook Hands upon the Matter. This News was dispersed like the former, and *Don Fabio* gave orders for the enquiring out his Son's Lodging, that the Marquess and he might make him a Visit, as soon as he had acquainted *Juliana* with his purpose, that she might prepare her self. He found her very chearful with *Donna Catharina* and several other Ladies; whereupon the old Gentleman, pretty well warmed with the Duke's Good fellowship, told her aloud he was come to crown their Mirth with another Wedding; that his Highness had been pleased to provide a Husband for his Daughter, and he would have her provide her self to receive him to-morrow. All the Company at first, as well as *Juliana* her self, thought he had rally'd, till the Duke coming in confirmed the serious part of his Discourse. *Juliana* was confounded at the haste that was imposed on her, and desired a little time to consider what she was about. But the Marquess told her, she should have all the rest of her Life to consider in; that *Aurelian* should come and consider with her in the Morning, if she pleased; but in the mean time, he advised her to go home and call her Maids to Counsel.

Juliana took her leave of the Company very gravely, as if not much delighted with her Father's Rallery. *Leonora* happened to be by; and heard all that passed; she was ready to swoon, and found her self seized with a more violent Passion than ever for *Aurelian*: Now upon her apprehensions of losing him, her active fancy had brought him before her with all the Advantages imaginable, and tho' she had before found great tenderness in her Inclination toward him, yet was she somewhat surprized to find she really lov'd him. She was so uneasy at what she had heard, that she thought it convenient to steal out of the presence and retire to her Closet, to bemoan her unhappy helpless Condition.

Our Two Cavalier-Lovers had rack'd their Invention till it was quite disabled, and could not make discovery of one Contrivance more for their Relief. Both sat silent, each depending upon his Friend, and still expecting when t'other should speak. Night came upon them while they sate thus thoughtless, or rather drowned in Thought; but a Servant bringing Lights into the Room awakened them: And *Hippolito's* Speech, usher'd by a profound Sigh, broke Silence.

"Well! (said he) what must we do, *Aurelian*?" "We must suffer," replied *Aurelian* faintly. When immediately raising his Voice, he cry'd out, "Oh ye unequal Powers, why do ye urge us to desire what ye doom us to forbear; give us a Will to chuse, then curb us with a Duty to restrain that Choice! Cruel Father, will nothing else suffice! Am I to be the Sacrifice to expiate your Offences past; past ere I was born? Were I to lose my Life, I'd gladly Seal your Reconcilement with my Blood. But Oh my Soul is free, you have no Title to my Immortal Being, that has Existence independent of your Power; and must I lose my Love, the Extract of that Being, that Joy, Light, Life, and Darling of my Soul? No, I'll own my Flame, and plead my Title too.——But hold, wretched *Aurelian*, hold, whither does thy Passion hurry thee? Alas! the cruel fair *Incognita* loves thee not! She knows not of thy Love! If she did, what Merit hast thou to pretend?—Only Love.—Excess of Love. And all the World has that. All that have seen her. Yet I had only seen her once, and in that once I lov'd above the World; nay, lov'd beyond my self, such Vigorous Flame, so strong, so quick she darted at my Breast; it must rebound, and by Reflection, warm her self. Ah! welcome Thought, lovely deluding Fancy, hang still upon my Soul, let me but think that once she Loves and perish my Despair."

Here a suddain stop gave a Period also to *Hippolito's* Expectation, and he hoped now that his Friend had given his Passion so free a vent, he might recollect and bethink himself of what was convenient to be done;

but *Aurelian*, as if he had mustered up all his Spirits purely to acquit himself of that passionate Harangue, stood mute and insensible like an Alarum Clock, that had spent all its force in one violent Emotion. *Hippolito* shook him by the Arm to rouze him from his Lethargy, when his Lacquey coming into the Room, out of Breath, told him there was a Coach just stopp'd at the Door, but he did not take time to see who came in it. *Aurelian* concluded immediately it was his Father in quest of him; and without saying any more to *Hippolito*, than that he was Ruined if discovered, took his Sword and slipp'd down a back pair of Stairs into the Garden, from whence he conveyed himself into the Street. *Hippolito* had not bethought himself what to do, before he perceiv'd a Lady come into the Chamber close veil'd, and make toward him. At the first Appearance of a Woman, his Imagination flattered him with a Thought of *Leonora*; but that was quickly over upon nearer Approach to the Lady, who had much the Advantage in Stature of his Mistress. He very civily accosted her, and asked, if he were the Person to whom the Honour of that Visit was intended. She said, her Business was with *Don Hippolito di Saviolina*, to whom she had Matter of Concern to import, and which required haste. He had like to have told her, That he was the Man, but by good Chance reflecting upon his Friend's Adventure, who had taken his name, he made Answer, that he believed *Don Hippolito* not far off, and if she had a Moments Patience he would enquire for him.

He went out, leaving the Lady in the Room, and made search all round the House and Garden for *Aurelian*, but to no purpose. The Lady impatient of his long stay took a Pen and Ink and some Paper which she found upon the Table, and had just made an End of her Letter, when hearing a Noise of more than one coming up Stairs, she concluded his Friend had found him, and that her Letter would be to no purpose, so tore it in pieces, which she repented; when turning about, she found her Mistake, and beheld *Don Fabio* and the

Marquess of *Viterbo* just entring at the Door. She gave a Shriek at the Surprize of their Appearance, which much troubled the Old Gentlemen, and made them retire in Confusion for putting a Gentlewoman into such a Fright. The Marquess thinking they had been misinformed, or had mistaken the Lodgings, came forward again, and made an Apology to the Lady for their Errour; but she making no reply, walk'd directly by him down Stairs and went into her Coach, which hurried her away as speedily as the Horses were able to draw.

The *Dons* were at a loss what to think, when, *Hippolito* coming into the Room to give the Lady an Account of his Errant, was no less astonished to find she was departed, and had left Two Old Signiors in her stead. He knew *Don Fabio's* Face, for *Aurelian* had shewn him his Father at the Tilting; but being confident he was not known to him, he ventur'd to ask him concerning the Lady whom just now he had left in that Chamber. *Don Fabio* told him, she was just gone down, and doubted they had been Guilty of a Mistake, in coming to enquire for a Couple of Gentlemen whom they were informed were Lodged in that House; he begg'd his Pardon if he had any Relation to that Lady, and desired to know if he could give them any Account of the Persons they sought for. *Hippolito* made answer, He was a Stranger in the Place, and only a Servant to that Lady whom they had disturb'd, and whom he must go and seek out. And in this Perplexity he left them, going again in Search of *Aurelian*, to inform him of what had passed.

The Old Gentlemen at last meeting with a Servant of the House, were directed to Signior *Claudio's* Chamber, where they were no sooner entered but *Aurelian* came into the House. A Servant who had skulk'd for him by *Hippolito's* Order, followed him up into the Chamber, and told him who was with *Claudio* then making Enquiry for him. He thought that to be no Place for him, since *Claudio* must needs discover all the Truth to his Father; wherefore he left Directions with the Servant, where

Hippolito should meet him in the Morning. As he was going out of the Room he espied the torn Paper, which the Lady had thrown upon the Floor: The first piece he took up had *Incognita* written upon it; the sight of which so Alarm'd him, he scarce knew what he was about; but hearing a Noise of a Door opening over Head, with as much Care as was consistent with the haste he was then in, he gathered up the scattered pieces of Paper, and betook himself to a Ramble.

Coming by a Light which hung at the Corner of a Street, he join'd the torn Papers and collected thus much, that his *Incognita* had Written the Note, and earnestly desired him (if there were any reality in what he pretended to her) to meet her at Twelve a Clock that Night at a Convent Gate; but unluckily the Bit of Paper which should have mentioned what Convent, was broken off and lost.

Here was a large Subject for *Aurelian's* Passion, which he did not spare to pour forth in Abundance of Curses on his Stars. So earnest was he in the Contemplation of his Misfortunes, that he walk'd on unwittingly; till at length a Silence (and such as was only to be found in that part of the Town, whither his unguided Steps had carried him) surpriz'd his Attention. I say, a profound Silence rouzed him from his Thought; and a clap of Thunder could have done no more.

Now because it is possible this at some time or other may happen to be read by some malicious or ignorant Person, (no Reflection upon the present Reader) who will not admit, or does not understand that Silence should make a Man start; and have the same Effect, in provoking his Attention, with its opposite Noise; I will illustrate this Matter, to such a diminutive Critick, by a Parallel Instance of Light; which though it does chiefly entertain the Eyes, and is indeed the prime Object of the Sight, yet should it immediately cease, to have a Man left in the Dark by a suddain deficiency of it, would make him stare with his Eyes, and though he could not see, endeavour to look about him. Why

just thus did it fare with our Adventurer; who seeming to have wandred both into the Dominions of Silence and of Night, began to have some tender for his own Safety, and would willingly have groped his Way back again; when he heard a Voice, as from a Person whose Breath had been stopp'd by some forcible Oppression, and just then, by a violent Effort, was broke through the Restraint.—"Yet—Yet—"(again reply'd the Voice, still struggling for Air) "Forbear—and I'll forgive what's past"—"I have done nothing yet that needs a Pardon, (says another) and what is to come, will admit of none."

Here the Person who seemed to be the Oppressed, made several Attempts to speak, but they were only inarticulate Sounds, being all interrupted and choaked in their Passage.

Aurelian was sufficiently astonish'd, and would have crept nearer to the Place whence he guessed the Voice to come; but he was got among the Ruins of an Old Monastery, and could not stir so silently, but some loose Stones he met with made a rumbling. The Noise alarm'd both Parties; and as it gave Comfort to the one, it so Terrified the other, that he could not hinder the Oppressed from calling for help. *Aurelian* fancy'd it was a Womans Voice, and immediately drawing his Sword, demanded what was the Matter; he was answered with the Appearance of a Man, who had opened a Dark Lanthorn which he had by him, and came toward him with a Pistol in his Hand ready cock'd.

Aurelian seeing the irresistable advantage his Adversary had over him, would fain have retired; and, by the greatest Providence in the World, going backwards fell down over some loose Stones that lay in his Way, just in that Instant of Time when the Villain fired his Pistol, who seeing him fall, concluded he had Shot him. The Crys of the afflicted Person were redoubled at the Tragical Sight, which made the Murderer, drawing a Poniard, to threaten him, that the next Murmur should be his last. *Aurelian*, who was scarce assured that he was unhurt, got softly up; and coming near enough to

perceive the Violence that was used to stop the Injured Man's Mouth; (for now he saw plainly it was a Man) cry'd out,—"Turn, Villain, and look upon thy Death.—" The Fellow amazed at the Voice, turn'd about to have snatch'd up the Lanthorn from the Ground; either to have given Light only to himself, or to have put out the Candle, that he might have made his Escape; but which of the Two he designed, no Body could tell but himself: And if the Reader have a Curiosity to know, he must blame *Aurelian*; who thinking there could be no foul Play offered to such a Villain, ran him immediately through the Heart, so that he drop'd down Dead at his Feet, without speaking a Word. He would have seen who the Person was he had thus happily delivered, but the Dead Body had fallen upon the Lanthorn, which put out the Candle: However, coming up toward him, he ask'd him how he did, and bid him be of good Heart; he was answered with nothing but Prayers, Blessings and Thanks, called a Thousand Deliverers, good Genius's, and Guardian Angels. And the Rescued would certainly have gone upon his Knees to have worshipped him, had he not been bound Hand and Foot; which *Aurelian* understanding, groped for the Knots, and either untied them or cut them asunder; but 'tis more probable the latter, because more expeditious.

They took little heed what became of the Body which they left behind them, and *Aurelian* was conducted from out the Ruins by the Hand of him he had delivered. By a faint light issuing from the just rising Moon, he could discern that it was a Youth; but coming into a more frequented part of the Town, where several Lights were hung out, he was amaz'd at the extream Beauty which appeared in his Face, though a little pale and disordered with his late fright. *Aurelian* longed to hear the Story of so odd an adventure, and entreated his Charge to tell it him by the way; but he desired him to forbear till they were come into some House or other, where he might rest and recover his tired Spirits, for yet he was so faint he was unable to look up. *Aurelian*

thought these last words were delivered in a Voice, whose accent was not new to him. That thought made him look earnestly in the Youth's Face, which he now was sure he had somewhere seen before, and thereupon asked him if he had never been at *Siena*? That Question made the young Gentleman look up, and something of a Joy appeared in his Countenance, which yet he endeavour'd to smother; so praying *Aurelian* to conduct him to his Lodging, he promised him that as soon as they should come thither, he would acquaint him with any thing he desired to know. *Aurelian* would rather have gone any where else than to his own Lodging; but being so very late he was at a loss, and so forced to be contented.

As soon as they were come into his Chamber, and that Lights were brought them and the Servant dismissed, the paleness which so visibly before had usurped the sweet Countenance of the afflicted Youth vanished, and gave place to a more lively Flood of Crimson, which with a modest heat glow'd freshly on his Cheeks. *Aurelian* waited with a pleasing Admiration the discovery promised him, when the Youth still struggling with his Resolution, with a timorous haste, pulled off a Peruke which had concealed the most beautiful abundance of Hair that ever graced one Female Head; those dishevelled spreading Tresses, as at first they made a discovery of, so at last they served for a veil to the modest lovely blushes of the fair *Incognita*; for she it was and none other. But Oh! the inexpressible, inconceivable joy and amazement of *Aurelian*! As soon as he durst venture to think, he concluded it to be all Vision, and never doubted so much of any thing in his Life as of his being then awake. But she taking him by the Hand, and desiring him to set down by her, partly convinced him of the reality of her presence.

"This is the second time, *Don Hippolito*, (said she to him) that I have been here this Night. What the occasion was of my seeking you out, and how by miracle you preserved me, would add too much to the surprize

I perceive you to be already in should I tell you: Nor will I make any further discovery, till I know what censure you pass upon the confidence which I have put in you, and the strange Circumstances in which you find me at this time. I am sensible they are such, that I shall not blame your severest Conjectures; but I hope to convince you, when you shall hear what I have to say in justification of my Vertue."

"Justification! (cry'd *Aurelian*) what Infidel dares doubt it!"—Then kneeling down, and taking her Hand, 'Ah Madam (says he) would Heaven would no other ways look upon, than I behold your Perfections—Wrong not your Creature with a Thought, he can be guilty of that horrid Impiety as once to doubt your Virtue.—Heavens! (cry'd he, starting up) am I so really blessed to see you once again! May I trust my Sight?—Or does my fancy now only more strongly work?—For still I did preserve your Image in my Heart, and you were ever present to my dearest Thoughts——"

"Enough *Hippolito*, enough of Rapture (said she) you cannot much accuse me of Ingratitude; for you see I have not been unmindful of you; but moderate your Joy till I have told you my Condition, and if for my sake you are raised to this Delight, it is not of a long continuance."

At that (as *Aurelian* tells the Story) a Sigh diffused a mournful sweetness through the Air, and liquid grief fell gently from her Eyes, triumphant sadness sat upon her Brow, and even sorrow seem'd delighted with the Conquest he had made. See what a change *Aurelian* felt! His Heart bled Tears, and trembled in his Breast; Sighs struggling for a vent had choaked each others passage up: His Floods of Joys were all supprest; cold doubts and fears had chill'd 'em with a sudden Frost, and he was troubled to excess; yet knew not why. Well, the Learned say it was Sympathy; and I am always of the Opinion with the Learned, if they speak first.

After a World of Condolance had passed between

them, he prevailed with her to tell him her Story. So having put all her Sighs into one great Sigh, she discharged her self of 'em all at once, and formed the Relation you are just about to Read.

"Having been in my Infancy Contracted to a Man I could never endure, and now by my Parents being likely to be forced to Marry him, is in short, the great occasion of my grief. I fancy'd (continued she) something so generous in your Countenance, and uncommon in your Behaviour, while you were diverting your self, and rallying me with Expressions of Gallantry, at the Ball, as induced me to hold Conference with you. I now freely confess to you, out of design, That if things should happen as I then feared, and as now they are come to pass, I might rely upon your assistance in a matter of Concern; and in which I would sooner chuse to depend upon a generous Stranger, than any Acquaintance I have. What Mirth and Freedom I then put on, were, I can assure you, far distant from my Heart; but I did violence to my self out of Complaisance to your Temper.—I knew you at the Tilting, and wished you might come off as you did; though I do not doubt, but you would have had as good Success had it been opposite to my Inclinations.—Not to detain you by too tedious a Relation, every day my Friends urged me to the Match they had agreed upon for me, before I was capable of Consenting; at last their importunities grew to that degree, that I found I must either consent, which would make me miserable, or be miserable by perpetually enduring to be baited by my Father, Brother and other Relations. I resolved yesterday, on a suddain, to give firm Faith to the Opinion I had conceived of you; and accordingly came in the Evening to request your assistance, in delivering me from my Tormenters, by a safe and private conveyance of me to a Monastry about four Leagues hence, where I have an Aunt who would receive me, and is the only Relation I have averse to the Match. I was surprized at the appearance of some Company I did not expect at your

Lodgings; which made me in haste tear a Paper which I had written to you with Directions where to find me, and get speedily away in my Coach to an old Servant's House, whom I acquainted with my purpose: By my Order she provided me of this Habit which I now wear; I ventured to trust my self with her Brother, and resolved to go under his Conduct to the Monastry; he proved to be a Villain, and pretending to take me a short and private way to the place where he was to take up a Hackney Coach (for that which I came in was broke some where or other, with the haste it made to carry me from your Lodging) led me into an old ruined Monastry, where it pleased Heaven, by what Accident I know not, to direct you. I need not tell you how you saved my Life and my Honour, by revenging me with the Death of my Perfidious Guide. This is the sum of my present Condition, bating the apprehensions I am in of being taken by some of my Relations, and forced to a thing so quite contrary to my Inclinations."

Aurelian was confounded at the Relation she had made, and began to fear his own Estate to be more desperate than ever he had imagined. He made her a very Passionate and Eloquent Speech in behalf of himself (much better than I intend to insert here) and expressed a mighty concern that she should look upon his ardent Affection to be only Rallery or Gallantry. He was very free of his Oaths to confirm the Truth of what he pretended, nor I believe did she doubt it, or at least was unwilling so to do: For I would Caution the Reader by the bye, not to believe every word which she told him, nor that admirable sorrow which she counterfeited to be accurately true. It was indeed Truth so cunningly intermingled with Fiction, that it required no less Wit and Presence of Mind than she was endowed with so to acquit her self on the suddain. She had entrusted her self indeed with a Fellow who proved a Villain, to conduct her to a Monastry; but one which was in the Town, and where she intended only

to lie concealed for his sake, as the Reader shall understand ere long: For we have another Discovery to make to him, if he have not found it out of himself already.

After *Aurelian* had said what he was able upon the Subject in hand, with a mournful tone and dejected look, he demanded his Doom. She asked him if he would endeavour to convey her to the Monastry she had told him of? "Your commands, Madam, (replied he) are Sacred to me; and were they to lay down my Life I would obey them." With that he would have gone out of the Room, to have given order for his Horses to be got ready immediately; but with a Countenance so full of sorrow as moved Compassion in the tender hearted *Incognita*. "Stay a little *Don Hippolito* (said she) I fear I shall not be able to undergo the Fatigue of a Journey this Night.—Stay and give me your advice how I shall conceal my self if I continue to morrow in this Town." *Aurelian* could have satisfied her she was not then in a place to avoid Discovery. But he must also have told her then the reason of it, *viz.* whom he was, and who were in quest of him, which he did not think convenient to declare till necessity should urge him; for he feared least her knowledge of those designs which were in agitation between him and *Juliana*, might deter her more from giving her Consent. At last he resolved to try his utmost perswasions to gain her, and told her accordingly, he was afraid she would be disturbed there in the Morning, and he knew no other way (if she had not as great an aversion for him as the Man whom she now endeavour'd to avoid) than by making him happy to make her self secure. He demonstrated to her, that the disobligation to her Parents would be greater by going to a Monastry, since it was only to avoid a Choice which they had made for her; and which she could not have so just a pretence to do till she had made one for her self.

A World of other Arguments he used, which she contradicted as long as she was able, or at least willing. At last she told him, she would consult her Pillow, and

in the Morning conclude what was fit to be done. He thought it convenient to leave her to her rest, and having lock'd her up in his Room, went himself to repose upon a Pallat by Signior *Claudio*.

In the mean time, it may be convenient to enquire what became of *Hippolito*. He wandred much in pursuit of *Aurelian*, though *Leonora* equally took up his Thoughts; He was reflecting upon the oddness and extravagance of his Circumstances, the Continuation of which had doubtless created in him a great uneasiness, when it was interrupted with the noise of opening the Gates of the Convent of St. *Lawrence*, whither he was arrived sooner than he thought for, being the place *Aurelian* had appointed by the Lacquey to meet him in. He wondred to see the Gates opened at so unseasonable an hour, and went to enquire the reason of it from them who were employ'd; but they proved to be Novices, and made him signs to go in, where he might meet with some body allow'd to answer him. He found the Religious Men all up, and Tapers lighted every where: At last he follow'd a Friar who was going into the Garden, and asking him the cause of these Preparations, he was answer'd, That they were entreated to pray for the Soul of a Cavalier, who was just departing or departed this Life, and whom upon farther talk with him, he found to be the same *Lorenzo* so often mentioned. *Don Mario*, it seems, Uncle to *Lorenzo*, and Father to *Leonora*, had a private Door out of the Garden belonging to his House into that of the Convent, which Door this Father was now a going to open, that he and his Family might come and offer up their Oraisons for the Soul of their Kinsman. *Hippolito* having informed himself of as much as he could ask without suspicion, took his leave of the Friar, not a little joyful at the Hopes he had by such unexpected Means, of seeing his Beautiful *Leonora*: As soon as he was got at convenient distance from the Friar, (who 'tis like, he thought, had returned into the Convent to his Devotion) he turned back through a close Walk which led him with a little Compass,

to the same private Door, where just before he had left the Friar, who now he saw was gone, and the Door open.

He went into *Don Mario's* Garden, and walk'd round with much Caution and Circumspection; for the Moon was then about to rise, and had already diffused a glimmering Light, sufficient to distinguish a Man from a Tree. By Computation now (which is a very remarkable Circumstance) *Hippolito* entred this Garden near upon the same Instant, when *Aurelian* wandred into the Old Monastry and found his *Incognita* in Distress. He was pretty well acquainted with the Platform, and Sight of the Garden; for he had formerly surveyed the Outside, and knew what part to make to if he should be surpriz'd and driven to a precipitate Escape. He took his Stand behind a well grown Bush of Myrtle, which, should the Moon shine brighter than was required, had the Advantage to be shaded by the indulgent Boughs of an ancient Bay-Tree. He was delighted with the Choice he had made, for he found a Hollow in the Myrtle, as if purposely contriv'd for the Reception of one Person, who might undiscovered perceive all about him. He looked upon it as a good Omen, that the Tree Consecrated to *Venus* was so propitious to him in his Amorous Distress. The Consideration of that, together with the Obligation he lay under to the Muses, for sheltering him also with so large a Crown of Bays, had like to have set him a Rhyming.

He was, to tell the Truth, naturally addicted to *Madrigal*, and we should undoubtedly have had a small desert of Numbers to have pick'd and Criticiz'd upon, had he not been interrupted just upon his Delivery; nay, after the Preliminary Sigh had made Way for his Utterance. But so was his Fortune, *Don Mario* was coming towards the Door at that very nick of Time, where he met with a Priest just out of Breath, who told him that *Lorenzo* was just breathing his last, and desired to know if he would come and take his final Leave before they were to administer the Extream Unction. *Don Mario*, who had been at some Difference

with his Nephew, now thought it his Duty to be reconciled to him; so calling to *Leonora*, who was coming after him, he bid her go to her Devotions in the Chappel, and told her where he was going.

He went on with the Priest, while *Hippolito* saw *Leonora* come forward, only accompanied by her Woman. She was in an undress, and by reason of a Melancholy visible in her Face, more Careless than usual in her Attire, which he thought added as much as was possible to the abundance of her Charms. He had not much Time to Contemplate this Beauteous Vision, for she soon passed into the Garden of the Convent, leaving him Confounded with Love, Admiration, Joy, Hope, Fear, and all the Train of Passions, which seize upon Men in his Condition, all at once. He was so teazed with this Variety of Torment, that he never missed the Two Hours that had slipped away during his Automachy and Intestine Conflict. *Leonora's* Return settled his Spirits, at least united them, and he had now no other Thought but how he should present himself before her. When she calling her Woman, bid her bolt the Garden Door on the Inside, that she might not be Surpriz'd by her Father, if he returned through the Convent; which done, she ordered her to bring down her Lute, and leave her to her self in the Garden.

All this *Hippolito* saw and heard to his inexpressible Content, yet had he much to do to smother his Joy, and hinder it from taking a Vent, which would have ruined the only Opportunity of his Life. *Leonora* withdrew into an Arbour so near him, that he could distinctly hear her if she Played or Sung: Having tuned her Lute, with a Voice soft as the Breath of Angels, she sung to it this following Air:

I

Ah! Whither, whither shall I fly,
A poor unhappy Maid:
To hopeless Love and Misery
By my own Heart betray'd?

Not by *Alexis* Eyes undone,
Nor by his Charming Faithless Tongue,
Or any Practis'd Art:
Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
But the sad Pains which I endure
Proceed from fancied Smart.

II

'Twas fancy gave *Alexis* Charms,
Ere I beheld his Face;
Kind Fancy (then) could fold our Arms,
And form a soft Embrace.
But since I've seen the real Swain,
And try'd to fancy him again,
I'm by my Fancy taught:
Though 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell
To have *Alexis*, yet 'tis Hell
To have him but in Thought.

The Song ended grieved *Hippolito* that it was so soon ended; and in the Exstacy he was then rapt, I believe he would have been satisfied to have expired with it. He could not help Flattering himself, (though at the same time he checked his own Vanity) that he was the Person meant in the Song. While he was indulging which thought, to his happy Astonishment, he heard it encouraged by these Words:

"Unhappy *Leonora* (said she) how is thy poor unwary Heart misled? Whither am I come? The false deluding Lights of an imaginary Flame, have led me, a poor benighted Victim, to a real Fire. I burn and am consumed with hopeless Love; those Beams in whose soft temperate warmth I wanton'd heretofore, now flash destruction to my Soul, my Treacherous greedy Eyes have suck'd the glaring Light, they have united all its Rays, and, like a burning-Glass, conveyed the pointed Meteor to my Heart—Ah! *Aurelian*, how quickly hast thou Conquer'd, and how quickly must thou Forsake. —Oh Happy (to me unfortunately Happy) *Juliana*! —I am to be the Subject of thy Triumph—To thee *Aurelian* comes laden with the Tribute of my Heart, and Glories in the Oblation of his broken Vows.—What

then, is *Aurelian* False!—False! alas, I know not what I say; How can he be False, or True, or any Thing to me? What Promises did he ere make or I receive? Sure I dream, or I am mad, and fansy it to be Love; Foolish Girl, recal thy banished Reason.—Ah! would it were no more, would I could rave, sure that would give me Ease, and rob me of the Sense of Pain; at least, among my wandring Thoughts, I should at sometime light upon *Aurelian*, and fansy him to be mine; kind Madness would flatter my poor feeble Wishes, and sometimes tell me *Aurelian* is not lost—not irrecoverably —not for ever lost."

Hippolito could hear no more, he had not Room for half his Transport. When *Leonora* perceived a Man coming toward her, she fell a trembling, and could not speak. *Hippolito* approached with Reverence, as to a Sacred Shrine; when coming near enough to see her Consternation, he fell upon his Knees.

"Behold, O Adored *Leonora* (said he) your ravished *Aurelian*, behold at your Feet the Happiest of Men, be not disturbed at my Appearance, but think that Heaven conducted me to hear my Bliss pronounced by that dear Mouth alone, whose breath could fill me with new Life."

Here he would have come nearer, but *Leonora* (scarce come to her self) was getting up in haste to have gone away: He catch'd her Hand, and with all the Endearments of Love and Transport pressed her stay; she was a long time in great Confusion, at last, with many Blushes, she entreated him to let her go where she might hide her Guilty Head, and not expose her shame before his Eyes, since his Ears had been sufficient Witnesses of her Crime.

He begg'd pardon for his Treachery in over-hearing, and confessed it to be a Crime he had now repented. With a Thousand Submissions, Entreaties, Prayers, Praises, Blessings, and passionate Expressions he wrought upon her to stay and hear him. Here *Hippolito* made use of his Rhetorick, and it prov'd prevailing:

'Twere tedious to tell the many ingenious Arguments he used, with all her Nice Distinctions and Objections. In short, he convinced her of his Passion, represented to her the necessity they were under, of being speedy in their Resolves: That his Father (for still he was *Aurelian*) would undoubtedly find him in the Morning, and then it would be too late to Repent. She on the other Hand, knew it was in vain to deny a Passion, which he had heard her so frankly own: (and no doubt was very glad it was past and done;) besides apprehending the Danger of delay, and having some little Jealousies and Fears of what Effect might be produced between the Commands of his Father and the Beauties of *Juliana*; after some decent Denials, she consented to be Conducted by him through the Garden into the Convent, where she would prevail with her Confessor to Marry them. He was a scrupulous Old Father whom they had to deal withal, insomuch that ere they had perswaded him, *Don Mario* was returned by the Way of his own House, where missing his Daughter, and her Woman not being able to give any farther Account of her, than that she left her in the Garden, he concluded she was gone again to her Devotions, and indeed he found her in the Chappel upon her Knees with *Hippolito* in her Hand, receiving the Father's Benediction upon Conclusion of the Ceremony.

It would have asked a very skilful Hand, to have depicted to the Life the Faces of those Three Persons at *Don Mario's* Appearance. He that has seen some admirable Piece of Transmutation by a Gorgon's Head, may form to himself the most probable Idea of the Prototype. The Old Gentleman was himself in a sort of a Wood, to find his Daughter, with a Young Fellow and a Priest, but as yet he did not know the Worst, till *Hippolito* and *Leonora* came, and kneeling at his Feet, begg'd his Forgiveness and Blessing as his Son and Daughter. *Don Mario*, instead of that, fell into a most violent Passion, and would undoubtedly have committed some extravagant Action, had he not been

restrained, more by the Sanctity of the Place, than the Perswasions of all the Religious, who were now come about him. *Leonora* stirr'd not off her Knees all this time, but continued begging of him that he would hear her.

"Ah! Ungrateful and Undutiful Wretch (cry'd he) how hast thou requited all my Care and Tenderness of thee? Now when I might have expected some return of Comfort, to throw thy self away upon an unknown Person, and, for ought I know, a Villain; to me I'm sure he is a Villain, who has robb'd me of my Treasure, my Darling Joy, and all the future Happiness of my Life prevented. Go—go, thou now to be forgotten *Leonora*, go and enjoy thy unprosperous Choice; you who wanted not a Father's Counsel cannot need, or else will slight his Blessing."

These last Words were spoken with so much Passion and feeling Concern, that *Leonora*, moved with Excess of Grief, fainted at his Feet, just as she had caught hold to Embrace his Knees. The Old Man would have shook her off, but Compassion and Fatherly Affection came upon him in the midst of his Resolve, and melted him into Tears; he Embraced his Daughter in his Arms, and wept over her, while they endeavoured to restore her Senses.

Hippolito was in such Concern he could not speak, but was busily employed in rubbing and chafing her Temples; when she opening her Eyes laid hold of his Arm, and cry'd out—*Oh my* Aurelian—*how unhappy have you made me!* With that she had again like to have fainted away, but he took her in his Arms, and begg'd *Don Mario* to have some pity on his Daughter, since by his Severity she was reduced to that Condition. The Old Man hearing his Daughter name *Aurelian*, was a little revived, and began to hope Things were in a pretty good Condition, he was perswaded to comfort her; and having brought her wholly to her self, was content to hear her Excuse, and in a little time was so far wrought upon as to beg *Hippolito's* Pardon for the

Ill Opinion he had conceived of him, and not long after gave his Consent.

The Night was spent in this Conflict, and it was now clear Day, when *Don Mario* Conducting his new Son and Daughter through the Garden, was met by some Servants of the Marquess of *Viterbo*, who had been enquiring for *Donna Leonora*, to know if *Juliana* had lately been with her; for that she was missing from her Father's House, and no conjectures could be made of what might become of her. *Don Mario* and *Leonora* were surprized at the News, for he knew well enough of the Match that was design'd for *Juliana*; and having enquired where the Marquess was, it was told him, That he was gone with *Don Fabio* and *Fabritio* towards *Aurelian's* Lodgings. *Don Mario* having assured the Servants that *Juliana* had not been there, dismissed them, and advised with his Son and Daughter how they should undeceive the Marquess and *Don Fabio* in their Expectations of *Aurelian*. *Hippolito* could oftentimes scarce forbear smiling at the old Man's Contrivances who was most deceiv'd himself; he at length advised them to go all down together to his Lodging, where he could present himself before his Father, and ingenuously confess to him the truth, and he did not question his approving of his Choice.

This was agreed to, and the Coach made ready. While they were upon their way, *Hippolito* pray'd heartily that his Friend *Aurelian* might be at the Lodging, to satisfie *Don Mario* and *Leonora* of his Circumstances and Quality, when he should be obliged to discover himself. His Petitions were granted; for *Don Fabio* had beset the House long before his Son was up, or *Incognita* awake.

Upon the Arrival of *Don Mario* and *Hippolito*, they heard a great Noise and Hubbub above Stairs, which *Don Mario* concluded was occasioned by their not finding *Aurelian*, whom he thought he could give the best account of: So that it was not in *Hippolito's* power to disswade him from going up before to prepare his

Father to receive and forgive him. While *Hippolito* and *Leonora* were left in the Coach at the Door, he made himself known to her, and begg'd her pardon a thousand times for continuing the Deceit. She was under some concern at first to find she was still mistaken; but his Behaviour, and the Reasons he gave, soon reconciled him to her; his Person was altogether as agreeable, his Estate and Quality not at all inferior to *Aurelian's*; in the mean time, the true *Aurelian* who had seen his Father, begg'd leave of him to withdraw for a moment; in which time he went into the Chamber where his *Incognita* was dressing her self, by his design, in Woman's Apparel, while he was consulting with her how they should break the matter to his Father; it happened that *Don Mario* came up Stairs where the Marquess and *Don Fabio* were; they undoubtedly concluded him Mad, to hear him making Apologies and Excuses for *Aurelian*, whom he told them if they would promise to forgive, he would present before them immediately. The Marquess asked him if his Daughter had lain with *Leonora* that Night; he answered him with another question in behalf of *Aurelian*. In short, they could not understand one another, but each thought t'other beside himself. *Don Mario* was so concern'd that they would not believe him, that he ran down Stairs and came to the Door out of Breath, desiring *Hippolito* that he would come into the House quickly, for that he could not perswade his Father but that he had already seen and spoke to him. *Hippolito* by that understood that *Aurelian* was in the House; so taking *Leonora* by the Hand, he followed *Don Mario*, who led him up into the Dining-Room, where they found *Aurelian* upon his Knees, begging his Father to forgive him, that he could not agree to the Choice he had made for him, since he had already disposed of himself, and that before he understood the designs he had for him, which was the reason that he had hitherto concealed himself. *Don Fabio* knew not how to answer him, but look'd upon the Marquess, and the Marquess upon him, as if the

Cement had been cool'd which was to have united their Families.

All was silent, and *Don Mario* for his part took it to be all Conjuration; he was coming forward to present *Hippolito* to them, when *Aurelian* spying his Friend, started from his Knees and ran to embrace him—"My dear *Hippolito* (said he) what happy chance has brought you hither, just at my Necessity?" *Hippolito* pointed to *Don Mario* and *Leonora*, and told him upon what terms he came. *Don Mario* was ready to run mad, hearing him called *Hippolito*, and went again to examine his Daughter. While she was informing him of the truth, the Marquess's Servants returned with the melancholy News that his Daughter was no where to be found. While the Marquess and *Don Fabritio* were wondering at, and lamenting the Misfortune of her loss, *Hippolito* came towards *Don Fabio*, and interceeded for his Son, since the Lady perhaps had withdrawn her self out of an Aversion to the Match. *Don Fabio*, though very much incens'd, yet forgot not the Respect due to *Hippolito's* Quality; and by his perswasion spoke to *Aurelian*, though with a stern Look and Angry Voice, and asked him where he had disposed the cause of his Disobedience, if he were worthy to see her or no? *Aurelian* made Answer, That he desired no more than for him to see her; and he did not doubt a Consequence of his Approbation and Forgiveness—Well (said *Don Fabio*) you are very conceited of your own Discretion, let us see this Rarity. While *Aurelian* was gone in for *Incognita*, the Marquess of *Viterbo* and *Don Fabritio* were taking their leaves in great disorder for their loss and disappointment; but *Don Fabio* entreated their stay a moment longer till the return of his Son. *Aurelian* led *Incognita* into the Room veil'd, who seeing some Company there which he had not told her of, would have gone back again. But *Don Fabio* came bluntly forwards, and ere she was aware, lifted up her Veil and beheld the Fair *Incognita*, differing nothing from *Juliana*, but in her Name. This discovery was so

extreamly surprizing and welcome, that either Joy or Amazement had tied up the Tongues of the whole Company. *Aurelian* here was most at a loss, for he knew not of his Happiness; and that which all along prevented *Juliana's* confessing her self to him, was her knowing *Hippolito* (for whom she took him) to be *Aurelian's* Friend, and she feared if he had known her, that he would never have consented to have depriv'd him of her. *Juliana* was the first that spoke, falling upon her Knees to her Father, who was not enough himself to take her up. *Don Fabio* ran to her, and awaken'd the Marquess, who then embraced her, but could not yet speak. *Fabritio* and *Leonora* strove who should first take her in their Arms; for *Aurelian* he was out of his Wits for Joy, and *Juliana* was not much behind him, to see how happily their Loves and Duties were Reconcil'd. *Don Fabio* embraced his Son and forgave him. The Marquess and *Fabritio* gave *Juliana* into his Hands, he received the Blessing upon his Knees; all were overjoy'd, and *Don Mario* not a little proud at the discovery of his Son-in-Law, whom *Aurelian* did not fail to set forth with all the ardent Zeal and Eloquence of Friendship. *Juliana* and *Leonora* had pleasant Discourse about their unknown and mistaken Rivalship, and it was the Subject of a great deal of Mirth to hear *Juliana* relate the several Contrivances which she had to avoid *Aurelian* for the sake of *Hippolito*.

Having diverted themselves with many Remarks upon the pleasing surprize, they all thought it proper to attend upon the Great Duke that Morning at the Palace, and to acquaint him with the Novelty of what had pass'd; while, by the way, the two Young Couple entertained the Company with the Relation of several Particulars of their Three Days Adventures.

THE END

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